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## THE FOURTH ESTATE.

THERE exists a popular idea, that the great power of our time consists in the command over time and space which we have attained through the progress of the physical sciences. It is frequently believed that the railroad, the power-loom, and the electric telegraph, are the true characteristics of the age. This it is, people say, which most of all distinguishes us from our progenitors; this it is to which we must look for the regeneration of our race; and according as good men of influence and rank can employ these wondrous instruments to do their bidding, so far will they be able to shape the destinies of their fellow-men.

Others, again, will have it that democracy is the great power of the day. Popular combinations are looked up to, or down upon, as presenting the most formidable organisations of the faculties which man has at his command. Wherever the principles of constitutional freedom are recognised and acted upon with united moderation and zeal, there, it is supposed, mankind will advance rapidly to the highest possible point of happiness to which it can attain. The liberty of the subject lies at the germ of human perfectibility; and wheresoever its operations are not checked either by the fury of anarchists or the caprices of despots, there man will progress to happiness with infallible step, and ever-accelerating speed. To the control, therefore, of the democratic element of modern society, every statesman and philanthropist ought to look, as to the most powerful means for enabling him to carry out his projects for the benefit of suffering humanity.

If we dissent from both of these views, and look elsewhere for the true moving power of the nineteenth century, it is from no inadequate sense of the importance of the discoveries of physical science, or of the inestimable value of a free political constitution. It is because we look to something more immediately connected with the intelligence and moral nature of man than the most marvellous prodigies of mechanical skill, and to something which is immediately directed by the few, and not by the many, that we cannot accept either of the above-named theories as indicating the quarter in which the great strength of the age is concentrated for action. To physical science and to political freedom we

look as the most powerful auxiliaries (exclusive of the influence of religion) to the development of the resources of the real power of the age. They are its handmaids, its friends, and perhaps the necessary conditions of its existence; but they are no more the supreme moving energies of the time, than the limbs of his body, or the air which he breathes, are the essence of the powers which are wielded by a living man.

In past days the supreme authority,—by which we mean, not that which is nominally and by legal enactment supreme, but that which possesses a practical power to control every other authority in a state,—in past days the supreme authority has been vested in an abundant variety of depositaries. At one time the soldier has ruled, at another the poet, at another the orator; in one period the government of the world has been lodged with an absolute monarch, at another with a class of feudal nobles, at another with an aristocracy of birth; a pamphlet has been known to throw kingdoms into commotion, and dynasties have fallen beneath the attacks of a body of preachers. But now a new power, unknown to antiquity, unknown in the fulness of its resources almost down to our own generation, is gradually arrogating to itself an authority before which every other is quailing and giving way. There is a fourth estate already consolidating its strength in the most influential nations of the world, which, even now, is literally supreme, but whose despotic sway may be carried to limits as yet unapproached in its hour of most absolute dominion. Before the periodical press of England, France, Germany, and America, every other power in those countries is yielding, and is even acknowledging its impotence to contend against so formidable a foe. Until now we have been wont to class ourselves in three divisions, and to imagine that the king, the lords, and the commons, constituted the sole three estates of the realm, and divided the whole legislative and administrative strength of the empire between them. The day has been when the monarch was supreme in the three, when the lords were supreme, and when the commons were supreme. We have seen each in its turn overwhelm the rest, and compel obedience to

its demands. But the day of them all is at length departed. An epoch has arrived in which a fourth competitor has arisen for the supremacy, and against whose overwhelming might the three ancient powers, even if cordially united, could no longer stand. By degrees, and almost in silence, it has won its sovereignty. It sprung from the humblest origin. At first it would have been absurd to attribute to it any thing that could be called power in the state. For a prolonged period it sought only to share the supreme authority with the institutions recognised by law. But its infancy and youth are now alike passed away. It comes forward to claim an undivided sovereignty. It is the absolute master of the realm of England.

The periodical press of this country is, in fact, the ruler of its thought and action. It exercises a sway which neither king, lords, nor commons has ever attained; for it rules not only men's outward deeds, but their inward thoughts also. Its energies are so tremendous, because they are chiefly directed to the intellectual and moral portion of our nature. Monarchs may control a kingdom with the sword, an oligarchy or a parliament may so bend the passions and fears of a people as to force them to act in conformity with their rulers' desires; but the newspapers and journals of Great Britain strike deeper into the heart and into the reason, and compel a willing obedience, where every other power has attained only to a reluctant or an indignant servitude. They who doubt that the power of the press is thus mighty, thus portentous, thus awful, need but reflect what would be its mastery in the kingdom, if it were entirely united in itself, and were resolved to carry some point of legislation, or to enforce some new and otherwise unpalatable doctrine. It is manifest that there is no power existing among us which could resist the efforts of the combined daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly press of London and the provinces. It has already absorbed so large a proportion of the talent, the genius, and the knowledge of the time into its service, is so thoroughly versed in all the arts of persuading, convincing, cajoling, and terrifying, and is in possession of so extraordinary an organisation for carrying out its ends, that the whole mind of the nation must bow down before it, kiss the hem of its garment, and rejoice to do its bidding. In a few weeks it could change the whole face of the national existence. There is no institution or class that could make head against the united periodical press of the whole kingdom. King, lords, and commons together could not resist it. They have neither abilities, energies, nor organisation at their command, which could uphold their will among the people in the face of this new and enormous power. Royal proclamations, statesmen's speeches, acts of parliament, the efforts of placemen, the influence of riches and personal rank in the country, the degree of hold that might be obtained upon

the army, all would be powerless against this monstrous enemy, this modern embodiment of the old fables of the race of giants who took by storm the courts of Jove—this new Hercules, which unites the hundred hands of Briareus to the Titans' resistless strength.

The press possesses this awful power, because, as has been said, it commands so vast a proportion of the *thought* of the country. It controls public opinion, and thus it rules the world. For in these days public opinion is a far different element in the state from what it was of old. Neither the strong arm of the law, nor the still stronger arm of military force, can now withstand a loud and long-continued expression of the will of that portion of the nation which extends from its most cultivated class down to the better educated amongst mechanics and labourers. Whoever has the confidence of this class, has the reins of government in his hands. Whoever can impress his own views upon it, may defy the sovereign, the peers, and the gentry, and all the bayonets of the standing army. And it is vain to deny that the periodical press does now in very truth possess such a mastery over the thought of the whole nation. It exerts an influence upon every creature who has any opinions at all, so rapid, so enduring, so irresistible, that no influence which springs from any other source can compete with it for a day for the intellectual sovereignty of the empire. There is not an author, nor an orator, nor a politician, whom the press could not crush, as a strong man would beat down a struggling child. Even divided as the periodical press now is, there is scarcely a book written, a speech uttered, a legislative enactment carried, an institution established, which does not owe its success in a very considerable measure to the approbation of this band of anonymous writers, who, under the guise of giving information to the world, teach the world how to think and what to believe.

Whatever may have been the concomitant circumstances which have contributed thus to elevate the periodical press of this country—for it is the English press to which we now especially refer,—there are two elements in its constitution which have combined to place it in this position of royal power. It mainly owes its strength to its corporate and anonymous character, and to its ability, genius, and learning. The widely extended and marvellous organisation, both mental and material, to which it has recently attained, we regard rather as its fostering support than as one of the primary sources of its sway.

1. The power which the press derives from its corporate aspect is palpable to the most hasty observer. It is so palpable, indeed, that ordinary thinkers attribute almost the whole of its influence to this single cause alone. The formidable "we" is the utterance of a tribunal before which the boldest tremble. It seems to represent that union of numbers, talent, and dis-



cipline, which in all human affairs is the first element of victory and dominion. The voice of the journalist claims to be heard, not as the expression of the views of this or that individual, but of a whole host of writers, all competent to the task of criticism, all united in their opinion of the matters they treat of, all acting together with one heart and one hand. In fact, the press acts upon the vast mass of popular thought with precisely that kind of irresistible might which is wielded by a well-disciplined army of soldiers, under a skilful general, upon the crowds of a popular assemblage. It strikes with all the unity of aim and decision of purpose of a single man, while it represents, or seems to represent, the judgment of many separate critics. None of us can bear up against this strange anomaly, bitter as may be our contempt for the opinions of the individuals who are the writers in any one particular newspaper or review. We may know them all by their names; we may be thoroughly well acquainted with their personal attainments, and be aware that there is not one of them whose judgment we would care to have, or who is not as worthless as he is ignorant and shallow; we may be cognisant of all the trickery, the dishonesty, the impudence, which are to be found behind the scenes in the management of a political or literary journal; we may ourselves be engaged in the very same species of occupation, and, with more or less of honesty and ability, may be taking part in the working of the same gigantic engine;—all avails us little, when we would come forward in our open, personal capacity, and confront this invisible corporation; we are constrained to do homage to its title; we make our boast of its praise, we shrink with ill-dissembled terror from its anger and its frown.

We would put the question to every one of our readers who is conversant with the mysteries of journalism, and ask him whether he can divest himself of this awe of the very idol-god, the working of whose secret machinery he has a hundred times beheld. Let any man who is acquainted with the writers of any one of our reviews, magazines, or newspapers, ask himself whether the *dicta* of those writers, when appearing under the sanction of that terrible *WE*, are not invested with a strange and uncomfortable power to terrify, and a mystic, winning charm to persuade, such as they would not for a moment possess were they uttered by the same individuals in private conversation, or published in the ordinary way, in a book with the author's name on the title-page. And as for the generality of readers, they, for the most part, bow with slavish fear or satisfaction to the journal which they have chosen for their instructor and their guide. They attribute to it a certain mysterious organisation, by which its editor has the command of infallible information, and of the ablest and best-instructed writers, and by means of which not an opinion

is broached, or a judgment pronounced, which is not well weighed and decided upon by the whole body of these prophets and philosophers, in secret, solemn, and sacred conclave. They who most despise the whole results of the system, or most abhor the influence of any particular journals, yet are powerless to resist the current of thought in which they are floating, and tremble while they condemn and deride. We cannot shake off the idea that the periodical writer is the *bonâ fide* representative of a numerous staff of contributors, and a still more numerous class of supporters, whose opinions it would be folly and rashness to disregard.

To the carrying out of this corporate system, the maintenance of the *anonymous* character of our journalism is of course absolutely necessary. Could the world, whether of wise men or of fools, be made acquainted with the name of the writer of each separate article or criticism, one half of the *prestige* of the press would vanish away. But as it is, the thoughts of the stripling may be mistaken for the toils of the maturest age, the clever tact of the man who has never read a book through in his whole life will enable him to pass for the most profound of thinkers, the scandalous violator of all decency and morality may assume the garb of the polished gentleman and the pious Christian. The periodical press having once attained a position of influence in the kingdom, it is sufficient for an anonymous writer that he should take his place as a member of the much-honoured corporation, and at once he has credit given him for uprightness, refinement, and intelligence. Until he proves himself to be a blackguard, he has credit given him for a knowledge of what the laws of good society demand. Until he makes his incapacity glaringly manifest, his readers will suppose that he has at least some little knowledge of the subject on which he has undertaken to write.

Still further, this anonymous character *preserves* popularity to an extent which is attained by few writers indeed who put forth their works with their own names. Year after year a journal will continue its triumphant career, with a strong and vigorous vitality, regarded with respect because it is old, at the same time that it is admired because it seems ever young and ever new. Its writers change and die; it may even veer right round in all its views, provided it accomplishes the task with sufficient audacity and skill; still it is the same embodiment of thought and knowledge which has so long swayed the minds of thousands, and while the personal popularity of its contributors would again and again have died away, it survives with all the energy of youth, and all the venerableness of old age.

There are those, at the same time, who look upon this peculiar feature in journalism as one of its very worst and most hateful peculiarities. People who do not look below the surface attribute nine-tenths of the faults of the periodical

press to the circumstance that its writers are not restrained by the fear of shame, through this concealment of their names. The cant phrase of "stabbing in the dark," is supposed to be singularly applicable to those daring and unprincipled men who write leading articles and reviews, assaulting opinions and individuals with a reckless ferocity, because they are themselves hidden beneath this enshrouding veil, and none can take due vengeance for their excesses. And that there are instances in which this view may be found correct, we cannot gainsay; but that it is on the whole admissible, and that the anonymous character of the press is a great practical evil, we are prepared most resolutely to deny.

In the first place, anonymous writing has this paramount advantage, that whatever is written stand or falls by its own merits alone. No great names are employed to bolster up impostures; no nonsense is made sacred by the personal excellences of its promulgators; no truths of moment, or arguments of undeniable weight, are derided or passed by, simply because the man who gives them currency is nearly a boy in years, or is dressed in coat of shabby black, and can hardly find a shilling to pay for a dinner at a coffee-house. Prone as mankind are to elevate every favourite writer or speaker into a species of deity or infallible prophet, and to scout the words of those who are beneath them in worldly rank and riches, it is of no little service to the cause of truth, that a journal should have to make its way by its merits alone. Experience also demonstrates the futility of the objection. Facts are almost all on the other side. Let any man call to mind the history, say of the last twelve-month, and note all the instances which he can remember of falsehood, calumny, personal abuse, unjust imputation of motives, intemperate criticism, shallow reasoning, and ignorant assumption. How many of these instances will be found to have proceeded from the periodical press, and how many from persons who have put their names to their productions? Take up a daily newspaper, and compare the anonymous writing with the communications which are attested by the authors' signatures, and how little does the anonymous class lose by the comparison! How do men of all ranks, from earls and marquises downwards, expose themselves before the world, both in the columns of newspapers, in pamphlets, in books, and in speeches! Comparing quantity with quantity, we have no hesitation in asserting, that English journalism spreads as few untruths, insults as few individuals, violates the sanctity of private life, and dishonours the profession of a Christian, at the least as little as that crowd of authors, talkers, and orators who come before the public in their own proper persons. Take the *Times*, or any literary journal, and remark which is ordinarily the most abusive, the most personal, the most savage,—the anony-

mous writer, or the persons who reply to him. In fact, the law of libel is an abundant restraint upon those abuses into which anonymous journalism would be prone to fall. So long as no man dare *print* a libel without giving his own name upon the paper, so long will there be found as effectual a means for controlling the excesses of the periodical press, as can be exerted upon publications of any other class whatsoever. And therefore, until it can be shewn that all the wisdom, wit, piety, and learning of mankind is concentrated in the noble, the wealthy, and the aged, we shall cherish the belief, that the anonymous character of the public press contributes, with most happy effect, to the maintenance of truth and virtue, rather than of falsehood and villany.

2. It is, however, the positive amount of ability and information which the English press now commands, which most of all confers upon it its extraordinary powers. For good or for evil, a very large proportion of the disposable intellectual strength of the country is now engaged in the service of our journals. The first writers in the kingdom devote, not their leisure hours, but many of their best energies to periodical composition. None think it beneath them. Peers, bishops, legislators, men of vast wealth, poets, historians, philosophers,—the choicest spirits of the time seek the columns of a newspaper or a review as the most appropriate vehicle for the maintenance of their opinions and the publication of their acquirements. While almost every one is disposed to sneer at the worth of this ephemeral literature, as something singularly superficial and valueless, almost every one who has the opportunity or the means lends his aid to support it with the very best of his talents. The amount of learning, wit, information, eloquence, force of reasoning, and brilliancy of imagination, which is now found collected in the journals of the day, is truly astonishing. No other form of literature can compete with it. Few people know to what an extent it reaches. The number of journals published periodically is as wonderful as the intellectual power they have organised and direct. In London alone there are published no less than about *one hundred and twenty* daily and weekly newspapers and journals; about *one hundred and thirty* monthly periodicals; about *forty* quarterlies; and no less than *four-and-twenty* publications put forth by scientific and other societies. All this is exclusive of the provincial, the Scotch, and the Irish press. Of the first of the three kinds alone, a selection of the best newspapers amounts to some *three or four hundred*. Ireland, with all its distress, publishes not less than a hundred journals; Scotland not quite so many; while the diminutive Channel Islands and the Isle of Man send forth about a score.

To supply this gigantic engine of thought, an enormous proportion of all the writers in



the empire is engaged. From that miserable class who may be termed the blacklegs of the press up to many of the most honoured names in the realm, a countless host of men are ceaselessly at work in the production of compositions whose authorship is never known. And the result defies all rivalry. A well-chosen selection from the articles, essays, and reviews which are published in any one single month in London, would present a union of genius, skill, learning, and eloquence, which would far excel any similar selection from the whole of the remainder of our literature published during the same space of time. So familiar, indeed, are we with the features of this portentous monster, and so exacting are we in our demands for a perpetual supply of writings of the highest possible character, that it is only when we deliberately review the facts of the case that we are aware of the claims and the powers of the periodical press. Every week and every month—almost every day—sees a crowd of compositions pass away into oblivion, on which some of the first intellects have expended their utmost energies, and poured forth all the resources of their learning.

We may lament all this, it is true, as many do lament it. We may grieve to see one great mind after another absorbed into the deep-rolling stream, and swelling the overwhelming current as it flows along. We may mourn over the departure of weighty quartos, and sigh to see the ponderous folio no more appear. We may pity the age which permits, or compels, the most accomplished mind to put forth in a pocket periodical those noble and elevating thoughts which his fathers would have enshrined,—or buried,—in a mighty tome, so ponderous as almost to break down the flimsy book-shelves of our day. We may fancy that in such changes as this is to be found both a proof that our ancestors were giants and we are pigmies, and also a satisfactory solution of the causes of this supposed deterioration of our race. But lament as we may, the fact remains; and the wise man will quickly cease to lament idly over any of those facts which it may be in his power to overrule, and employ to the purpose of truth and wisdom. Every day the fact stands forth with more startling prominence, and testimony after testimony is given to the power which is wielded by the anonymous writers of the land. Though often remonstrating with indignant earnestness against the power beneath which they bow, men of every rank are daily coming forward before the public to combat or support the views or assertions of the periodical press. We see those who are in the most exalted situations, both civil and ecclesiastical, willing for a time to lay aside the claim to deference which their titles or functions may ensure them, and appearing in the arena of controversy, depending for victory upon the force of their arguments and the vigour of their personal qualifications

alone. It is true that the numerous writers who reply to the statements of journalists, either in books, pamphlets, letters, or in communications to journals themselves, are sometimes unconscious of the novelty of the position they thus assume. But no one else is unconscious of it. Both they who applaud, and they who deprecate the line of conduct thus adopted, perceive that it is in some sort a most perilous venture, though it may be absolutely necessary through the exigencies of the times. We cannot carry the weight or authority of any rank or office into journalism, either as a contributor to a journal, or as a personal supporter or opponent of what may appear in a journal. We come forward simply as private individuals; we appeal to that same public before which the journalist himself professedly appears; and we can win success only through the very same arms of argument to which the humblest of anonymous writers looks for victory in the lists. Every man who puts his name to a letter in a newspaper, or writes a line in its attack or defence, pays his homage to this new sovereign of the world. He admits that the influence of the journalist's words is so powerful for good or for evil, that at the risk of destroying much of that veneration which is offered to exalted station, to title, and to honourable functions, he must come forward and struggle with an anonymous competitor, who, for all that is made publicly known, may be the most contemptible of mankind. He prepares to encounter the peril of being ridiculed, contradicted, and convicted of errors in fact and blunders in reasoning, to the serious detriment of his authority and official influence, rather than allow the statements of his nameless foe to work their own cure if they are worthless, or to rule among men if they possess the necessary elements for conquest.

To what fatal extent this tendency of our day may hereafter be carried, it is hopeless to inquire. Whether or not it has already gone too far, so that too large a proportion of the intelligence of the country is now employed in journalism, it is certain that it may go much further still, and that *the book* may become practically extinct beneath *the newspaper* and *the magazine*. In the mean time, they who are most practical and most courageous among the lovers of Christian truth and the happiness of their fellow-creatures, will gird up their loins like men, to turn this tremendous engine to good instead of evil. To treat it with contempt is the part of a fool. To defy its powers with the old weapons of other days is the part of a madman. He that would write a folio volume in reply to a leading article in a newspaper published some twelve months before, would be accounted a lunatic by every sane person. But of a less moon-struck degree of folly shall we be guilty if we overlook the tendency of our generation to exalt the periodical

press to the highest place in the realms of thought, and in a spirit of antiquated prejudice turn up our nose at its triumphs, or imagine that we can rule the world without its aid? Willingly or unwillingly, we must be as other men, and fight with their weapons, and not delude ourselves into a belief that the crossbows which won the day at Cressy and at Agincourt will be a defence against the shells and balls of a modern park of artillery.

How, or by what particular system of management, the constituted authorities, both of the Church and of the secular government, can obtain the influence they desire in the press, must be determined by the circumstances of each particular case. Doubtless it will be a hard task, even to the utmost ingenuity and skill. Great is the peril of authority when it undertakes to direct a power, the condition of whose very existence it is to labour without claim to any authority whatsoever. Rare will be those instances in which the same person can combine high office with a known connexion with any energetic or influential journal. One or the other of the powers he wields must suffer from the union. Either his authority must be diminished through the errors, the weakness, or the excesses of his own anonymous writings or of those of his coadjutors, or his journal must be cautious to timidity, and grave and stately to an extent which will deprive it of all power in a republic whose essential elements are strife and tumult.

Hence it is that we cannot hope to see the day when newspapers and magazines will be so completely in the hands of constituted authorities, as to identify their contents with the views and wishes of the exalted personages in whom such authority is vested. Notwithstanding a few rare examples which at present exist, we are confident that any such scheme for directing the press, and for preventing its excesses, would be ordinarily fraught with peril to the dearest interests of mankind. By no possibility could a journal long exercise any weighty influence in the holiest cause, if it were known to be in the hands of some one person whose office all men are bound to venerate, and to be a representative of his will alone. Its contents would come to be looked upon as a series of episcopal pastorals, as acts of parliament, or as decrees in a court of law, than which nothing could be more fatal to its practical success. Momentous and venerable as are these expressions of law and of administrative wisdom in their due season, and when appearing from their proper quarters, they would wear a look half ludicrous, half repulsive, when they presented themselves to our notice under the guise of leading articles, reviews, and tales of fiction. Nobody would place confidence in the opinions of a journal whose contents were measured out with all the anxiety of judicial caution, because every

one would know that the position of its controlling head forbade him to compromise his authority, or to embroil himself with his equals or inferiors, by the free declaration of all his thoughts and aims. Either, therefore, such a journal must perish from dulness, and become little better than a dry record of facts and a retailer of criticisms on all the *unimportant* topics of the day, or it must plunge its master into that whirling vortex of agitation and conflict, in which his official title to our honour would be stripped of its fairest charms.

That the well-nigh boundless powers of journalism are bitterly unpalatable to such as are either too lazy, too incompetent, too haughty, or too conservative, to adapt themselves to the spirit of the age in which divine Providence has cast their lot, we can readily believe. To men whose modes of thought are cast in the mould of bygone ages, it is almost an impossibility that they should adapt themselves to circumstances so perplexing, and learn to manage weapons so strange to their hands. In truth, the task is hard enough to the ablest, the most energetic, the most self-denying, the most humble. Never was there a day when the position of *authority*, as such, involved such terrible responsibilities, and required so rare a union of circumspection and decision. The task which is now set to the Church as well as to the secular arm is, to rule an independent world *by means of its very independence*. Every man who is set to rule his fellows is called to influence the working of a literature, in which it is of the utmost moment that his controlling presence should be as far as possible unperceived. Yet one of two courses alone is open to him which he may pursue with safety. He must either entrench himself behind the bulwarks of his official position, and be content with that measure of influence which that position will suffice to confer upon him, or he must be a match in information, spirit, and dialectic skill for the most accomplished writers of his time.

The Catholic Church, indeed, possesses a control over that portion of the periodical press which is conducted by her members, which is, by the nature of the case, unattainable by any other authority whatsoever, either religious or secular. The whole body of her decrees on faith and practice is held sacred with the most absolute reverence by every one of her children. While there is literally no opinion whatsoever, beyond the realms of mathematical knowledge, which is definitely ascertained and set free from the attacks of controversy among those who are without her pale, she is in possession of a vast edifice of truth, on which not even the boldest of thinkers would lay his hand, so long as he had any claim to be regarded as really a Catholic at all. The Catholic journalist, accordingly, whether writing anonymously or no, pays equal reverence



to all that the Church has authoritatively sanctioned, and is equally ready to defer to the spiritual authorities who administer the laws of the Church. No conscientious Catholic writer could think for a moment of sheltering himself beneath his anonymous guise, were he called to account by his legitimate ecclesiastical superior for any statements contrary to Catholic doctrine or morals. Whatsoever be his views and conduct on questions not determined by authority, there is a line which he must never pass, and which, if he were to pass unwittingly, he would instantly submit to the decision of that spiritual power, to which he owes the same obedience whether he converse in private, or write anonymously in a journal, or publish his name to all the world.

Granting, therefore, the serious, the tremendous nature of that power which is in the hands of the anonymous press, and the urgent necessity which exists that it should be to the utmost possible extent enlisted in the

service of religion and truth, we cannot regret that its peculiar constitution is such as circumstances have made it, or regard it as inferior, in all that is purest and best, to any other existing form of miscellaneous English literature. That its faults are often serious, and its influence baneful, none can deny; nor can we pretend that the nameless writers who fill its boundless columns do not at times abuse their anonymous character, and dishonour the cause they advocate. But that it will stand a comparison with the remainder of the works of the day for uprightness, for morality, and for propriety of thought and language, we count as certain as that in mere intellectual strength it has now no rival in the empire. It can be employed in the service of mankind, and to the greater glory of Almighty God, only by being taken as it is, and by being taught to consecrate to the noblest ends that gigantic power which no indignant contest could ever wrest from its herculean grasp.

## SKETCHES: ECCLESIASTICAL AND SECULAR.

### NO. II. IGNATIUS DUNSTAN DOMINICK SMITH.\*

IGNATIUS Dunstan Dominick Smith was, some time ago, an ecclesiastical student at the Catholic college of Z., where he was the entertainment of the young divines, and the amazement of the superiors. Of yore, Smith's pre-nomen was simple "John;" but on his conversion to the Catholic religion he became all at once so intensely anti-Protestant, that he was convinced that it was utterly impossible that his baptism in his infancy could have been valid; and therefore, when conditionally baptised by the Rev. Mr. Pole, he eagerly repudiated his former designation, and took to himself the tremendous appellation we have specified. He was captivated with the notion that he was born to be a sort of a Boanerges, a *malleus hæreticorum*, or something else peculiarly terrible to all misbelievers; and therefore, oblivious of the fact that one of the "Boanerges" of the Bible was one John, an Evangelist and an Apostle, he astonished the quiet little priest who received him into the Church, by taking to himself the above thundering appellatives.

Before he became a Catholic, he was a devoted follower of Dr. Pusey. At least, so he considered himself, though, in truth, could that celebrated theologian have known of Smith's proceedings in his little village, they would have caused the Hebrew Professor's hair to stand on end. In this said little village, of which Smith was rector, he had per-

petrated the most unheard-of pranks in the ecclesiastical way. He always wore a cassock when in his own parish, and edified the bumpkins of the nearest town by walking into it every market-day, clad in a long black surtout reaching almost to his heels. He wrote a letter to his Bishop, admonishing him of the impropriety of episcopal marriages, and very nearly bullied his own pretty housemaid into taking a vow of celibacy. He set up big crosses on all the gables of his church, and struck horror into the hearts of the neighbouring vicars and curates by placing a large crucifix upon his dining-room mantel-piece, painted hideously true to nature in the strictest (imaginary) mediæval spirit. He was wont to carry a Breviary with him under his arm during his walks, and kept a small Missal snugly buried among the cushions of his communion-table. He maintained that there was nothing that could save England, save a restoration of the Inquisition, and an act of Parliament compelling every member of the House of Lords to build a monastery on his paternal estate. He taught his school-children to sing Latin hymns, to cross themselves, and to say the Hail Mary!

Such were some of Smith's home demonstrations. In the course of a continental tour which he took not long before his conversion, he caused nearly as much amazement abroad as in his quiet rural parish. His worst proceeding, indeed, was of a very serious nature. As he considered himself to be, in the strictest sense of the word, a Catholic, he looked upon it as his right that he should communicate in

\* We need scarcely remind our readers that the following sketch is not drawn from any real individual, and that the incidents detailed are purely fictitious, though strictly within the limits of both possibility and probability.

the Catholic Church abroad; and accordingly, on one great festival, he presented himself at the altar-rails in a church in Belgium, and received the Blessed Sacrament with the rest of the communicants. Not being a very close casuist, he overlooked the fact that he was guilty of a gross fraud in this conduct, to view the matter in its gentlest light. If he had been questioned, he would have said, that the Roman Church had no right to make distinctions between herself and the Anglican "branch" of the Universal Church, or to exclude him from the Sacraments. His other singularities were of a milder form. He scouted the Protestant places of worship which he found in many of the continental cities, as so many heretical conventicles, and went to Mass, as a substitute for the daily morning prayers of his own parish in England. Nobody was more conspicuous for the depth of his genuflexions before the Altar. He was perpetually making attempts to fraternise with priests and monks, to whom he always spoke of himself as a Catholic, and who often were a long time before they were undeceived as to his real character. Sometimes he puzzled them most satisfactorily with his theories, to which the good men were ordinarily utter strangers, inasmuch as they looked upon the Puseyites as a detached sect, similar to the Wesleyans, Irvingites, or Plymouth Brethren. The usual impression he left upon their minds was, that he was either crazy or destitute of all sincerity. How any man could profess to believe all Roman doctrine, and yet remain disobedient to the Roman Church, was an unfathomable mystery to their simple understandings. Of course, Smith pitied their ignorance, and was obtuse to all their reasonings, which, truth to say, were well enough adapted to convert a Baptist or a Methodist, but were powerless to move a *soi-disant* "Anglo-Catholic." The only man who made any impression upon him, and really staggered him, was a good Jesuit; who, having heard all his system expounded from beginning to end, strongly urged upon him the absolute necessity of constant fervent prayer for Divine guidance as the only means for solving his difficulties. Smith afterwards admitted that this Jesuit's advice was the first thing that made him practically doubt the infallibility of Anglo-Catholicism.

With all these vagaries, it must not be supposed that our friend was not a thoroughly honest man, or a man of earnest religious principles. He was, indeed, sincere beyond the average of sincere men; and with all his outward show of self-confidence, and wild declamation, was, at heart, a man of humility, both in feeling and in judgment. His apparent audacity and recklessness sprang from the absence of any trustworthy authority which he could conscientiously and logically respect. Whatever he did, he did with all his heart and

with all his might; and as from his childhood he had not known what it was to have an inspired and intelligible guide in theological questions, he had followed his own judgment, which was more acute than that of most people whom he came across, with characteristic independence and ardour. That his religion was not one of show and of ecclesiastical or rubrical charlatanery, was proved by the zeal with which he fasted and prayed, and gave alms, and ministered to his poor parishioners. If he afflicted his brother-rectors in one way, he sorely afflicted himself in another. He followed the most rigid of the popular Oxford notions on fasting. Through Lent his rule was to eat nothing till the evening; and then, by way of being peculiarly Roman in his slight repast, to eat bread, and drink a cup of milk! These mortifications, indeed, were often beyond his power, and he was forced to come back to a good breakfast and a mutton-chop, grievously against his will, and with abundant apologies to his cook. As it was, he succeeded in so far damaging his constitution by prolonged abstinence from food, that, when once a Catholic, he was precluded from fasting altogether.

What finally converted him it is not our business to record. When he did become a Catholic, he glowed instantly with a red heat, and displayed nearly as little judgment and tact as before his conversion. By degrees, indeed, he cooled down and became tame, but astonishing were his proceedings for the first year or two of his Catholic life. Nobody that knew him ever thought for a moment of questioning his piety and honest desire to be wise and temperate; but the habits of a life were strong, and yielded slowly to the new powers that controlled them, and bitter were the tears he often shed in secret over the waywardness of his feelings, and the deficiencies of his knowledge. Meanwhile he contrived to amaze and amuse his new friends, and to scandalise his old ones, with extraordinary success. Within a week after his reception into the Church, he paid a visit to Oxford, and horrified the folks there beyond all precedent. His notion was to take the University by storm, or to do to it what the prophet Jonas did to Nineve. He devoutly believed that if he did but manifest himself, and assure his former associates that they were most undoubtedly in a state of awful delusion, the colleges must rise in a body, and throw themselves at the feet of the nearest Catholic priest. Being personally known to the Regius Professor of Hebrew, he called upon that gentleman at Christ Church, and warned him, with very slight circumlocution, that the Established Church was the synagogue of Satan, and that he, Dr. Pusey, must answer for the souls of all the Protestants whom he corrupted. So tremendous, in fact, was his onslaught, that the Professor, who was not ordinarily slow to rebuke young men of



forward zeal and ultra-papistical tendencies, was silenced, and stood aghast, and suffered Smith to say his say to the end, and to leave the room with the air of one who had just delivered a prophecy from Heaven.

Upon another influential person he called, with the fullest certainty that before the evening arrived that individual would be a Catholic. He was received, however, with a frigid politeness which dismayed him. His friend refused to argue, and so provoked Smith with his imperturbable serenity, that Smith attacked him without mercy as a worldly-minded Gallio, who trifled with divine grace, and preferred the riches and honours of the world to the salvation of his soul. Still, apparently unmoved, the object of his indignation made no reply, except to talk about the weather, and to ask him if he had seen the newspapers of the day. On this, Smith, fairly disconcerted, renewed his anathemas in less measured terms, and departed.

But his most surprising escapade came off in the common room of a certain college, where he was asked to dinner, over the wine and walnuts with which Oxford tutors and fellows regale themselves around the fire. During dinner-time our friend was meek and peaceable enough to please any body. If he surprised his companions, it was by the vigour of his appetite, and his manifest desire to throw cold water upon Anglo-Catholic notions, by eating more than any other creature at the table. After dinner, when all had repaired to the common room, and the glasses were charged with port and sherry, he began to talk to his next neighbour in a tone which speedily attracted the attention of the whole room.

"I do assure you, Williamson," said he, "that if ever there was a heaven upon earth, it is Z. College, where I have just been made a Christian."

Not being accustomed to this species of phraseology, the company remained silent, and Smith proceeded to inform them that there was not an individual at the said college of Z. who was not a perfect saint, and that he had come to feel an absolute disgust for Oxford, and all that it contained.

At this some stared, some smiled, some laughed, and some looked black as night.

"Come, come, Smith," said a good-humoured young fellow of another college, who was suspected of a sad leaning to "Romanism," "this is rather too much, just at first. I've no doubt they are all very good sort of people, and all that, and I dare say a great deal stricter in their discipline than we are; but for all that, the Church of England has, in my opinion, enough to satisfy every really Catholic longing for perfection."

"Catholic! perfection! fiddlestick!" shouted a fat little old gentleman from the other side of the fireplace, where he had been growing alternately blue and red in the face ever since

Smith first opened his mouth, but had not yet been able to muster words sufficiently strong to express his ire. "What on earth do you mean, sir? This is a Protestant University, belonging to a Protestant Church, and ruled by a Protestant Queen, whom God preserve from the machinations of all Papists and deceivers."

A score of voices instantly arose in reply to, or in support of, the old gentleman's speech. A score of views were instantly expounded, with every variety of gesture and tone. Smith threw himself back in his chair and grimly smiled, while the combatants discoursed one against another. A fortnight before he had been ever ready with his own view and apology, but now he beheld them with austere compassion, and listened till almost every man was silent through want of breath. Then he thought his hour was come, and with a deep sepulchral "Gentlemen, I claim to be heard;" compelled the few remaining talkers to hold their tongues. He then spoke on, and no one interrupted him, his voice faltering between emotion and zeal, and his whole manner painfully solemn and commanding.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "you will pardon me while I represent to you the real case between Rome and England. It may be stated in half-a-dozen words. Is there *one* Church upon earth, or are there *two*? No man in his senses can assert that the Church of England and the Church of Rome are *one* Church, because they are divided *against* one another. Either, therefore, there is no Church on earth at all, or the Church of England is the *only* true Church, or the Church of Rome is the only true Church. You cannot get out of this dilemma. No," cried he, warming as he went on; "the argument is as clear as the sun at noon-day; it is the heart that is wrong. Oxford is Protestant because she loves the world. You are all Protestants because you hold college-fellowships. You can no more upset the arguments in favour of the Catholic faith than you can upset Euclid's Elements. Rome has made out her case to a demonstration. Nothing *can* hinder you, except worldliness. You love your incomes, you want to be married, you are too proud to stoop, you are resisting the grace of God, you are as guilty as the Jews who persecuted the Apostles. . . ."

What further he would have said cannot be known, for at this point in his attack the suppressed indignation of his hearers burst forth in such an overwhelming torrent of reproach, that the voice of the speaker was fairly drowned. Some reviled him, and some pitied him as out of his senses; some solemnly rebuked him, others soothingly implored him to be reasonable. But all in vain,—Smith was inexorable; he considered that he had delivered his testimony, and he got up and moved towards the door. The remonstrants rose with him, and

poured upon him their entreaties and their arguments. He backed and backed, talking louder and louder; now entreating them to hear him, now charging them with all sorts of wickednesses, till, utterly hopeless of making any impression, he rushed through the door and fled. On his way to his hotel, he was half disposed to look upon himself as a persecuted Apostle, and to shake off from his feet the dust they had gathered in the quadrangle of — College; but no sooner had he reached his room, than he sank upon a chair, and burst into a flood of tears. The excitement of contest and argument being over, he saw that he had been making a fool of himself, and damaging the cause he had so dearly at heart. A veil dropped from before his eyes; he perceived the impetuosity of self-will, where he had believed nothing was to be found but zeal for the glory of God; and a desire for conquest, in place of an anxiety to save the souls of his friends. Not that *all* his motives appeared thus vile and contemptible. On the contrary, he was conscious that a measure of true Christian feeling had united with mere natural passions, to stimulate him to the steps he had taken, though not sufficiently strong to enlighten his judgment, and make him wise as well as zealous. But now it was too late to retrieve his blunders. He had fairly done for himself in Oxford, at least for the present. Nobody would listen to him. The best disposed would feel that he had done them injustice. The profane would scoff; the irritable would boil with indignation. It was all over; he could but pray for forgiveness for his folly and rashness. With these prayers he mingled earnest supplications for those whom his recklessness had scandalised, and with a heavy heart he fell asleep. Early the following morning he left the University.

After this, Smith determined that, until he knew better how to manage controversy, he would have little to say to his former friends, except in the way of ordinary intercourse. What he did with himself for some few weeks after his Oxford adventures, it does not come within our purpose to relate. He next appears residing at a large country town called Welmouth. He had recovered his spirits, and was himself again, a little too completely indeed. He had learnt some little wisdom, but not a great deal, and was almost as red-hot as ever on his new task. His former taste for splendour and ceremony had revived in all its fervour. For some time before and after his conversion these inclinations had given way to the awful realities of the situation in which he found himself; and in the intensity of his solicitudes for his salvation, he had found little time, as he then felt little need, for examining the externals of divine worship. When in the immediate presence of his God, he scarcely heard, or saw, or felt, through the medium of his senses. The highly wrought spirit within was

sufficient for its own needs, and he could scarcely believe that true religion ever could be in want of any outward expression of its faith and love.

This state of feeling of course did not last. As the novelty of his condition wore off, he saw things with a clearer eye. He was content to return to the ordinary lot of humanity, and to regard the senses as of most serious importance in the service of the soul. But it was not yet in his nature to be calm and moderate in his views. He went straight mad upon the subject of ceremonial. When still a Protestant, his honest heart had been conscious of a good many misgivings about the use of ceremonial splendour in the Anglican Church. He was too keen-sighted not to perceive that the external form which he was so busy in creating, was no true expression of the spirit that was within. Often and often the thought smote him, that he was getting up a sham to impose upon the understandings of more consistent Protestants. But now all these tremors were unknown. The outward embodiment corresponded with the inward life. The glories of Catholic worship were the natural and necessary consequence of the doctrines of the Catholic faith; and so, with all the headlong energy of his disposition, he gave himself up to the delights he had found, and, as we may suppose, out-heroded every reasonable Catholic in the importance he attributed to what he so much loved. All at once he was convinced that there was nothing like magnificence for converting the English people. Controversy, he said, was all humbug. People could not be convinced. Arguments did more harm than good. *He* had had enough of arguing; and as once he fancied that the right method for converting Oxford would be to send a couple of monks, with bare feet, and knotted cords round their waist, to call upon the Dons, and tell them that they were a generation of vipers; so now he was for building a superb church, as nearly as might be in the heart of the University, to charm the imaginations of the bachelors and undergraduates with processions and grand High Mass. In a word, our good Ignatius became what is called a "candle Christian" of the most flaming species. Cold-hearted, sceptical Protestantism, said he, will yield only to crosses, and vestments, and incense, and painted windows, and white-robed choristers, and venerable prelates walking bare-headed in the streets. "There is nothing like an immense multitude of candles," he said on one occasion to a quiet old priest, who suggested to him that the root of unbelief was not to be found in the imagination—"There is nothing like an immense multitude of candles for bringing over a whole city to the old religion. What do you say to the middle ages?" he continued. "Were not *those* Catholic times, and were they not times of the most glorious splendour?" And with this fallacy his friend, who, though a very pious



man, was not the most ready of logicians, was silenced, though not convinced.

Unfortunately for Ignatius Dunstan Dominick, the priests of the Catholic Church at Welmouth were very nearly as wild as himself on the subject of magnificent demonstrations of religion. Mr. Somerford and Mr. Brown were smitten with a mania for taking captive the English nation by means of the doings at Welmouth. They literally *could* not perceive the difference between a Catholic country and a Protestant country, and between an age when the Church was almost starving, and one when it overflowed with wealth. Luckily, they found wondrously little sympathy from their brethren in the priesthood, and perhaps were quite unique in their views. As to bigotry to any one species of architecture, or painting, or vestments, they laughed at the very notion. Absurd as they were in the applications of their theory, they were right enough in their general idea of religious art, which they looked upon as the expression of the soul of religion in those outward forms which are the most comprehensible and acceptable to the period in which we may chance to live. Their fault was the very fault which afflicted Smith himself. They knew no distinctions between time and place, and, with the best intentions in the world, managed almost invariably to do the right thing at the wrong moment.

As to the church at Welmouth, it was a perfect hodge-podge of every possible style of decoration. Built by their predecessor in the mission, it was a very tolerable example of the Gothic architecture of the fourteenth century; but for its furniture, it was enough to dismay the most charitable of critics. There was not an epoch in the history of art which was not there represented. From the grim, Gothic sculpture of Edward the First, to the heavy carvings and gildings of Louis Quatorze, and the millinery of Louis Dix-Huit, every thing found its type in that ill-fated edifice. On one of the walls of the aisles appeared three or four bas-reliefs in stone, cut in the clumsiest style of grotesque, representing scenes from Scripture, in which all the personages had their heads twisted awry, in order to bring them within the arch beneath which they were supposed to be standing. Two of the windows displayed the results of a tour which Smith made in France and Belgium for the purpose of buying up old glass and other ornaments. There was the face of a nun, touched by a master's hand, torn from some Gothic church of Normandy or Picardy; then came a large border filled with little sprawling Cupids in pale brown and yellow, disporting among dainty arabesques; other portions of the windows were as black as ink, being filled up with glass so old, that decay had altogether destroyed its transparency; while in the middle of each appeared a *Madonna* in the newest style of Parisian art, sentimental in aspect, paltry in

colouring, and with drapery designed by some fashionable *modiste*. On great festivals the altar displayed candlesticks of every conceivable form and style, some old and some new, with gigantic mounds of real and artificial flowers, disposed in china and earthenware vases such as would drive a lover of "art-manufactures" to frenzy. Images abounded in the church, some dilapidated, and some smart; some venerable for their antiquity, some sparkling with tinsel, and pretty with lace and muslin; some black with age, some white with white-wash; some painted in a horrible imitation of actual life. The good priests and our friend Ignatius had not the slightest notion of propriety in their purchases. They aimed at what they thought magnificence, but they attained nothing but mere quantity. Every thing abounded, but every thing interfered with something else. They succeeded to perfection in attracting notice, and making every visitor open his eyes with surprise; and were mortified when they were found fault with by every body of the slightest pretensions to good taste, whether Gothic or Grecian in his predilections.

All this was very well, however, if they had gone no further. They did little positive harm, if they did little good, with their decorative fancies. Besides, they were all three such ardent friends of the poor, that those who smiled at their taste, paid them the sincerest respect for their less obtrusive occupations. Both Somerford and Brown toiled without asking for repose at their holy calling, and in every thing where industry and simple-minded self-denial could enable Smith to aid them, they found a hearty support in his purse and in his personal labours. They would, on the whole, have done very well, if they had kept within the four walls of the church. Nothing, however, would satisfy them but some striking display of Catholic splendour in the eyes of the townspeople in general. If Ignatius could have had his way, there is no knowing what would have been the result. He was for placarding the walls of the town with an announcement of a gorgeous procession, and a list of the relics which would be carried abroad for the veneration of the faithful. He wanted the procession to pass by the parish church just as the mayor and corporation, with all their paraphernalia, were entering it on some Sunday morning. He would have marched, bearing a tall processional cross, at the head of a long train, right through the farmers and butchers assembled before the Town Hall upon some market-day. And still worse, he never was thoroughly satisfied with Mr. Somerford's reasons for not carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick in solemn procession, with lighted candles and a bell, through the most crowded thoroughfares of the town. On one occasion, indeed, during his senior's absence, Brown was so far persuaded by Smith's reiterated pressing, as to meditate something of the kind, when happily

another priest, passing through Welmouth, heard of what was in contemplation, and remonstrated so urgently as to stop the rash proceeding.

At length, on occasion of a visit of the yeomanry of the county, it was determined to make a demonstration, which, if not sufficient to satisfy the zeal of Ignatius Dunstan Dominick, was yet consented to, not without a few misgivings, on the part of Somerford. The festival of the Patron Saint of the Catholic Church of Welmouth fell upon a Sunday; and as the yeomanry officers, with a considerable portion of the privates, were to walk in regimental order to divine service at the parish church, passing by the west end of the Catholic church, nothing would be easier than so to arrange a procession, as to attract the notice of the whole body of visitors to the town, including all the idlers who might be following in their company. Smith had persuaded his friends the priests, that such a display of the splendours of Catholic worship must contrast most favourably with the worldly show and military trappings of the amateur soldiery; and that the inevitable result would be the conversion of many persons to that faith which alone could offer any visible magnificence as a type of her true inward spiritual beauty. All, therefore, was set in order. Preparations were made for a procession as nearly like a Patron Saint's-day procession in Rome or Naples as circumstances would allow. For the first time since the Reformation, Catholic banners were to float in the streets of Welmouth, the cross was to be carried on high, and flowing surplices and embroidered vestments were to appear before the gaze of the people. The train was to move round the church, from the sacristy door on the north, and finally to enter at the great west doorway.

The day arrived, and proved gloomy and lowering, but no rain fell during the early morning. Ten o'clock struck, and the procession was formed. At a quarter past, Ignatius issued from the sacristy bearing the processional cross, and followed by the rest in order. At the same moment, the first sounds of the yeomanry band of music were heard at the other end of the street, edifying the minds of the soldiers, and preparing them for their religious duties, with the tune of "Oh, the roast beef of old England." Instantly the obvious fact struck poor Mr. Somerford that England was not at present a Catholic country, and that until the laws guaranteed a profound respect to the worship of Catholics, the less they needlessly brought their solemn functions into public prominence, the better. He felt at once that there was an *absurdity* in the proceeding he had sanctioned, inasmuch as it was not *necessary*. However, it was now too late to draw back. The two processions met near the west door of the church. The fat farmers stared with all their might from under their military *shakos*. Some laughed, some looked vexed, and the com-

manding officer, who was an ultra-Protestant of strong Calvinistic views, looked black and stern, and muttered a vow that he would take the law against the Papistical idolaters. The idle boys and congregated vagabonds soon began to push rudely, and the crowd swayed to and fro; and what would next have come to pass none could tell, when happily the rain fell suddenly in unusual abundance, the yeomanry quickened their steps, and amid the shoutings of the mob, the procession hastily defiled into the church, which was speedily filled with a crowd of worthless loungers, who came partly to see what would happen next, and partly to escape from the coming storm.

Never was Mass celebrated in Welmouth church with so little edification to the congregation as on that day. Every body was uncomfortable, except the idle mob, who whispered from beginning to end, and walked in and out as their fancy prompted; and every body felt that a mistake had been made. In the parish church, the vicar, a strenuous maintainer of the constituted authorities in Church and State, was visited in his vestry before the service began by the commanding officer, who entreated him to denounce the abominations of Popery in his sermon; and accordingly, though not much given to extemporary effusions, he wound up his discourse with an allusion to the increasing audacity of the Catholics, and a glowing eulogy upon the glorious Reformation under Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory.

The next day, the whole town was placarded with huge bills, announcing a public meeting to be held at the town-hall on the following Thursday, in defence of the principles of the Reformation, and for the exposure of the profligacies and idolatries of modern Popery in the town of Welmouth. The vicar was to take the chair, and the Honourable Colonel Bundy (the commanding officer above named) and several clergymen were to address the meeting. Thursday came, and the town-hall was crammed. Many of the poor Catholics attended; and Ignatius could not restrain his curiosity, and was among the earliest who entered the hall. He had promised the priests that he would not speak, and he meant to keep his promise. The proceedings commenced as in all similar meetings; a prayer was said, supplicatory in form, but hortatory and anathematising in substance; being, in fact, what a well-known Anglican prelate has happily termed an *oblique sermon*. The vicar then made a short, dull, opening speech; and the first resolution, pledging the meeting to look upon the Bible as the word of God, as if this was the first time that such a notion had ever been heard of, was moved by a country parson of the neighbourhood. Then rose up the military theologian.

Colonel Bundy was fresh from London and



Cheltenham, where he had picked up a few score of anecdotes, all as authentic as they were dreadful, of the enormities of the modern Babylon in England, and of the practices into which all converts from Protestantism were initiated. After a few preliminary sentences, he began to discharge himself of this anecdotal burden. He announced how three ladies of rank, who had visited one of the Catholic colleges, had been positively shewn the instruments of torture now in use in that iniquitous establishment. He related that every convert was obliged to sign a set of propositions shewing forth the superiority of the Virgin Mary to Jesus Christ Himself, and said that it was a common thing for Papists to say a prayer, compiled in imitation of the Lord's Prayer, beginning, "Our Lady, who art in heaven," &c. &c. He protested that Oxford was still full of disguised Jesuits, and that Dr. Pusey sang High Mass every day in a room in his house at Christ Church, in that idolatrous University; and he repeated it as a well-known fact, that thirteen men, formerly Protestant ministers, had literally died with fastings and scourgings since they entered the Church of Rome. "But," said the Colonel, fixing his eyes upon Ignatius Dunstan Dominick, who sat in mute indignation on one of the front benches, "there is no need that we should go far for proofs of the horrors of this iniquity. I understand that there is an apostate actually residing in this Protestant town, who receives a salary of 500*l.* a-year from the Pope, for the express purpose of leading souls to perdition, and who spends the wages of iniquity, partly in rioting and drinking, and in the lowest company of the place, and partly in bribing poor women to attend his Mass-house. Ladies and gentlemen," continued the speaker, "I will be bold in the holy cause. That individual is now in this room, and I defy him to come forward, and shew that what I have said is false." And then he looked steadfastly at poor Smith, with an air of triumphant justice.

Ignatius, as may be supposed, was on his feet in an instant. How *could* he resist such an insulting appeal? Every one would think him guilty if he was silent. Besides, was there ever a more glaring falsehood than that which had just smote his ears? He would throw the falsehood in the teeth of his defamer. Alas! he forgot that in such an assemblage the unscrupulous have always the power over the scrupulous; and that a booby auditory, such as most such auditories are, devoutly believe that it is the duty of every man who is attacked to prove a negative. He therefore sprang upon the platform; and, side by side with the Honourable Colonel, in the most solemn manner assured the audience that every word they had heard was a gross and daring fabrication.

"I repeat what I have said," rejoined the

Colonel; "and I defy Mr. Smith to shew that I am wrong."

Smith was dumb. What could he do, but deny his antagonist's word? Had they been before men of calm sense and candour, he would have had a chance, and known what to say, supposing that he had been himself calm and collected. But he was excited as the rest, and more so. His adversary had obtained a commanding position, and repeated his defiance. Again Smith denied every syllable that had been uttered, and defied the Colonel to prove *his* words.

"No," said Colonel Bundy, "it is for *you* to disprove them. I here solemnly, and on the best authority, declare that you receive 500*l.* a-year from the Pope of Rome, on condition that you obey his wicked commands. Of course, you deny it. Papists always deny every thing. But you cannot prove that it is not so. I dare you to prove it, if you can."

Shouts of applause followed this home-thrust, as it appeared to the logicians of Welmouth; while the poor Catholics themselves were struck with amazement at what they now heard for the first time, and which *they* could not disprove. When silence was restored Smith again began, as collected as he could compel himself to be.

"I call God and the Saints to witness"—A murmur, and then a stunning cry of disapprobation at this mention of the Saints drowned the speaker's voice; and after exhausting himself with a few more efforts to be heard, Smith sat down in sorrow and dismay.

The Colonel then resumed with a text of Scripture: "So let all Thine enemies perish, O Lord!" and when the acclamations with which this *hit* was received had subsided, he proceeded to paint the idolatrous practices which the poor were taught by their priests, with an offensiveness of language that quickly roused the indignation of his Catholic hearers. Cries of "No! no!" arose from various quarters of the hall, answered by louder exclamations of "Hear! hear!" from the Protestant portion of the assemblage. At last, at one monstrous asseveration of the speaker, an Irish bricklayer, unable to control himself, brandished a thick stick above his head, and made manifest efforts to reach the gallant Colonel, with a view of taking bodily vengeance upon him. "Turn him out!" cried some fifty voices at once. "Turn me out, if you dare!" replied the hero of the bludgeon. Every one was on his feet in a moment; the women crying and screaming, the men coming to blows, and the gentlemen on the platform imploring them to be still. But all in vain; a scuffle and fight ensued; till the police dashed through the combatants, carried off some half-dozen to the station-house, and the meeting was dissolved with all possible speed.

After this, Ignatius was too miserable to re-

main long in Welmouth. As soon as he had recovered from a short illness which the excitement of this unfortunate day brought upon him, he bade adieu to his kind friends, and,

with many unaffected tears, departed. Where he next was found, and what he did, until experience taught him sobriety, will be related in another chapter.

## THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

[Continued from p. 407.]

### NO. XV.—THE MARTYRS AND THEIR SYMBOLS (*continued*).

SOME writers have endeavoured to confound the *ampulla* of the Catacombs with the lacrymatory of the Pagan tombs, relying mainly upon this argument, that "there exists no well-defined difference" of shape between them; in fact, that "the so-called martyr-vases" are found in every variety of form, "passing, by imperceptible gradations, even into drinking-vessels." This is undoubtedly true; yet it avails nothing at all as a proof of the assertion which is grounded upon it; rather it seems to discountenance and contradict it, since, as far as I know, the lacrymatories of the Heathen preserve pretty constantly one uniform shape, viz. that of very long and narrow bottles. The *ampullæ* from the Christian cemeteries, on the contrary, although some half-dozen perhaps are of this sort, yet are generally round and of ordinary form. Numerous exceptions, however, may be seen of vases of every conceivable variety of form, shewing, as I said, that the Christians used the first thing that came to hand. Whether it was large or small, round or square, long or short, plain or highly ornamented, mean or costly, they do not seem to have inquired; the only question was, whether it was available for their purpose, *i.e.* whether it would contain the blood: hence, whilst the great majority of the vessels are of glass, some are of terra cotta, others again of alabaster, or even of precious stones. P. Marchi mentions one which he found in Sta. Cyriaca, in 1842, of oriental sardine stone, the largest and best specimen of that material to be seen in Rome; and others equally precious had been discovered by many of his predecessors. In particular, he speaks of one which had been found in the cemetery of St. Hermes, under Benedict XIV., which is still preserved in the Roman College. Moreover, the lacrymatory was placed within the tomb, and seems generally to have been expressly alluded to in the words "*cum lacrymis posuere*;" a form of speech which I do not remember to have seen more than once among all the inscriptions of the Catacombs, where the *ampullæ* too are almost invariably outside the graves.

One would have thought that the appearance of blood upon these vessels was so distinct that this alone ought to have put the question of what use they were intended for beyond all

doubt; but human ingenuity is seldom slow in finding an excuse for calling in question a conclusion which it does not wish to receive. It has been objected, therefore, that the appearance might be deceitful; for that it might be produced by a mere concretion of animal or mineral salts contracted from the neighbouring soil, according to that which was long ago observed by Cicero,\* that the discolour produced by water penetrating through certain soils very much resembles blood. These vases, however, present precisely the same red and bloody appearance in whatever Catacomb they are discovered, whether beneath the yellow sand of St. Ponziano, or the dark black earth of Sta. Priscilla; moreover, they were submitted to a chemical examination by Leibnitz, a German Protestant, who pronounced that they had certainly contained blood. Upon this Dr. Maitland† (and, I believe, some other modern writers) raises fresh cavil by observing that "the experiments instituted by Leibnitz are far from being satisfactory to the modern practical chemist;" whilst, at the same time, he suppresses all mention of the fact, which yet it is scarcely possible that he should not have known, that in many of these vessels the blood has been actually found in a fresh and liquid state. Arringhi tells us that it had happened again and again (*sæpe sæpius*) in the presence of many eye-witnesses, that, in attempting to detach the vase from the strong mass of cement in which it was imbedded, the vase had been broken (which it is often impossible to prevent), and liquid blood spilt upon the ground. Boldetti had frequently seen one of these vessels with liquid blood, which had come from a tomb inscribed with the name of Esuperanzia, in the cemetery of Sta. Cyriaca, and was among the relics shewn by the Jesuit Fathers at S. Ignazio; but one day, whilst Boldetti was yet writing his book, it dropped from the hands of some one who was examining it, and was broken. Marangoni found one inside a tomb in the cemetery of S. Thraso, in which the watery portion of the blood floated on the surface—the red portion had sunk to the bottom: when the vessel was shaken they mixed, but when it was at rest they again separated. He found another also outside a grave in the

\* Lib. ii. de Divin.

† P. 143.



same cemetery; and both were preserved in his own house until the disastrous fire in 1737, which destroyed so many of his papers and other valuable relics connected with the Catacombs.

But, thirdly, it is objected that the blood collected at the time of the execution of the martyrs seems to have been preserved as a relic, not to have been buried, and that there is no mention of the custom of burying it in any contemporary writing. It is true that Prudentius, describing the martyrdom of St. Vincent, says that many dipped pieces of cloth in the dripping blood, in order that they might reserve it in their own houses as a "tutamen sacrum" for their posterity. But this use of the martyrs' blood is surely not inconsistent with the other; the two practices, so far from excluding one another, seem rather to lend a mutual assistance the one to the other; for if a vessel full of blood were affixed to the martyr's tomb, all the Christians who frequented it, whether they had been present at the execution or not, would have the opportunity of participating in the precious treasure. Moreover, I think that Prudentius *does* speak of the custom of preserving the martyrs' blood outside their tombs; for what else is the meaning of the following? "It is scarcely known," he says,\* "even by report, how full Rome is of hidden saints; how richly the soil of the city abounds with sacred sepulchres; but we, who are without these good things, who cannot see before our eyes the traces of blood, look up to heaven from afar." It seems to me that these last words (*sanguinis vestigia coram videre*) shew plainly that in Rome the blood of the martyrs was to be seen in some conspicuous place, accessible to all; and where should this be but at their graves in the Catacombs, of which he had just been speaking? But whether this be so or not, we certainly have the testimony of St. Ambrose, on two several occasions, to the custom of burying the martyrs' blood. In his letter to his brother Bishops and to all the faithful of Italy,† concerning the finding of the bodies of SS. Vitalis and Agricola, he says expressly, "*collegimus sanguinem triumphalem*;" and again, writing to his sister‡ about the bodies of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, "we found all the bones perfect, *sanguinis plurimum*." In like manner, when Paschal I. removed the body of St. Cecilia early in the ninth century, he found linen cloths in the tomb deeply stained with blood; and the same was seen by Bosio, by the titular Cardinal of her church, and by others, when her tomb was re-opened in the time of Clement VIII.

Here, then, we may end this discussion; for I think few persons, who have considered what has been already written, will think it necessary that every weak and trifling objection

should receive a distinct refutation; and I am persuaded that fewer still, who have ever had the opportunity of seeing the vases themselves, will consider that the subject is involved in any reasonable doubt. We come, therefore, to the third and last symbol mentioned by the Jesuits and still received by the Church, the palm-branch, which requires a more nice and delicate scrutiny, since there has been great difference of opinion about it, even among Catholics.

Mabillon, who, however rashly he may have written upon the subject, yet never doubted concerning the vessel stained with blood,\* continually denied that the palm-branch was a sign of martyrdom; Papebroch, Scacchi, Ricciul, and many others, both before and since his days, have been of the same opinion. Let us examine their objections in detail, taking them as they are drawn out (more fully perhaps than by any other) by Scacchi, sacristan to Pope Urban VIII. First, the words "in pace," which are often found upon the same tomb with the palm, are supposed to be inconsistent with a bloody and cruel death, like that of the martyrs. David's dying injunction to Solomon (it is said) concerning Joab, the son of Sarvia, was, that Solomon should do with him according to his wisdom, "and let not his hoary head go down to hell (*ad inferos*) in peace;"† so Solomon sent Banaïas, the son of Joiada, saying, Go and kill him. Again, the Lord said to Sedecias, king of Jūda, "Thou shalt not die by the sword, but thou shalt die in peace."‡ On the other hand, it was promised to another king of Jūda (Josias) that he should be gathered to his fathers, and to his sepulchre in peace; yet he was slain in battle at Mageddo, fighting against the king of Egypt.§ And to come more closely to our subject, it was part of the inscription upon the gravestone of Marius, a martyr in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, *in pace tandem quievit*; and one of the Antiphons still used in the Roman Breviary, in the Common of Many Martyrs, is, "*Corpora sanctorum in pace sepulta sunt*." In fact, to consider peace and the death of a martyr to be incompatible terms, so that they could not both be recorded upon the same stone, were to be guilty of the error of "the unwise, in whose sight the martyrs seemed to suffer torments, and their departure was taken for misery; but they are in peace."|| Secondly, it is objected that the palm is found on the graves of very young children, even of mere infants. But has it not often happened that "out of the mouth of infants and of sucklings God has perfected praise?" Did not the Holy Innocents suffer martyrdom for Christ's sake? Eusebius¶ tells us that men and women, and even little children, fell under the persecution in Egypt;

\* Euseb. Rom. p. 17, ed. 2. Paris. 1705.

† 3 Kings ii. 6.

‡ 4 Kings xxii. 20; xxiii. 29.

¶ H. E. viii. 9.

† Jerem. xxxiv. 4.

|| Wisdom iii. 2, 3.

\* Peristeph. Hymn. ii. de S. Laurentio.

† Epist. lib. vii. 55.

‡ Ep. 54.

and Dionysius of Alexandria\* says the same. Moreover, it has been seen even in modern times (*e. g.* in the martyrdoms of Japan) how a bitter hatred of the Christian name can so far overcome man's natural instincts of humanity as to cause him to imbrue his hands in the blood of innocent young children. But thirdly, the palm is seen also upon graves with the inscription, "Se vivo fecit," or some other equivalent expression; and it is argued that it is impossible that any could have had a foreknowledge of his martyrdom, and prepared a tombstone accordingly. No doubt this is very true; but we do not understand by those forms of speech, under any circumstances, that the deceased had prepared his tombstone, and engraved his name upon it beforehand (indeed, it is impossible that he should have done so, since most commonly it contains a notice of his age and of the day of his death); but only that he had selected that spot for his grave, which might as well have happened in the case of some who were afterwards martyrs as in any others.

Moreover, if we reject the palm as a sign of martyrdom, and choose rather that interpretation of it which these authors would substitute, the difficulty still remains. It is very doubtful, they say, whether the palm denotes an external and visible triumph by martyrdom, or only an internal victory in the heart and affections, a victory over the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; but would there be no violation of Christian modesty and humility in a man's proclaiming concerning himself during his own lifetime, that this victory was already his? An Apostle, who was "even now ready to be sacrificed, and the time of whose dissolution was at hand," might write "to his dearly beloved son,"† "that he had fought a good fight, that he had finished his course, and kept the faith;" but I do not think that many of the early Christians would have made a similar boast, and recorded it upon their own gravestones. In either case, the palm must have been engraved by the survivors. We may add, too, that this interpretation of the palm makes it even less appropriate to the graves of children of two or three months old, than the other, which supposes it to be a sign of martyrdom; for although that which St. Peter Chrysologus says of the Holy Innocents, "*moriuntur inconscii, ignari tollunt palmas, coronas rapiunt ignorantes*," might well be said also of any young Christian children who died for Christ's sake, yet it is scarcely possible that the palm should have been marked upon their graves to denote the conquest of certain temptations which they never experienced, to signify that they had overcome in a battle in which it could not truly be said that they had ever engaged. And yet once more; if this were the true signification of the palm, how comes it that its use was (comparatively

speaking) so very rare? since it was a figure which the most ignorant of Christian *fossors* could have had no difficulty in drawing; and surely it is not too much to believe that, in those early days at least, a large proportion of professing Christians must have so passed their lives as to enable their surviving friends to place this emblem of victory with confidence upon their graves; yet we may sometimes pass through whole galleries of the Catacombs full of tombs, and those tombs marked with the sacred monogram, the dove, the good shepherd, and every other Christian token, but without meeting with a single palm. Monsignor Riccioli adds a fourth objection, saying that the palm cannot be taken as a sure sign of martyrdom, because it might also be used as a token of virginity. But we cannot repeat too often that the question is, not how many Christian significations might, without impropriety, have been assigned to the palm, but with what intention was it actually used in the ancient cemeteries; and I can find no proof that it was ever used by the Church simply to denote virginity.

We must not be satisfied, however, with shewing that our adversaries' objections are unfounded; we must endeavour to adduce some positive proof in support of our own opinion. It can scarcely be necessary to say much in order to prove that the palm was an ancient emblem of victory. When Simon Machabeus and his men of war entered the castle of Jerusalem,\* it was with thanksgiving, and branches of palm-trees, and harps, and hymns, and canticles, "because the great enemy was destroyed out of Israel;" and again, in another place† we read of the Jews, that "they carried boughs and green branches and palms for Him that had given them good success." Among the Gentile nations it was the same; Virgil could sing, "*Seu quis Olympiæ miretur gloria palma*," and we find it sometimes engraved on the tomb of some brave warrior or successful charioteer; so that we may truly say with St. Gregory,‡ wherever we meet with the palm, "What else can be signified by this tree but the reward of victory, for the palm is given to conquerors?" But by the early Fathers and Doctors of the Church, following (as would appear) the language of holy Scripture, it is applied in a special manner to the bloody victory of the martyrs. St. John saw "a great multitude standing before the throne, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;" "and one of the ancients answered and said to him, These are they who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb;"§ and he had before seen white robes given to every one of those "who were slain for the word of

\* 1 Machab. xiii. 51.

† 2 Machab. x. 7.

‡ Lib. ii. in Ezech. Hom. xvii.

§ Apoc. vii. 9, 14.

\* H. E. vii. 10.

† 2 Tim. iv. 7.



God, and for the testimony which they held."\* "The palm is the reward of martyrdom," says St. Ambrose,† "because it gives pleasant fruit to the tongue that confesses, and an ornament of glory to the right hand that conquers; it is sweet for food, shady to give rest, and honourable for triumph, ever green, ever clothed with leaves, ever ready for victory; and therefore does it never fade, because the triumph of the martyrs never fades." Many other doctors might be quoted to the same effect; but it will be better worth while to mention a few *facts* connected with the use of the palm in the Catacombs, whose evidence will be much more weighty than that of many words.

The tombs of Marius and Alexander, and of the family of Gordianus, of all of whom the inscriptions expressly testified that they were martyrs, were marked with the sign of the palm, without the ampulla of blood; so also were the tombs of St. Caius, and St. Felix I., whose martyrdoms are recorded in history. Boldetti, of whose long experience in the Catacombs we have already spoken, says that he had frequently observed, that the graves marked with the palm have contained bodies which had either wholly or partially been subjected to the action of fire, sometimes mere fragments of bones mixed with coals and ashes; also, that where he has found the palm and the ampulla together, the grave has been generally a *bisomum* at least, and sometimes larger; finally, that there are more palms in the cemetery of St. Ponziano than in any other, which is to be accounted for, he says, by its greater proximity to the Tiber, so that all those whose martyrdoms had been by drowning, and in which, therefore, there had been no shedding of blood, would naturally be buried there; for this, of course, was what created the necessity for a second sign of a martyr's grave, viz. the impossibility of collecting even a drop of the precious blood, which would have happened not only in the case of those who were drowned or poisoned, or whose bodies were burned, but also through the harshness of the executioners in some others also, where the Christians would not be allowed to collect gore enough to stain even a shallow plate or saucer, such as may often be found in the Catacombs, still less to fill the ordinary ampullæ. It is not surprising, therefore, that from the earliest times of which we have any record in this matter, the Church should have looked upon the palm-branch (not the *olive*-branch and the dove, from which it may be most easily distinguished, and which merely denotes that the soul is at peace with its God) as a sure sign of martyrdom, although some of her officers, through an excess of timidity, may not always have acted upon her judgment.

We have seen that the Jesuits had been allowed to use it as such in the year 1628; and Bosio too had so considered it, as well as the

sovereign Pontiffs who ruled in his time, since they had sent to various princes some of the bodies, which he had extracted as the bodies of martyrs merely by this token. Urban VIII., early in the seventeenth century, had appointed a committee or congregation of Cardinals to inquire into the proper mode of conducting the extraction of relics from the Catacombs; and it appears certain that the palm was admitted by them as a safe token of martyrdom. But Urban had not given to this congregation any permanent institution, but only appointed certain Cardinals by name to investigate this particular subject; so that when these individuals died, the congregation also was defunct. It was revived, therefore, by Clement IX. under another form, and received a perpetual establishment. One of the very first questions proposed to them concerned the various signs used in the Catacombs; and they decided, in a decree of April 10, 1668, that the vessel of blood and the palm were to be held as most sure and certain tokens of martyrdom; about the other symbols they would pronounce no immediate decision; and in this state the matter has been left up to the present day, that is to say, no one has been allowed to declare the martyrdom of any body found in the Catacombs, unless it were attested by one or other of these signs; at the same time it appears, as I have said, that a few individuals have hesitated to avail themselves even of this permission, and have trusted only to the *ampulla*. The decree of the congregation was misreported to Papebroch and Mabillon, as though it had said that the ampulla and the palm taken together constituted a sure sign of martyrdom; but this is inconsistent with the grammatical form of the sentence ("*palmarum et vas sanguine tinctum pro signis certissimis habenda esse*"), and was expressly contradicted by Cardinal Carpegna, the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, who was a member of the congregation, and explained to Boldetti what their meaning had been. Moreover, we have the report of Don Vincenzo Guizzardi, who was the Cardinal's delegate for the removal of the bodies in the year 1672, *i. e.* four years later than the decree, from which it appears that 136 bodies were extracted in that single year from graves marked only with the palm. It is true that Fabretti, his successor in that office, says that he trusted the ampulla alone; but he was Custode of the Relics only for one year, that is, he was concerned with the Catacombs only during six or seven months, and at that time Boldetti tells us that the excavations were being carried on in a part of the cemetery belonging to the age of Diocletian, in whose persecution Christians fell chiefly by the sword, so that the vessels of blood were most abundant. Neither can it be denied but that Benedict XIV., in his great work upon the Beatification and Canonisation of the Saints, says that in his time also the persons engaged in the Catacombs were not in the habit of

\* Apoc. vi. 9.

† In Cantic. Cantic.

opening those graves which had no other mark but that of the palm;\* but this private opinion of the Custode at that particular period does not destroy the decision of the Congregation of Relics, with which the practice of the Roman Church at the present day is in perfect agreement.

We cannot tell what rule the Church may have followed with respect to the palm prior to the days of Bosio, *i.e.* prior to the re-discovery of the Catacombs in the sixteenth century, because, in the absence of any written document, the palm-branch itself, from its very nature, has left no evidence behind it; for again and again it was merely traced in the mortar, and so was destroyed in the opening of the grave; and even if it had been engraved upon the marble, yet the inscription was not preserved with the body.† Of the ampullæ, on the other hand, we know that they had been received as tokens of martyrdom even in the most ancient translations of relics; for when in the repairs of the Pantheon, or (to call it by its Christian name) the Church of Sta. Maria ad Martyres, in 1675, the ground below the high altar was removed, they presently came to a leaden chest full of martyrs' bones, which it was known had been removed there from the Catacombs by Boniface IV., at the beginning of the seventh century; and amongst them were found seven or eight of these ampullæ, shewing clearly that these too had been recognised as relics, and of course, therefore, the bodies also to which they had belonged. The same thing was observed in the repairs of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, about the same time; and again, in 1719, in the old Church of S. Saba on the

\* The remark does not appear in the edition of his work published in 1738, whilst he was Cardinal Lambertini; but I find it in an edition published in Rome in 1749, lib. iv. part ii. c. 27. Cornelius à Lapide (ad Hebr. x. 38) acknowledges the palm as an emblem of martyrdom; Muratori (*Antiq. Ital.* t. v. p. 33) rejects it.

† In the instance of St. Valerian, husband of St. Cecilia, Bosio believes that the original inscription was buried together with the body; for when the tomb was reopened in his time, he found one that seemed to be very ancient; and this was marked with a palm.

Aventine. We may add still further about the ampullæ, that the appearance of many of the bodies in the graves to which they were attached has furnished irrefragable evidence as to their being the bodies of martyrs. My readers may smile at the idea of a *post-mortem* examination instituted after the lapse of twelve or thirteen centuries, being able to reveal any thing certain as to the original cause of death; nevertheless, when we find a grave containing many heads with but one body, or contrariwise, many bodies with but one head (both of which were discovered by Marangoni), we can scarcely err in judging that these persons had met with a violent death. Boldetti too found in one grave, marked with the ampullæ, three heads and only one set of limbs; in another, one perfect body, but four legs besides; and in a third, together with a perfect skeleton, several small bones which had been wrapped up in some precious stuff embroidered with gold. Lastly, in 1842, P. Marchi opened a grave in the Catacomb of St. Agnes, where he saw an ampulla, and it contained two perfect skeletons, with the arm of a third laid behind their heads; and two years afterwards he opened another in Sta. Cyriaca, which contained two whole bodies, and between them the leg of another. And if we are unable to bring equally convincing evidence of the martyrdom of those whose graves are marked only with the palm, it should be remembered that every argument which establishes more firmly the use of the ampulla as a token of martyrdom, renders more probable our interpretation of the palm also; since we know that many martyrs perished through hunger and thirst, through cold and nakedness, and by other unbloody means; and it is scarcely probable that whilst the graves of some martyrs had a distinctive mark pointing them out to the devotion of the faithful, those of others, belonging no less truly than themselves to the same noble army, should have been left unnoticed amid the mass of ordinary Christian sepulchres. N.

## ST. PHILIP NERI AND HIS TIMES.

[Continued from p. 412.]

As Philip walked home from the Tre Fontane, and saw the city rising before him with all its campaniles and its palaces, its shattered remnants of old pagan Rome mingled with the marks of modern warfare, how hopeless must have seemed the task which had just been put upon him! He passed by the tall cypresses around the tomb of Caius Cestius, then on by the old basilica of St. Mary in Cosmedin, leaving on his right the dark masses with which Cæsar's ruined palace cumpers the Palatine.

On the opposite bank of the rapid stream of the Tiber there arose before him the long dusky outline of the Janiculum, on which Rome's Apostle had been crucified; and beyond it was the vast form of new St. Peter's, as yet unfinished, but rising up in its glory. Thence he plunged into a labyrinth of streets of mean and dirty houses, even through the filthy quarter of the Jews, till he reached the Campo de' Fiori, and passed by the proud palace of the Farnesi, into his home at San



Girolamo. He had met on his way the extremes of poverty and of riches; the most frequent object to be seen in the streets was the poor man, on whom the chances of the war, and the ravages of famine and of inundation, had lately been weighing; but besides that, he could not fail to have passed the train of attendants and the purple attire of the Monsignor on his way to preferment, or even the scarlet garb of the Cardinal himself. And then he looked round on his little room, the ceiling of which he could touch with his hand, and wondered what he could do to reform Rome.

But there was enough energy in that area of 10 feet by 8 to convert the world; and when Baronius, Tarugi, and their brethren, clustered round Philip, as he sat on his bed, and drank in his words about the love of God and the hatred of sin, he felt that the battle was his own; the only question was, what to do with these ardent spirits, and how to set about the work? What were Philip's implements?

Humanly speaking, he had none at all adequate to the end which he had in view. True, he had with him men of talent, high birth, and unbounded zeal; but he began by apparently stripping them of all their advantages. Their very energy was against him. In every one of them there had arisen a wondrous thirst for martyrdom. Baronius longed to die in Ireland for the faith; another wished to shed his blood in England, where a crown and a palm were then to be had for the seeking; and what prospect was there that men who had thought the Indies too narrow for them would sit down contented with the scanty field of San Girolamo? In the case of the old Dominican, this fiery element of zeal had unbounded scope; it might burn where it would. St. Vincent Ferrer set up his pulpit in the midst of a public square, or in the centre of a wide plain, girt about with savage mountains, any where, in fact, under the broad expanse of heaven. His very habit and his crucifix were symbols of enthusiasm. On the other hand, Philip's old cassock and his narrow pallet-bed were a very matter-of-fact outfit for an apostle. Again, wonderful as was the finger of God in the works wrought by St. Ignatius, the instruments employed were such as at least tended to produce the effect. The Society of Jesus was an inspired scheme for directing all the gifts of mind to the greater glory of God. The Jesuits were men of first-rate intellect turned loose upon the world to combat heresy with its own weapons. Quick-witted acuteness and studied eloquence, ready answers and pointed questions, all found their place in that wondrous company. But amongst the little band of men whom Philip collected about him, any display of intellect was put down with a high hand. Woe to the ele-

gant-minded Tarugi if his lips let fall the semblance of a figure of rhetoric; he ran the chance of being commanded to deliver the same sermon over again several times, word for word, to the same audience. How, then, could Philip hope to stir the world, when he started with throwing away all that could arrest the attention of men?

There was one thing which Philip kept when he got rid of every thing else, and that was, the weapon with which the Apostles converted the earth—the love of souls. It was not that others also had not the same end in view, namely, the salvation of all men; it was not that in the Society of Jesus every thing—learning, eloquence, and zeal—had not this sole object; only that, in Philip's case, the love of sinners, besides the end, was also all but the sole means employed. It was this boundless, unconcealed, and unrestrained love which was the beginning and the end of Philip's implements for reforming Rome. Arms twined round the sinner's neck, tears mingled with his, even the sinful body held close to Philip's burning and virginal heart: these were the simple wiles by which souls were to be won to Christ. Confessionals open day and night, and a priest in each to catch souls; every thing in the shape of a human being, redeemed by the blood of Christ, received and welcomed: such was the machinery employed at San Girolamo. In preaching, too, the same means were put in action. If rhetoric was put down, the eloquence of love might flow at will. Tarugi's fluent lips might say what they would, provided it came straight from the heart; and somewhat later on, Ancina might come forth with the sound of the *Dies iræ* still ringing in his ears, till his burning words fell like a flaming thunderbolt\* on the hearts of the very harlots of Rome, and converted them to God. Again, if Baronius was employed on the history of the Church, it was simply with a view to the conversion of heretics; and gigantic as were his labours over the midnight lamp, he too was inexorably required to take his place in the tribunal of penance, and to preach in his turn. The most precious parchment might lie unrolled, and the stately folio was to be closed, the gravest train of thought to be interrupted, and the most intricate calculation put to flight, if a poor trembling sinner wanted Father Cesare in the confessional below. Every thing was cut short and put down—eloquence, learning, and enthusiasm; one thing was allowed to flow and to burn, as a stream of lava, resistless and uncontrolled, and that was the love of souls. Philip's companions might not cultivate eloquence, or erudition; but they might sit in the confessional till all their limbs ached, and their eyes were bloodshot with

\* *Tonans, fulminans*, is the description of his preaching.

want of sleep, and their heads throbbed as though bound round with a crown of thorns.

If this be borne in mind, it will explain the utter disproportion between the means employed by Philip and the effect to be produced. It must be remembered, that the simple and all but childish exterior of the devotions introduced into Rome was vivified by an inward spirit which made them all-powerful. It was a missionary spirit, sitting at home, and sweetly revenging itself on God's vocation, for not giving it the far East for its field, by devouring all that lay within its reach. It was the pent-up flame, which might have set the world on fire, burning all the more fiercely because its heat was confined within a little space. The slightest coldness or hesitation in the exercises which we are now to describe, would have made them ridiculous. They derived their power from the headlong love of souls shut up and palpably embodying itself in them. In vain would the bell of San Girolamo have rung, if the sermons of Baronius and Tarugi had not been such as to convert sinners. Nay, the preachers themselves would have been far away, pushing on beyond the reach of St. Francis Xavier, on the cold mountains of Thibet, or seeking martyrdom in the heart of China, if Philip had not had the skill to direct while he left unfettered their missionary spirit in Rome.

It was in 1558, the year after the visit to the Tre Fontane, and after Cardinal Pole was buried in Canterbury cathedral, and with him the Catholicism of England, that Philip was forced by the increasing number of his disciples to seek a wider space than his own little room. Underneath it there was, and is still, a larger chamber over one of the aisles of the church of San Girolamo, and this Philip asked for and obtained from the officers who governed the place. This was the first step towards throwing open his "*ragionamenti*," or familiar discourses. This was also the germ of what afterwards became the Oratory, as these public "*talks*" soon grew into more extensive forms of devotion;\* or, to speak more accurately, into a whole system, which we are now to describe.

As the facility with which Philip opened his room to all comers arose from his wish to allure sinners to the sacraments, and to keep about him his disciples, whether converted from sin or attracted to a more perfect life, so all the aim of the system was to gain men over to frequent confession and communion. The centre, therefore, of all

\* It may be as well to mention in this place, that the word '*oratory*' is ambiguous. The term is commonly applied to a congregation of priests living under St. Philip's rule. Their title, however, is "*Priests of the Oratory*;" that is, who conduct the Oratory. It is properly applied to the peculiar devotions, consisting of prayer, preaching, and music, which St. Philip brought into use in order to employ and amuse the youths who were his disciples.

Philip's operations was the tribunal of penance; the real work was done in the secret of the confessional: let us see, therefore, what he was there, as we have seen what he was at Mass.

It seems as if God wished, in the person of Philip, to shew the power of those sacraments which Protestantism had succeeded in banishing from the north of Europe. In mediæval times a Dominican or Franciscan monk preached in the streets of a large town, and was pelted; but he continued preaching, and won the day at last by the sheer force of courage. But for a man to expect to reform the vices of a city by sitting still all day long in a wooden box seems a most preposterous enterprise. Yet this was what Philip did. The fact is, the sinner who entered that confessional found within it what he found no where else—a heart like that which converted St. Mary Magdalene. After God had scourged the world for so many years, and had, for their sins, given over England, a great part of Germany, and the whole of the north, to their own devices, it seems as if He wished, if we may be so bold as to say so, to make a new incarnation of his love, and so He framed the heart of Philip. In Rome itself the effects of his wrath had been sorest; the very desire of forgiveness and amendment to be obtained from the sacraments seemed to have disappeared. While the Vatican was the Borgia tower, and Rome was the prey of every evil which war or pestilence could inflict, while ecclesiastics thought that the priesthood was only a stepping-stone to the red hat of a Cardinal, it is not wonderful that vice should have held rule over the holy city as it would. The very blood of Jesus flowed more scantily, because men did not choose to seek it where alone for them it could be found—in the sacrament of penance. Once a year all Rome came to be absolved—at Easter; frequent confession and communion were unknown. Even in the Oratory of Divine love, its members were only enjoined to go to communion four times a year;\* and this seemed the utmost that men aspired to. This state of things is a mere historical fact; not only was it a rarity to approach the sacraments, but it was thought a disgrace to do so oftener than the generality. It was a thing done with closed doors for fear of the world; and Tarugi was looked upon as a Confessor for communicating often in public. But now a new order of things was to commence; God was about to pour the whole ocean of his boundless love over the earth; He seemed to forget his justice, and to be all mercy. So He bade his Church be prodigal of the Body and Blood of Jesus, and spite of the murmuring of old theologians, so it was to be, and has been ever since; and Philip was to be the Apostle of

\* Life of St. Cajetan, ap. Boll.



God's love. It was St. John the Evangelist coming over again, after the trumpet of God's wrath had been blown in other parts of Holy Writ, and whispering over the earth, "Little children, sin not; but if ye sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Just One. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to remit our sins."

So Philip sat down in his confessional; he haunted it morning, noon, and night. One by one, with stealthy footstep, sinners came and knelt there; and they found there was a power within which they had never felt before. Burning words of love issued forth in a gentle whisper; and when that was not enough—when the sins confessed seemed so foul and so deep-ingrained that it seemed impossible ever to drive them out, and the devil fought hard for his prey—then the whisper came nearer, and the man kneeling at his feet in agony felt Philip's arms wound about him, till the hard stone melted within him, and gave place to the sobs and tears of perfect contrition. At other times, when the death-struggle was harder still, the confessional shook like the room in which the Apostles were gathered together on the first Whitsunday—it was Philip's heart beginning to throb; and then he was irresistible, and the hardened sinner felt himself within the grasp of a power which he could not bear up against, and gave himself to God.

There are many specimens on record of his marvellous method of going to work with sinners. There was a noble young abbate in Rome, who enjoyed a good benefice and lived a worldly life. As he was walking one evening in the wide cloister of the Dominican convent of the Minerva as the bells were ringing for vespers, a friend of his, who was conversing with him, seeing him dressed in rich clothes of brilliant colours, said to him, "One of the fathers of San Girolamo is coming to the office here to-night; you are a lucky fellow if you get speech of him." The youth's curiosity was raised, and he entered the church to see this wonderful father. He saw him enter in his modest cassock and white collar, and could only see in him a young-looking priest, with a beautiful pallid face, with brilliant yet gentle eyes. He watched him narrowly as he sat in the stalls among the solemn medieval figures of the Dominicans. Philip was motionless till the monks began the vesper-chant, and then the young ecclesiastic saw him throw himself on his knees, bury his face in his hands, and weep; and by the time that compline came, the strange trembling from the palpitation of his heart came on. After the service, he was presented to Philip, who spoke long and kindly to him, without a word about his gay clothing, and asked him to come to San Girolamo. Fifteen or sixteen days passed, yet Philip reproached him not. At length this

kindness won the youth's heart, and he appeared in a clerical dress to make a general confession. Then Philip stood up, and raising his eyes to heaven, as his frame quivered all over with the power that went out of him, analysed for him the very depths of his heart, and then fell on his neck, and said, "My child, resist not the Holy Spirit; God wills thy salvation." From that moment this young ecclesiastic was Philip's, body and soul, and what is more, was God's.

This sweet forbearance of Philip's was universal; and he did more to cure his penitents of every rank and class than the most severe confessor could have done. Men, women, and children flocked to San Girolamo, and were welcome. Gay nobles and ladies were to be seen there; and it must have been a strange sight to see this would-be hermit, this child of the Catacombs, with his modest down-cast eyes, surrounded by high-born cavaliers. Spurs jingled and swords clashed along the pavement of the church; even the satin and velvet farthingales, and the ruffs of pointed lace of ladies of fashion, were to be found kneeling around the confessional. His mode of directing these difficult subjects was as remarkable as it was successful. A lady of gentle blood once asked him if it was a sin to wear the high-heeled shoes so commonly to be seen in pictures of the time. Philip only answered ambiguously, "Beware of slipping." Next time that his penitent knelt at his confessional, the heels were considerably diminished in height. If he had shocked her by a rough answer, she probably would never have re-appeared at all.

At times, however, he knew how to be severe too. A youth had often come to him, and yet even he had failed to win him. He still hovered about Philip, and hankered after religion; but vice was still too strong for him. At length, one day Philip suddenly started up as they were talking together, and bade him kneel before him. "I see I must take strong measures with you," he said; and the young man, awed by his manner, obeyed. He then sat down, and taking the youth's head between his hands, he made him bury his face in his lap. "There," he said, "see the place destined for thee in hell." The youth remained in this posture for some minutes; at length he lifted up his head. A change had come over him; his face was pale and ghastly, and his eyes were wild and staring, as though he had seen a vision. Whatever was the sight which he saw, certain it is that he made a good confession, and ever after lived a holy life.

These are specimens of Philip's way of managing sinners. By hundreds a-day, men were won to Christ, for even the still hours of the night were often employed in fishing for souls. They came stealthily to him when the

Ave had rung, and the shades of evening had come on; nay, even late in the hours of darkness he might be found at work. He always said that he made his best converts at night. Gradually thus he wound himself into the heart of Rome; his task was the weaving of a viewless and crafty network, which went on by little and little, extending its holy meshes all over the old city of the Saints, and every day more hearts were caught, till there was not a house, from the Pope's palace downwards, in which there was not one or more around whom Philip had wound his magic web.

This, then, was the process by which he won the title of the Apostle of Rome; it was the spirit of St. Peter which gained it to Christ from Paganism; the spirit of St. John, the apostleship of love, was to win it back from sin.

Philip's penitents had increased upon him so far by the year 1558, that it became a question what he was to do with them all. Not content with coming to confession to him, they besieged his room to hear him talk about God. Some of them said that that room of his was Paradise; when they came out of it, they found themselves in the voluptuous atmosphere of an Italian city, with the blue sky above their heads, and their young blood bounding in their veins; and all about them objects of sin, with their innate foulness covered by outward beauty, often even by gifts of mind, and authorised by the custom of a lawless age. Within Philip's chamber were stillness and peace; without it, the war of Italian passion. What was he to do with all these men who clung to him for protection from themselves? The arts by which he kept were as simple as those by which he won them.

He first turned the long room at San Girolamo into an oratory, and received all the men who chose to come to him. Under his auspices this became what may be called, without any forcing of language, simply a preaching-room and a place of prayer. Here Philip held his prayer-meeting—for so it was, neither more nor less. In this early stage of the Oratory it will be easy enough to describe what went on here. As soon as a sufficient number were assembled, Philip sat down and talked to his hearers of God, just as he had done in his own little room. In they flocked, young nobles and youthful ecclesiastics, the future princes of Rome, and with them the princes of the Church in expectation: here they forgot the court of kings, and the papal curia too, as they gazed on Philip's beaming countenance, and were riveted by his brightening eye when he talked of God. Often he would employ some of his disciples in these familiar sermons, especially those whom we have already mentioned, Tarugi and Baronius, though as yet

they were only laymen; and they converted souls, for they had already imbibed his spirit. These sermons had two objects in view—one was to provide food and matter for the confessional, the other was to keep what had already been won to God. After this discourse came half an hour of mental prayer, and then litanies and prayers were recited aloud.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, a still stranger scene took place. The lights were put out, and the doors closed; one only lamp was left burning, and its beams fell on a crucifix. Then each man took a discipline in his hand, and as the *Miserere* and *De profundis* were slowly chanted, these cavaliers and young ecclesiastics of Rome bared their backs, and scourged the flesh which had sinned.

Such was the beginning of St. Philip's system; it has many a step to take before it becomes the Oratory, yet it bears already a perceptible outline.

And now, what is to explain its prodigious success? Many reasons might be given, but the victory which it gained over the sins of Rome can but be accounted for by the circumstances of the period. So it is with all the institutes in the Church of God; each as it starts into life embodies some principle which the age requires, and fills up some of its wants. St. Ignatius took up the intellectual, the aggressive, and the militant side of Christianity. Philip, for so we must still call him, seized on its affectionate and domestic features. Protestantism also had its two aspects; it had its action on the understanding and on the heart. Besides its colleges and its universities, it has had its class-meetings, and its fluent preachings, and its fervent pourings out of prayer. Now, the times in which Philip lived had been deficient in all this element of warmth; the age of Leo X. had been one of splendid ceremonial and of stately functions; its great men were men of action and of business; they had but little time for contemplation or for love amidst their legations and their management of refractory Councils. It was an age of rare communions and infrequent prayers, of stately discourses and rhetorical sermons. In all this of course we are speaking of the state of the world, not of the cloister; but even in the world there are always loving and affectionate souls, who pant for something on which they may exercise their warm hearts, some even who sin for want of knowing how to love God. It was on this wasted and latent warmth that Philip acted; mental prayer had been a thing of the cloister. It was a new idea in Rome that young men might be brought together, and kept out of sin, by calling them to hear a heart pouring out its love of God in familiar terms out of its very overflowing abundance; it was a still more novel thing to see them bowed down in silence, and find the



time short when it was spent in communion with God; nay, the discipline itself was sweet, though the flesh was black with the scourging, because the rays of the lonely lamp fell full on the blood-stained and thorn-crowned crucifix.

All this, however, was not the sole attraction; there were stories taken from the lives of Saints interspersed amidst the sermons, and the past history of the Church was ransacked for instances to amuse the hearers. Besides this, Philip had a cheerfulness of his own, which was like the sunbeam, bathing in its brightness all that came beneath its light. He bade his youths ever be merry; his *allegrezza* was proverbial, and he would have no one look sad in his presence. They might make what noise they would in his room; and when some one asked him how he could bear it, "Ah!" he said, "they may do what they will; they may chop sticks on my back, provided they keep out of sin." He would often sally out with them, and take them to some bright green spot, where, after setting them on to begin some noisy game, he would take a book, generally the New Testament, and retire into a wood and read. But there was one resource invented by his teeming mind, which was powerful above all others. As Rienzi of old kindled the minds of the Romans by spelling out to them the half-effaced inscriptions which told of the glories of old Rome, so Philip led his youths to the old spots where Apostles and martyrs had died for Christ. In many a nightly vigil, by the light of the moon, he had in his youth got by heart every feature of these old battle-fields of Christendom. He had longed to shed his blood too, but God would not have this sacrifice at his hands; yet he haunted them still, those old churches where the Saints were lying, and, above all, the objects of his first love, the seven basilicas. And now he used them as instruments of conversion, and as antagonists to sin. On some bright day, before the sun was up in the blue sky, he would sally out with his youths, and he took them on a pilgrimage to these churches. He shewed them with pride, as a woman does her jewels; for they are the trophies of the Christian faith. They followed in happiness and in joy to each lovely spot, singing hymns or chanting litanies as they went; and Mary's name was heard flowing through their lips, as, with rosaries in their hands, they went along the solitary paths which some martyr had crimsoned with his blood, as his tortured body was conveyed to where he was to consummate his victory by death. And when they entered the portal of the desolate church, and the cold shade from its high roof fell upon them, and the old mosaic in the apse rose in calm majesty before them,—when they knelt at the tomb where the martyred virgin, or perchance the youthful

deacon or the soldier, was lying,—they felt that the joys of the world were nothing to the calm peace which brooded over their soul as Philip stood beside them. Then there was the Mass said, and the holy Communion given, in the midst of that wondrous circle of columns in the round church of St. Stephen, or else where the low portico of St. Mary in Navicella lies hid in its grassy lane. When all was done, they would shelter themselves from the hot sun under the green leaves of some vine-clad alley in the Villa Mattei, opposite to the old church of SS. John and Paul, and close to the monastery of St. Gregory, where the names of England's apostles are still engraven on the porch from whence they issued on their mission. Here Philip and his pilgrims sat down and ate their frugal meal of grapes and other fruit and bread, which they had brought with them in baskets. And when they returned to their homes in the evening, all vowed that the Carnival itself, with its grotesque masks and its brilliant disguises, was nothing to a pilgrimage with Philip to the seven churches.

Such was Philip's method of evangelising Rome; a strange development, it will be said, from the lonely nights of watching in the Catacombs. Yet there was more connexion between the two than might at first sight be imagined. There is nothing strange to us now in the notion of frequent and familiar sermons, and of constant sacraments; but three centuries have passed since Philip's time, and what is no novelty now was then a new idea. The regulations of the Council of Trent, and the whole composition of its Catechism, shew that preaching was a rarity and a formality then; so that, in point of fact, Philip was beginning something new. Luther and Calvin had objected to the Church, the dumbness of its priests; and the glibness of the tongues of Protestant preachers had been one of their great instruments. Philip unconsciously lighted on the antagonist principle best adapted to meet the wiles of Satan. He filled up a want in the minds of the children of the Church, by introducing fluent and easy "*ragionamenti*" into his little oratory at San Girolamo. But where did he find his model? It is quite evident that the image which floated on his mind was taken from the primitive times of the Church. St. Paul getting up in an upper room, and talking with outpoured heart before one and every one about God and his Christ, was Philip's prototype. And then the sweetly-chanted hymn, and the joyful canticle, and the common prayer of the primitive Christian worship, whether in the Catacombs or in the lowly, hidden chamber, was as evidently the type in his mind of the free and easy mode of assembling together which he introduced. This is why Baronius, in the midst of his description of the worship of the first Christians in his

history, suddenly turns with a sort of loving abruptness to his dear Oratory, where "the Reverend Father Philip Neri, a Florentine, renewed the form of the apostolic assemblies." The same notion also frequently occurs in other works of the brethren of the future Oratorian Cardinal. Other likenesses also might be traced; but enough has been said to shew the link in Philip's mind between his old and his new life. Too much must not be made of the parallel; yet the fact that the Oratory issued out of the Catacombs is another wondrous proof of the marvellous identity of God's holy faith; and we suspect that even what appears most new to those who know not the Catholic Church, would also have

found its type in early times. Mary's name was doubtless not unheard even in the dark vaults where the first martyrs met to say Mass. At all events, we may be safe in saying, that even Philip's devotion to the Mother of God would not surpass St. John's. If we would find the complete type of what was afterwards the Oratory, let us go down beneath the old church where lies the body of St. Agnes, and pray to God at that altar where the flickering torch of the guide, as he takes the stranger through the Catacombs, falls suddenly on Mary's picture, lifting up her hands in resistless prayer, in the attitude of the priest as he offers up the all-powerful sacrifice.

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#### ON THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF PLAIN CHANT.

THE opponents of the exclusive use of Gregorian music in the public services of the Church are sometimes asked *what* music they would employ, if they reject the theories of those who would banish all modern compositions. We cannot say that we consider the question a very reasonable one, conceiving rather that it rests with those who attack an existing system to examine that system in detail, and to shew what are the peculiar evils attaching to each of its separate portions. We suppose that even the most strenuous upholders of Plain Chant will concede that there are great inequalities to be found in modern compositions, and that while some are preposterous as specimens of religious music, others are in an equal degree unexceptionable. We might therefore decline answering the query altogether, until the assault were made more definite in shape, and, we must add, until it seemed more formidable than it now appears to be. The question, however, admits of so easy a reply, and the whole matter can be so readily decided on simple common-sense principles, that we shall venture on a few words upon it, though we fear that many of our readers are so weary of the subject as to turn away from every thing that bears the words "Plain Chant" upon its title.

Were we asked, then, *what* ecclesiastical music we would employ, which should avoid the theatrical impertinences of many modern compositions on the one hand, and the lugubrious, unmeaning monotonousness of many Gregorian compositions on the other, we should without hesitation reply, that we would lay down no definite list of compositions whatsoever, but would cultivate that *spirit* in our choirs and congregations which would make them detest all musical irreverence, and would further gradually introduce certain minor regulations, which would practically forbid the corruptions which are now but too frequent.

As to making out a list of masses, motetts, litanies, and hymn-tunes, and urging our clergy and laity to adopt them exclusively, we should no more think of doing this than of requesting our Bishops to desire the clergy to preach only a certain collection of printed sermons. These rigid rules and systematic forcings of all tastes and feelings into one shape, may be all very useful and necessary in a system like the so-called "Anglo-Catholicism," where, as there is no inward unanimity, there can be no outward uniformity, except by the enactment of a precise, formal code of petty laws. But in such a body as that of the Catholic Church, where all are agreed in principles and in object, while the natural and innocent variations of the human character are left undestroyed, it strikes us as savouring somewhat either of tyranny or of Puritanism, to say that every man, woman, and child in Great Britain should be compelled to employ the Plain Chant alone as the medium by which they may express their faith, their hope, their penitence, and their love.

Nor do we perceive the slightest practical difficulty in putting an end to what all so much complain of, if people will but set about it the right way. Let it once be admitted in any choir that no music is to be sung merely because it is beautiful music in itself, unless it is truly *expressive* of the meaning of the words to which it is linked, and unless it is fully within the executive skill of those who are to perform it, and by this principle every evil would at once be driven away. And further, as we have already suggested, let it be our aim, wherever it is practicable, to employ boys in the place of women singers; and we may rest assured that all the glaring faults of our music would be utterly banished and precluded from returning. Let any piece of professedly religious music be tried by these two tests; and we are satisfied that the result would more



than convince every unprejudiced mind that not the slightest necessity existed for any more stringent regulations. Take, for example, two of the most ordinary nuisances which are perpetrated by a florid choir,—long flourishing solos in the *Gloria* or in the *Credo*, and interminable fugues, repeating the word *Amen* till the whole congregation is exhausted with the din. No one in his senses could pretend that the latter compositions have the slightest claim to be called *expressive* of the words which the Church puts into our mouth to sing. It is simply ludicrous to say that there is any *meaning* in five-and-forty *Amens*, repeated one after another for five or ten minutes. They have no more meaning than a Plain-Chant *Gloria in excelsis* sung at the pace of a funeral dirge. So, too, with the florid solo to which we hear such words as the *Quoniam tu solus*, &c. reiterated again and again by some fair lady in a pink bonnet behind a green curtain in an organ-gallery. There is no sense or truth of musical language in it whatsoever. It is a sheer vocal exhibition; pretty enough, and perhaps charming in a drawing-room or a concert-room, but partly laughable, partly revolting, before the altar of the house of God. Such a display would be condemned without hesitation by a master of a choir who looked upon expression as an essential element in religious music. Nor would such a thing be practicable in a choir of boys; they *could* not sing it if they would; very likely, *if* they could, they would; but inasmuch as nature has denied them the compass of voice and the executive power which are necessary for these flaunting irreverences, we should be content to rest upon their inability, and to employ them as the natural cure of our musical maladies.

We should say, therefore, let us sing all kinds of modern ecclesiastical music, from Palestrina to Mozart and Beethoven, which is truly expressive of the sentiments that the Church desires her children to cultivate and utter, and which can be performed by choirs of men and boys.\* We deprecate the exclusive use of Gregorian music for the very same reason that we dislike the cadences and solos

\* Such, for example, as the following, which we name, not as forming any thing like a complete list, but as at once recurring to the memory, and as being all published in this country:—Palestrina's Mass, *Æterna Christi munera*, and *Missa Brevis*, and his Lamentations for Holy Week (published by Novello); many of his Motetts, in a volume of old Church-music (published by Burns); the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, and *Credo*, in Mozart's first Mass; portions of Haydn's first and third Masses; the greater part of Beethoven's Mass in C, and of Hummel's in E; Hahn's Mass, arranged by Winter; Casali's Mass in G, and a selection of admirable Motetts (both lately published by Burns); many of V. Novello's selection of motetts, such as those by Leal Moreira, Perez, or by himself. Almost all these are, *as a matter of fact*, often sung by choirs of boys and men, and, even few as they are, present a very varied selection of pieces, truly expressive in character, excellent as compositions, and free from the frivolities of theatrical music. Those who desire something still more simple and easy, will find Dr. Newsham's four Masses (lately published) very pleasing works, and very useful for their purpose.

of the present day. Exquisite, and overflowing with meaning and expression, as are certain portions of the Plain Chant, there are others which, to the modern ear, are indescribably ugly, and if expressive of any thing, are expressive of physical discomfort, and not of any religious feeling. What can excel the beauty and perfection of the Gregorian music in the Missal, of the tones for the Psalms, of the music for Holy Week? But what can be more unmeaning than the generality of Plain-Chant Antiphons, Graduals, and Masses? It is as unnatural for a man of the nineteenth century to express his feelings in those tedious multiplications of notes, following one another without (according to his ordinary musical perceptions) either sense or beauty, as it would be to him to hold a conversation in the Anglo-Saxon language, or to say his prayers in Sanscrit.

The grand error which lies at the root of the attempt to revive the Plain Chant in the instances we have specified is this, that its advocates forget that music is a language, and that every country must use its own language, and not a foreign language, or a dead language, which it does not comprehend. Now, the Gregorian system of composition is *not* the musical language of the present time; it ceased to be so more than 300 years ago. It still survives in the East, in the old melodies of Scotland and Ireland, and other countries, but it is no longer *our* language; and consequently we have, in many cases, lost both the comprehension of its meaning and the power of rightly performing, or, so to say, of *pronouncing* it. To the unmusical reader it may be necessary to explain that the difference between modern and Gregorian music is twofold: first, in the *order* in which the notes succeed one another; secondly, in the divisions of *time* in which they are sung. The attentive hearer, however little learned he may be in the matter, will easily recognise these peculiarities. He will perceive how strangely and unexpectedly the sounds follow one another in many pieces of Plain Chant; how broken, odd, and unfinished the melodies seem; and how difficult it is to think what *could* be the meaning of them. Again, he will observe that while all modern compositions are sung with a regular beat, like a march, the whole music being divided into equal divisions, or bars, which the ear catches and follows with perfect ease, Gregorian compositions have no regular beat in them at all, but go quicker or slower at the will of the singer, like ordinary talking or reading. Hence, also, he will remark, that whenever two or more persons sing Plain Chant, they cannot keep together, unless something like the modern beat is introduced, as in the tones for the Psalms, or unless they sing so slow as to allow them to catch up each other's voices when they would naturally be singing with different degrees of speed.

From all this we draw the conclusion, that Plain Chant is both unnatural and unmeaning to the modern Christian, except in those instances where it approximates to the modern style of music, or where it is so powerfully *expressive*, according to its own laws, as to commend itself to our feelings also, though it is not framed on our own rules; and further, that it can rarely, if ever, be so executed as to be pleasing to the ear, except when sung by a solo voice, or when (as in the Psalms) it has all the marked measure of a modern tune. And thus the common sense and untheorising practice of the Church during the last 300 years has practically determined the question. Every where those portions which are sung by the priest at the altar, or by any other single voice, such as the Lamentations, the Passion, &c., and also the Psalm tones, which fall in with the laws of modern music, have been retained; while a large proportion of the Masses, Graduals, Antiphons, and hymn-tunes, are either forgotten, or chiefly confined to monastic choirs, or used by others who tolerate them and employ them because they have nothing to put into their place. And further, wherever they are revived, they are either *modernised*, and thus are no longer real Plain Chant than Mozart's 12th Mass is Plain Chant; or they are so dismally depressing to the spirits, that we begin to wonder how any persons with ears can find gratification in such singular and incomprehensible sounds.

It is also to be remarked, that in that one species of modern music in which the ancient rules of *time* have been preserved, viz. the recitative, the most accomplished singers never attempt any thing but *solo* performance. The recitative of the present day is, indeed, written in bars; but no good singer thinks of observing them, except as a guide to the eye; on the contrary, he sings fast or slow, exactly as the words lead him, and the accompanist on the piano-forte or the full orchestra waits upon his will, and joins in with the instrumental chords just as the singer leads. But a recitative for two or more voices, singing at the same moment, would be laughed at as an absurdity by any composer. He would know that such a thing could not be performed with any reasonable correctness, because each voice would move at its own speed; or else the whole must be sung infinitely too slow, and with a disregard of all those delicate variations in time, which are the soul alike of good Gregorian singing and of the modern recitative.\*

\* It is sometimes, we know, alleged that the Church deliberately *chose* the Gregorian musical system, and rejected the modern, at some period or other which we never heard defined. They who think this, will, we trust, pardon us, if we say that the notion reminds us of a story of a certain late warden of Winchester College, at which seminary, until some years ago, the boys were not allowed to have any potatoes with their meat. At length, seeing all the rest of mankind eating potatoes, the boys requested the warden to allow their introduction to the College dinners. "No!" said the warden;

Nor let it be forgotten, that as nature abhors a vacuum, so also she abhors the exclusive use of unison singing, inasmuch as she has given to mankind voices varying in compass; so that the same notes which fall in with the capacities of one voice are beyond the reach of another, and can only be attempted at the risk of the entire destruction of its beauty. Experience shews plainly enough, that if we would not ruin the voices which God has given us, we must employ them upon that particular range of sounds which are within our natural powers. It is as clear as noonday, that a race of beings who *cannot* sing the same notes, are intended by their Creator to sing different ones; that is, to sing in parts, or, in other words, to sing in modern harmony. Plain Chant knows but one mode of singing, viz. that in which all the voices, whether trebles, altos, tenors, baritones, or basses, sing precisely the same notes. Modern music recognises the variations in the human voice, and provides for each singer a part suited to his or her capacity. Unison singing in modern music is only made use of within very confined limits, and with a special regard to the nature of the voices employed, as in congregational singing, where the performers are too unskilful to sing in parts, and are accordingly restricted to one or two species of short compositions, in which every voice can join without physical pain and exhaustion. But in singing Plain Chant it often happens that one-half of the singers are laboriously straining their voices, to the torment of their hearers, and to the great discomfort of themselves, and the injury of their throats, the range of notes which *all* can sing being so small, that it is perpetually extended beyond these narrow limits to distances which alternately force one singer to scream, and another to grunt.

In truth, the exclusive use of Plain Chant would be such a violation of the elementary laws of all genuine Christian art, that we have not the slightest fear that it can ever be accomplished. Christians will no more be persuaded to adopt it, than poets could be persuaded to write English poetry in all the old Greek and Latin metres, by the example of Mr. Southey's sapphics and hexameters. The cases, indeed, are exactly parallel. Certain poetic metres were adapted to the natural laws of the Latin and Greek tongues. Some of these metres, such as the iambic, the trochaic, and the dactylic, are also naturally adapted to the laws of the English language; but others, like the hexameter, the pentameter, and the sapphic, are utterly alien to its construction. The un-

"William of Wyckham, when he founded Winchester College, gave no order for the boys to have potatoes: he knew what was best for them, therefore no potatoes can be permitted." Upon this, some one suggested that *there were no potatoes in England in William of Wyckham's days*. "Ah," said the warden, "I never thought of that." And accordingly potatoes were henceforth permitted to be eaten by the Winchester boys.



theorising good taste of mankind accordingly adopted the former kinds, while it rejected the latter; and when the pedantic fanaticism of Southey and his compeers prompted them to the "revival" of the good old measures, the whole nation laughed or pitied, and repeated the "Needy Knife-Grinder" till even the re-

valists were put to the blush. Such also is the Plain-Chant question. Some of its melodies suit the modern language of music, and the Church cherishes and uses them with never-failing admiration and delight; others have become, like English hexameters and sapphics, unmusical, unnatural, unmeaning, and unpleasant.

## THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

[Continued from page 420.]

### CHAPTER XIV.

Player's second rencontre with the unknown.—His happiness and his embarrassments.

ON fled Player, up the ascent, under the Arch of Titus, by the *Via Sacra*, up the steep to the Capitol, down the flight of steps on the other side, and on through the narrow streets to the Corso, and gaining his own door, scarcely stopped to draw breath before he reached his own apartments, where he threw himself into the chair placed ready for him at his neatly spread breakfast-table, and where the realities of coffee and eggs were barely sufficient to bring him to a perfect recollection of what the morning had produced.

"What an era in a man's life! what an event has occurred! who have I seen—what have I heard!" Such were his broken sentences referring to the past; but the present sensations of his heart, he could not express them; but he was very happy, and rested in his chair in a sort of trance, from which he at length roused himself to break his eggs with a smile, and sip his coffee with the playful pleasure of animated hope. The first decided move of the mind was this, that he should like of all things to marry an Italian, and a Roman Catholic. The question of his vocation was strong as ever in interest; and now, surely, it was answered. Rome was to give the answer, and provide the wife. "And," pursued Player to himself, "it is a curious thing, that the answering of this question, in this way, answers others also. As her husband, I could never be a priest. She would not go to my church; and to sustain certain principles in the face of a fact so notorious as her going to Mass, could not be expected of me; and would not, considering our circumstances, and the persons with whom we have to deal, be desirable, I think. My marriage will shew what my sentiments are with respect to the identity of our faith with that of the Roman Catholic Church, and, as it were, symbolise my hopes of a union between England and Rome. I don't know that I could or should marry one of the English Catholics; they are in a very different position; but to marry *her* would meet my difficulties, and

seems to be the very thing proposed in answer to my many and ardent aspirations."

After a while another train of thought came. "Forced as one is sometimes to dwell on the corruptions which Rome has permitted to mingle with her system, I shall never again do so with any aggressive feelings towards her; though it may be necessary to recur to them to justify our own position. As to there being any thing essentially wrong in Roman teaching, I have ceased entirely to believe such a thing. This Rome is a strange place; it is not a place for argument; the heart overcomes the head; it is a place for faith. If you begin to reason, you may be scandalised at every turn; but any man whose heart is in religion can see, in a week's time, that the thing answers. And yet the Humlove set talk of salvation being *possible*, and not *probable*, in the Roman Church. At the same time it is confessed that the salvation of the English poor must be miraculous, so impossible is it for our decrepit system to reach them. And yet "to the poor the Gospel is preached,"—that was to be a sign; and here they are saved by shoals. And how should it be otherwise? Setting aside the whole Church system, and all the Sacraments except Baptism, the poor Catholic has still left all that these Protestants, by their own shewing, consider enough to save them; the mysteries of the Rosary contain the whole of the Gospel, and the crucifix is their perpetual remembrancer. I don't see how the heart can withstand the evidences of truth that are offered here. It is wholly out of the power of any class of religionists in England to get together the congregations that are met with here."

And so on went Player, and justified himself for what he was determined on doing; and wrote half-a-dozen letters to his brother-in-law, and then burnt them all, and settled that he would not write yet, lest he should betray his feelings too much; but that he would wait, and in a short time might have something positive to say.

From that time Player frequented all the public places, took early walks to the Colos-

seum, and went to half-a-dozen churches a-day. He suffered for a whole week from disappointment, for he could nowhere catch a glimpse of the beautiful Italian. At last, in church, in the Gésu, he saw her, richly yet gravely dressed, and evidently absorbed in attention on the sermon. Player looked on her as on a holy picture. In answer to something that some inner thought suggested, he said to himself, "I would not make her an Anglican for the world." He tried to get near her when the congregation dispersed, but in vain; she was lost—and neither among the many on foot, or in carriages, could he see her. But a few days afterwards he saw her again, and then in her black dress, with her two attendants. After this he went daily to the Colosseum, and on the fifth morning had the joy of seeing the three enter, precisely as they had done before; and, after saluting the cross, two went away, and the third took her former seat on the fallen stone. Player had been standing in full view in the midst of the area. As soon as the lady's companions were out of sight, he walked to the place where she was resting.

"Your former goodness emboldens me," he said. But his heart beat violently, and his speech trembled too much for courage; he went on, however, and asked if he might converse again with her. The lady bowed, and Player continued.

"I have thought much of the little that past between us on our former interview; may I ask if you are at all acquainted with the state of religious parties in England?"

"I believe I am pretty well acquainted with them."

"I hope you judge us kindly?"

"I have the deepest respect for you."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Player. "But tell me, will the charity you extend to parties condescend to persons?"

The lady trembled violently. She drew her cloak round her, and pulled her veil yet closer; but her agitation betrayed itself through all.

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed Player, in miserable alarm, "why do you tremble?—You are not afraid?"

"Leave me, leave me," said the lady, huskily.

"I cannot, I cannot, while you are thus," said Player. "You make me miserable."

"One of us must go," she answered, and attempted to rise, but fell back on her seat, as if disabled by agitation from standing upright.

"I will go; I am going directly," said Player; "I would not distress you for the world; if you only knew what I feel!"

"Hush! hush!" gasped the lady. "How miserable was my coming here! How wrong to tempt this interview!"

"You saw me, and knew me, then, and expected I should speak to you; and believing it, yet remained here?" Player spoke kindly, but with much determination. "Well, then, you now *must* listen to me. You have pro-

bably observed that I have sought you. I confess that I have done so diligently every where, since I first spoke to you in this place. Now pray command yourself. I will leave you the moment that I have told you what you ought to know. I am an Englishman of family and education, and I have a good fortune. You know something of my religious feelings. I saw a beautiful face, and fell in love with it. I saw it in a dress which spoke of practical piety. I saw it in church, in circumstances which spoke of respectability of station, as well as of ardent devotion; what I love and admire, I deeply respect; and—but what is this?—lady, forgive me—but you surely are not weeping?"

The lady *was* weeping, yet struggling with her tears; and she spoke earnestly: "For the love of mercy, leave me; I beseech you leave me."

"I will go; but tell me that I do not make you unhappy."

"It is my own fault; you are not to blame; but go, go. You don't know what you have been saying."

"One word more," said Player, advancing nearer, and speaking low. "You are not married?"

"No, no. Oh, for mercy's sake, go away."

"Once more, command yourself," said Player. "There are moments on which the happiness of a life may depend; don't waste them in unnecessary agitation. I will give you a month; and at the end of that month—twenty-eight days from this hour—I will be here; and then if you will be here also, for the purpose of a mutual explanation, I shall be for ever obliged to you. Will you accede to this? In the mean time I will not seek to follow you, or to discover who you are. You can come with any friend you like; I will come alone; but pray grant me this. Do you consent?"

"Yes, yes, I consent; I will meet you," said the lady; still, as it was plain to hear, struggling with her agitation.

"And if you should be prevented coming on this day month," said Player, "you must recollect that I shall be here at this hour daily for five days following. After which, if I see or hear nothing of you, I shall deem myself deserted."

Player did not wait for an answer, but walked rapidly away.

Three days passed like a dream, and a dream of deep delight. Scenes from the future, like magical pictures, were passing before him. His whole soul seemed absorbed in their contemplation. His mind dwelt upon them, and would not let them go; and his heart warmed to them, and in prospect dwelt among them, and grew to love them more and more, as more and more he believed in their accomplishment. For three days he never left the house till dusk; but after that time, he took his usual morning exercise, only not ven-



turing on any close examination of persons, lest he should see her, who he had promised not to seek, and felt no desire to see at present, lest, under the circumstances, she should be annoyed, and attribute the result of accident to design.

He was passing the Church of S. Andrea delle Fratte. He went in. He always felt the scene to be an edifying one. In his present state of mind it affected him extremely. In this, their parish church, people of all classes were assembled, and yet it was no day of obligation. And there, where an inscription marks the spot of one of the most affecting miracles of modern days, many persons, who had heard their Mass, were kneeling at their prayers. There always seemed to be more lame and blind, and poor and aged, in this church than in any other, Player thought, and therefore he loved it; for nothing touched his heart so sensibly as the sight of faith. And what a faith! earnest, happy, healing, heart-elevating faith—in a class where, in his own land, it was so seldom found. "Catholic poor, and Protestant poor, are very different creatures," said Player. He was right. But we must not dwell upon his thoughts, they are not part of our story, further than to say, that as he pursued his thoughts at some length, and with deep interest, he did not for a long time observe that, at an altar not far from him, the lady of his hopes was hearing Mass. He was not himself in a position to attract her observation; so he followed his inclination, and watched her attentively through her devotions. His busy thoughts were again at work: "How respectable religion is in a Catholic country! Pious feelings, and great fervour, is no mark of singularity. No party feeling or exclusiveness ever results from it. The great object of adoration—the one great object of Catholic faith and adoration, demands so much, that the holiest and heartiest is left a debtor still—a debtor to an infinite amount. The Lord's goodness, not man's goodness, is calculated here. How often one has heard the expression 'over-righteous,' from persons of one class towards persons of another in the Established Church. What a blessing to be able to indulge one's religious desires, and not be a marked man!" The Mass was over; the lady rose, crossed the church, and went out at a side-door. Player left the church by the great door. His thoughts continued: "She is an angelic creature. She shall have her own chaplain and a chapel in the house. She shall know nothing of the trial of my lower and more difficult position. But why do I say lower? If we hold the truth, are not difficulties sacramental? Facts do, however, distract and puzzle me very much. It is so hard to keep one's position in view. The inspiring devotion which one sees around us—and these wretched-looking, ragged creatures—sometimes I almost think—but no—that is no argument."

Player had said the last words aloud. "Really, I am not offering you any argument, only my hand," said Newcome laughing; and then added, "really, Player, you are very dreamy."

"Oh, how do you do? I have not seen you for weeks. Yes, I was always laughed at for being dreamy. At that moment I was dreaming over suggestions towards conversion."

"Then, in answer to your words, 'that is no argument,' let me make a suggestion, that there is such a thing as the gift of faith."

"My reason would first have to be convinced," said Player; "it is the only safeguard against one's feelings."

"But feelings may be in a right direction."

"Yes, and may be wrong too. Now, for instance," said Player, putting his arm within his friend's, "suppose yourself a man of strong feelings, romantic if you like, and very much in love with a very good woman, of religious opinions differing from your own—I am only supposing a case; make the lady as fascinating as you can—and now, tell me, might not your feelings suggest your becoming one of her sort?"

"No; because I have the gift of faith in my own Church."

Player did not reply, but said to himself, "Have I no faith in my own Church? What was I thinking of just now?" Then he spoke, and rather abruptly: "Newcome, I have no comprehension of what some of you Catholics are about sometimes? You really are what people call jesuitical. How are you talking of faith in your Church, and are afraid to acknowledge yourself a Catholic? Is that a right position?"

"It is not *my* position," said Newcome, very quietly.

"But you are a Catholic, and don't proclaim it."

"To whom should I?"

"Why, of course, you are not obliged; but I should never have known it, if Staurton had not told me, and the Carminowes —"

"Stop," cried Newcome, "we have met at Mass almost daily."

"Oh, there's a freemasonry about you!" cried Player. "Catholics know each other's opinions directly."

"Of course, if we know our own, we know theirs—one faith, you know."

"Well, yours is a blessed state of things."

They parted. This short interview had awakened Player's love of conversation. The evening came. His thoughts were still busy with the future; but when he occasionally withdrew them, they wanted something to rest on in the present, more domestic and sociable than a single man's apartments. He went out, and was announced at the Freemans'. Mr. Freeman roused himself from a nap to tell him how glad he was to see him; and that he was quite a stranger; and that he wished he would come

oftener; for that, though he hated going out of an evening in a quiet way himself, he enjoyed a friend dropping in very much. And having said this, he made himself comfortable once more in his easy chair, and was soon again asleep. The aunt had her book. Mr. Humlove had lent it to her. It was called "Suggestions in Answer to the Question, 'What is Truth?'" Player read the title while the lady was making the tea, and said to Eleanor, that eighteen hundred years ought not to have left that question unanswered.

"Nor can I believe that it has done so, if truth is from God; in other words, if there has ever been a revelation," said Eleanor firmly. Player was surprised but pleased. He tried to carry out the conversation, but Eleanor said she never talked about religion.

"I have had a letter from Miss Westerton," she said; "they are to be in Rome on Thursday; and the Countess has heard from her aunt, and she and Adolph return on the same day."

"And what of Staurton and Mr. Villars?"

"They were not mentioned."

Player had had a very pleasant evening. He was surprised on his return to find Newcome in his rooms, and to hear that he had been waiting some time for him. Newcome looked agitated. He said:

"I have had a letter from Arthur Staurton since I saw you in the morning. There is bad news in it. He writes from Naples; and is not returning here at all. You know, I suppose, that he has been attached to Miss Westerton from a boy?"

"I never heard of it," said Player, feeling very oddly, but he scarcely knew why.

"Well, he has been very long sincerely attached to her," resumed Newcome impatiently, yet not knowing why he was impatient. "And they were close neighbours, and there was an hereditary friendship, and she always shewed the greatest pleasure in his company. In fact, the idea of marrying her seemed bound up in Arthur's life. There was never a deeper or truer affection."

"Well, well, go on," said Player.

"He has relinquished all hopes of her," said Newcome; "and makes such an honest, manly confession of his disappointment, that it really wrings one's heart. He desires me to tell you, and no one else. It grieves me to the heart."

Player did not know how the time passed between the announcement of this fact, and Newcome's leave-taking. One sentiment overpowered him—a sentiment of fear lest Katherine had refused Arthur for his sake, and a consciousness that he had given her a right to do so. The way in which he had sought her society, the open satisfaction that he had shewn in it, the encouragement he had given her to unfold her feelings to him; had these things created for him an interest in her heart

which he could not return? But had he been always thus cold? Had he been always quite disinterested? Had he never thought of himself, when he had been talking to her? He knew that he had admired her particularly. He had shewn his admiration. He had very often wondered if she was not to settle the question of his vocation.

The reader knows that it was not as Player feared; but he was right to take himself to task; he had used neither discretion nor self-government; he had, on the contrary, indulged the passing feeling of every moment as it rose, and the fear of an evil issue was now upon him justly.

At last Thursday came. Player was nervous all day. He called at Major Carminowe's in the afternoon, and again in the evening, and did not find them come. Late in the evening he was at the Freemans', and heard that they had arrived an hour before. When the morrow came, his anxiety to see Katherine was gone. A cowardice had taken possession of him. He went out early for fear of receiving a summons. He passed the Palazzo Galviati, and called to inquire after the Duchess. The servant said that the Duchess expected him, and had desired that he might come in. Unable to excuse himself, Player was announced; and a few minutes afterwards Adolph sent to ask if he might see him.

"The dear child is in his bed-room," said the Duchess, "still lying down. Yesterday's drive was a great fatigue to him."

They went together to the boy's apartment. As Player entered, he beheld a graceful female figure kneeling by the side of Adolph's couch, to whom the child was talking eagerly. Player advanced. Across the foot of the couch some black garments—such as he thought he could recognise—were cast carelessly, and he knew in the beautiful face which was thrown a little back, as the bright glances of the large black eyes were raised to him, the well-learned features of the lady of the Colosseum—the idol of his imagination—his self-promised Italian, Roman Catholic bride.

"Genevieve says she does not know you, Mr. Player, and never saw you in all her life. Is that the case?" said Adolph.

The Countess had risen, and now smiled, and acknowledged Player's bow. There was something in her smile that told Player that what Adolph said was true. She never had seen him. She knew nothing about him. Player did not feel disappointed. She was Count Enstick's wife. For him that was enough. The dream had passed; and to have given to its memory, as connected with her, one single sigh, would have been wrong. Yes, the dream had passed, but there was a reality left behind; and how was he to meet it? He had been making love to *somebody*. He had begged her to meet him. She had promised. What was he to do? Alas, for the



tender thoughts of his English home, his beautiful bride, his fondly cared-for, his religious wife. What a romantic madman had he been! And that other—who was she? He had told her to meet him with any friend she chose to bring. What an embarrassment he had wrought! And all this, after the consoling thoughts he had had of supernatural guidance. It was distracting.

Yet Player supported the interview with calmness; and talked and smiled, as enduring spirits have done under acutely painful operations. And when it was over, he walked slowly to his home.

"This is terrible," he said, when he had locked his door, and seated himself by the fire. "Poor Katherine, I wonder if she likes me. How gladly would I be engaged to her now. But to be the sport of this unknown creature—if, indeed, I am her sport—which I could now pray to be. But I cannot forget that her voice trembled, that she was agitated, that she had remarked me; for she said that that was not the first time I had seen her." At last a thought came to Player. He would try to find out who she was. He would ask Eleanor Freeman who the companions of the Countess usually were, when she made her visits of charity. He did so. Eleanor replied, that she joined with friends whose names she could not recollect. But sometimes she went accompanied by Terese and a very distant connexion, who lived at the palace in a dependent position; who had been her playfellow, and for whom she retained a great regard. "She is a very pretty young woman," said Eleanor, carelessly. Player was stung to the quick. His character would be compromised to Genevieve, to the Duchess, to everybody. The Duchess herself would perhaps accompany her to their place of meeting. What was to be done? Nothing; but to wait patiently, and keep the appointment. So Player felt; and he did wait, and was very sad.

#### CHAPTER XV.

The sorrows and doubts of Rachel Meadows. Newcome's arrangements with Katherine Wentworth.

WE have purposely let the season of Advent pass on, and not described its opening Sunday in the Sistine Chapel, or the commencement of one of the most touching devotions of the Church, called the *Quarant' Ore*. There are few who would desire to read at length of how people went to the Vatican at night to see the illuminated staircase, and joined the adorers in the Pauline Chapel—not to adore, as they did, but to count the candles, and gaze on the tapestry, and go home, as did Jonathan Humlove, and write of "the forms and empty ceremonies of the idolatrous Church of Rome." Such histories are old stories now; though there are still those who have observed the concord of voices, the rising incense, the genuflexions of the priests, and the kneeling crowd, and have

not known what those voices said, why that incense rose, or to whom all knees were bent. Truly of the earth earthy, they have so used the animal senses only, that seeing, they saw not, and hearing, they did not understand. They have known all but that ONE, without the knowledge of whom all wisdom is folly. They have observed all but God with us; and in their blindness leading the blind, they say, "We have seen—trust to us." Of such, few would desire to hear. But many would, perhaps, like to hear of the holy season, now almost gone, and the joyful Christmas now approaching; and though it is hard to leave such things, they must be sought elsewhere, for we must on with our story, and turn to one who, had she known where rest was to be found, would gladly have sought the home of the Church, and been numbered among the Virgin Mother's children.

Poor Rachel Meadows! But patience had done its work. Her powers of endurance had increased with the trials to which they had been subjected, and she had less hope, and more faith. Hope must be fed, or the heart feels its languishing, and yet it only revives to suffer from disappointment; but Faith—immortal Faith—bright and buoyant as it often is in joy, is never stronger than in tribulation. Yet faith had but a small point to rest upon in Rachel's heart. Her whole religion may be given in one word—*trust*; and it was a self-sustaining principle. No sacramental means of grace were hers; but still she trusted God. A few weeks are enough, under some circumstances, for a giant growth of feelings; and so it is that, though we left Rachel but a short time since, we find her greatly altered. There is a timid, quickly roused apprehensiveness about women, which is as natural to them as the contrary sensations of boldness and courage are to men. Rachel was not deficient in this feminine attribute; and it had taught her much. It had taught her to feel what Reeves's intentions were; it had taught her to put the true construction on his advances; and it had taught her to trust more firmly than ever in God. Where was the boasted *never falling away from grace*? Reeves was one of her own converts. What yearnings her heart had known in his cause—how often had she poured forth her soul in his behalf; and yet now could she doubt that he was a designing hypocrite? She did not doubt it; and though her gentle, forgiving spirit clothed it in many charitable disguises, she could not deceive herself, and she felt that he was untrue. And as this belief grew fixed and firm, how did the whole fabric of her faith tremble!

In fact, she had no fixed belief, but a willingness to believe all revelation, and a childlike trust in God. She gradually left out doctrines from her "teachings," and began to dwell on good works. Lady Harris was annoyed, and said that Rachel was giving way to low spirits, and ought not to impose her dejection on her hearers. Nothing could be more dispiriting,

she said, than those constant allusions to works. So Rachel confined her teachings, for a while, to the great topic of the Atonement. Love could always be eloquent there. Lady Harris expressed her pleasure. "Really, my dear Rachel, you speak like an inspired creature," she said to her one day, as, with her arm passed through Rachel's, she walked up and down the drawing-room. "That subject your gifts are great upon, my love; but you cease too soon—you stop before your task is concluded. You should *apply* the doctrine. Of course we do, each and all of us, apply to ourselves the free, unconditional gift; but if you knew the joy of receiving the repetition of that application in its fulness and its freeness, you would not deny us a few words more from your eloquent lips, and—excuse me, dearest—you would not so often allude to *works* as you have done of late."

Rachel smiled, but did not speak. Lady Harris left her. "This kind of thing cannot last," mused Rachel. "I am changed; I am no longer the being to suit Lady Harris. I cannot do as she desires. Every thing about me seems to say that this state of things cannot continue." As blind people are known to be conscious of large bodies which might injure them being placed in their path, and stand still to inquire before the danger is approached, so sensitive minds seem to grow aware of impending danger, and feel prophetically the approach of trouble.

"Jane Wentworth alludes to the possibility, the almost certainty, of some change soon occurring," continued Rachel. "Reeves is always dwelling on the fact of the present position of things not continuing. The change seems to have already begun in me; and yet I am not weak, and nervous, and depressed, as I was a short time since. All my former towers of strength seem to have crumbled away. I have tried a system of religion, and tried it how ardently, and with what vivid belief, and it has brought disappointment. She bids me apply that great truth. How, and by whom, was it to be applied? Is any system authorised? Is every one born to fight out the battle of belief and unbelief in his own heart, and to discover his faith for himself? The mere acceptance of that one great doctrine is not enough. It does not make people holy. We want a system in which the soul is regularly fed, and invited to healthy action, and would obtain strength to live in the light of that glorious truth undazzled, and free from this terrible confusion."

Such were some of Rachel's thoughts; and as she concluded them, she thanked God that she was not now in terror and distress, either as to the future or the present—that she could trust in Him—and that with the probability of trial had come a readiness and willingness to suffer. And still with her thoughts wandering over the prospect of a coming change, Rachel laid down her work, and rose to leave the room.

Her hand was on the door, when her steps were arrested. William Harris, who had been gazing on her for half an hour, spoke her name in accents which brought her quickly to his side. She looked alarmed. "William, are you ill?"

"Oh, Rachel! dear, dear Rachel!—if you knew how the last few days have changed me—if you knew how terribly I have felt my own incompetence to speak, or make myself understood, and how I have also felt that all my happiness depended on myself, on my being bold and explicit, and perhaps determined—Oh, dearest Rachel, only say you will let me love you, and I ———"

"Oh, stop, William!" exclaimed Rachel. But William seized her hand, and rose quickly from the large chair in which he had till then been lounging, and rose up a boy no longer, but a man. In simple, honest language he pressed his suit. There was no doubting the truth and fervour of his feelings; and in the sudden bewilderment that fell upon Rachel's mind, she did not know how to answer him. William augured well from her confusion. His hitherto drooping eye flashed on her brightly; the languidly curling lip was eloquent of vigour and determination. He was frank and candid, but bold and animated; and it was hard to check, impossible to repress entirely, the life and urgency with which he spoke. Something Rachel said about his parents. "All that is right," said William; "my father never refused me any thing; and you know how much he likes you. And my mother—oh, Rachel, who can doubt her? Not *you*, surely?"

"William, let me go."

"Yes, Rachel; but turn this way—Rachel, you love me?"

"No; but stay—I don't know. Oh, how confusing!" Rachel put her hand to her head, as though in pain.

William's manner changed. "I am afraid I am not kind in pressing you," he said very gently; "but you don't dislike me, Rachel?"

"Oh, no, William; how can you ask? You have been so very good."

"Only remember, then, that I love you fondly and faithfully." They were at the door; and William added, as she passed out—"And expect that you will soon love me."

Was this the change of which every thing around her had seemed to be prophetic—freedom from the advances of Reeves—protection, independence, a position in the world, and, above all, and including all—a home? What a catalogue of blessings! Why was her heart cold? Her heart asked the question of itself, and it answered to itself, that such things were dear to nature, and much to be desired; but with them, such as they were, it had no sympathy, and for them, such as they were, it had no desire. Her interest in William was great, as it had ever been; but her heart was cold. She loved his amiability, but nothing more. When, therefore, William next urged his suit



—and it was the following day—she answered him not without agitation, but yet frankly and firmly.

"You would be disappointed in me," she said. "I am supposing that Sir James and Lady Harris consented; you yourself, William, would be disappointed in me. I am not entirely happy; and the offer of a change so much to my worldly advantage would be a temptation to me, if I dared accept it. But it would be wrong; I should be deceiving you. You would never find in me that return of love which you would desire. I shall never feel any strong emotions except in the cause of religion."

William importuned her as much he dared; but again and again the answer was returned—"Why tempt me? Why risk your own unhappiness? Something assures me that I could never give you the love that man requires."

Still William was not silenced. "You would, you would," he urged with an earnestness that affected her. "My fondness and attention would win it of you. Love is infectious, Rachel. You do not now know the strength of the affection that fills my heart; but you would feel its power, and you could not be ungrateful. It would influence you, and I should receive all the return that I desire."

"Oh, William, William! —" But William would hear no more then. All languid irresolution had left him. He was now a being who could persevere as he deemed it necessary, and postpone things as he pleased. And he left her, to meditate on happiness, and never to anticipate the possibility of its being interfered with; while Rachel, wondering sometimes at her own coldness, and sometimes on her lover's warmth, could only clasp her hands, and murmur to herself—"If I could only know what was His will!" So far, throughout her strange life, she had always believed herself obedient to the calls of Providence; but now, as she expressed herself, "she heard no voice."

Of these deep thoughts and grand intentions Sir James knew nothing; and Jane Wentworth suspected those things only of which her aunt never conceived. Jane saw William's love, and knew that it would awaken a storm; and therefore, terrified, had watched, and waited, and checked her own lover's hopes, and stayed her own happiness, till something more was known. But Newcome's interests would not brook delay. His leave of absence from his regiment was proceeding to its close; and the very day of the return of our other friends to Rome, he had sought an interview, which he felt must be final, with Jane Wentworth. He had been calling on Lady Harris; and on her carriage being announced for her morning drive, he handed her into it, saw Rachel Meadows placed by her side, and the assiduous Reeves seated opposite, and then returning to the house, met Jane in the hall.

"Fortune favours me, Jane—you know my

errand;" and he guided her not unwilling steps into an adjoining room.

"My aunt never will consent," replied Jane, in a voice which betrayed the hopelessness she felt as fully as her words.

"And therefore shall not be asked," replied Newcome with animation. "Jane, something decisive must now be done; this interview must be final."

"Oh, think of William—of Rachel."

"Think of yourself and of me," replied Newcome.

"You know that I shall never be allowed to marry you," sobbed Jane.

"I know that no one has any right to prevent you," replied Newcome. "I know that you are of age; and I know that in a country like England, where toleration is affected, it ought to be practised."

"But my aunt—"

"Your aunt," interrupted Newcome, now speaking very gravely,—“your aunt is an imperious woman, who imposes laws on other people, and is amenable to none herself. At this moment her whole conduct is one continuous illustration of private judgment. Be bold, and claim the like right. Say you have chosen your own husband and your own faith. It is no more than she has done for herself,—and even tries to do for other people; or let me say it for you; or rather let us say it together, and our happiness will be settled in an hour."

"Yes, dear Stephen; but consider this for me—if your religion should not be right? You seem so very sure!"

"How difficult to talk to those who have no faith!" exclaimed Newcome. "My dear Jane, what you have said is in my favour. Yes, all Catholics are very sure, but you—you are not sure of any thing."

Jane sighed. "Your account of your faith is very different from any my aunt can give of hers; but I cannot urge *that* as any reason for marrying you. Indeed, it is because I love and admire you, perhaps, that I like your religion."

Newcome paused. He felt for Jane's difficulties, but concealment and uncertainty could be endured no longer. Some decision must be come to and acted upon. In a gentler tone—for there was more of fear, though not less of earnestness in his manner—he said, "Tell me truly, Jane,—and let us now speak as if this aunt of yours was not in the world—tell me truly, has my being a Catholic any thing to do with your hesitation? Tell me if the Protestant Jane Wentworth hesitates to marry the Catholic Stephen Newcome."

Jane looked up into Newcome's face, and saw traces of feeling there such as she had never seen before. Anxiety was mingled with resolution; and with the dread of disappointment, she read an evident intention to bear with patient courage the wound her answer might inflict. Jane loved too well to cause

more sorrow than necessary. Her silence was but momentary. "Your religion," she replied, "has formed a character that I admire so much that I cannot quarrel with it. To you, as you are, I gave my heart, and—"

"Will marry me," exclaimed Newcome.

"Yes," said Jane, "if possible. But—"

Newcome laughed. "If possible,—O Jane! it is quite possible, and quite right, which, believe me, I have thought of with more than equal solicitude. Now you must be firm, and not fail me for an instant."

But Jane's resolution was already gone, and she was weeping again, and talking of her aunt.

Newcome felt almost in despair. One moment he felt inclined to blame her for her irresolution, another moment he loved her better for her weakness.

"God forbid," he exclaimed, in great agitation, "that after our attachment, and our mutual promises, we should permit a mere imaginary power to part us. Hearts true as ours, dearest Jane, must not be trifled with. Why not act for yourself? Why think of Lady Harris in a question on which she could only exercise the tyranny of a perverted judgment?"

Jane struggled to regain her composure, but she could not speak.

Disappointed of a reply, Newcome, severely tried, spoke coldly. "It is useless to prolong so painful an interview. For this I am to be made miserable—for this I am to be deserted—for this the remainder of our lives is to be—"

"No, Stephen, no," exclaimed Jane, in a voice that no longer trembled. "Heaven only knows what it is to live with one whose passions are so strong, whose will is so despotic. Oh, my poor aunt! But must every thing move away before her? Must no one know heart, or judgment, or power but herself? We have long sacrificed ourselves to her, but can I sacrifice you?"

Jane ceased: she was the better for the outpouring of her grieved spirit; and when she ceased, she looked even happily on Newcome.

"Leave all to me," he said.

"Yes."

"I will see you to-morrow."

"Yes."

"Every arrangement will be made by that time."

"I can trust to you entirely."

"Yes, trust me, and have no anxiety."

There were but a few words more, and then Newcome, in great joy, left the house.

## Reviews.

### PERRONE ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—THE DOCTRINE OF DEVELOPMENT.

*De Immaculato B. V. Mariæ Conceptu, an dogmatico decreto definiri possit, Disquisitio Theologica* Joannis Perrone, e Societate Jesu in Coll. Rom. Theol. Prof. Avignone; London, Williams and Norgate.

By the Catholic theologian this small but important treatise of the well-known Jesuit doctor will be welcomed—or rather, we should say, will have been welcomed, for by this time it is probably in the hands of every professed theologian—with peculiar interest and satisfaction. The subject itself, and the mode in which it is treated, must render the book sufficiently attractive to the theological reader, while the name and character of the author, whose works are class-books in this country, as elsewhere, and the marked confidence with which the publication was received by the Sovereign Pontiff, whose letter is prefixed, cannot but ensure it all the attention it deserves.

We trust, however, that the perusal and study of this volume will not be confined to those whom it may seem principally to concern. Non-theologians, who appreciate the deep philosophy of dogmatic theology, and non-Catholic theologians, who have at least a partial hold of certain great principles of Catholic belief, will, we are sure, derive much

valuable information from its pages. Not that the work is intended for any but Catholic theologians, the whole argument being addressed to those who have embraced the divine science in all its unity and completeness, and who receive the definitions of the Church as the judgment of Christ himself. All ruled articles of faith, and amongst them, consequently, those which assert the high prerogatives of the blessed Mother of God, are not only taken for granted, but are used in corroboration of the respective positions advanced in the course of the inquiry. It is not, therefore, so much on controversial as on purely theological and philosophical grounds that we hope for a more general perusal of this volume than usually falls to the lot of works of speculative divinity. Apart from the immediate subject of the treatise, the progress of the argument exhibits and elucidates a great general principle, the importance of which is being every day brought out into greater prominence in the controversies of the Church with the intellectual forms of unbelief.

The direct object of the author, as the title of the work shews, is not so much to treat of the sacred doctrine itself to which it relates (though this is necessarily involved in the in-



quiry), as to discuss, and, so far as his conclusions can go, to determine the question, whether that doctrine possesses all the conditions necessary for its definition as an article of faith. It will be obvious to any one who is, however slightly, acquainted with the history of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, or who considers what an inquiry of this nature involves, that the author must take some decided line, one way or the other, with respect to what is commonly known as the theory of doctrinal development. To those who understand what that theory really is, the very fact of the discussion of such a subject in such a form will be almost a sufficient indication to which side the writer inclines; while the knowledge that he decides the question in the affirmative will be conclusive as to his adoption of the theory in question. For to hold that a doctrine, which may as yet be disbelieved without formal heresy, may hereafter be ruled by the Church to be an article of faith, is, in effect, to maintain the theory of development; it is to maintain that a doctrine which was not *explicitly* a part of the original revelation—and explicitly revealed no doctrine can have been which it has not *always* been heresy to deny—may, in the course of time, prove to be *implicitly* contained in other primary truths, and be defined by the Church accordingly.

To some, however, at the present day, both within the Church and without, this theory has occasioned considerable difficulty and embarrassment. It has seemed to imply a disparagement of the ancient Fathers, and even of the ancient Church itself, as if later doctors and divines had attained a deeper and truer view of Christian doctrine than was possessed in earlier times; it has seemed also to be in opposition with the principle of Catholic tradition, and even to fasten upon the Church that charge of changing and adding to the faith, on which Protestant assailants have at all times so strongly and pertinaciously insisted. We think the present volume eminently calculated to rectify wrong impressions on these points, as well as to remove specific objections. An example or illustration is always felt to be a boon by those who, from whatever cause, are unable to master an abstract question; and the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the blessed Virgin Mary seems to be just such an illustration as was required. It was once openly controverted; the holiest men took opposite sides; the contest, which arose in St. Bernard's days, continued, within ever narrowing limits, down to the year 1661, when Pope Alexander VII. defined the exact import of the term 'immaculate,' and confirmed the decrees of his predecessors, enjoining silence on those who held the contrary view, but forbidding their opponents to allege against them the imputation of heresy. Illustrated by such an example, the principle of development seems to assume a palpable shape, and to be made

visible to the naked eye. It can be traced, as it were, in its actual operations.

A brief outline of Father Perrone's work will be useful for the purpose we have in view. The concise historical sketch contained in the introductory chapters is very interesting, and puts the reader in possession of many of the chief facts relative to the doctrine itself, and to the nature of the controversy\* respecting it; the knowledge of which is necessary in order rightly to understand the question proposed, and to follow the argument to its issue. In the course of the inquiry much information is incidentally elicited on some of the deepest theological truths relating to the doctrine of original sin, and the provisions ordained for man's recovery in the Incarnation and perfect Humanity of the Son of God; but we are now especially concerned rather with the principle by which the theological certainty of the doctrine under consideration is determined, and the possibility of an authoritative definition is demonstrated in detail. The author brings together the scriptural authorities on which the impugnors of the Immaculate Conception have grounded their objections, as well as citations from the earlier Fathers, which he classifies according to their pertinency and value, stating summarily their combined result. He then takes the collective sense of the Church (gathered from her office-books and other liturgical and authoritative writings), so far as it appears to be opposed to the doctrine, and to this he adds the weight of the theological arguments produced against it. This done, he pursues the same course with regard to the affirmative proposition, marking the force of each authority as he adduces it, and its relevancy or non-relevancy to the critical point under discussion. Having thus with great fairness and perspicuity investigated the case as stated by the disputing parties, he opposes the several arguments employed, collates authorities, interprets one by the other, and eliminates the result in favour of the peculiar prerogatives of the Mother of God.

It is in the progress of this investigation that he introduces the principle of doctrinal development in the following words, which also indirectly shew the nature of authority which the author attaches to the writings of the Fathers, and the use which he considers they subserve in ascertaining the credibility of any doctrine.

"In vain will you search the ancient Saints (*i. e.* Fathers) for express assertions to the effect that the Blessed Virgin contracted no original stain, or that her conception was immaculate. In the age in which they lived, the state of the controversy, if controversy there was, had not assumed that form, nor had express *formulae* on the subject been then adopted, as was the case with other points of doctrine afterwards accurately ruled and positively defined. Nor do the maintainers of the pious opinion require this, or contend that it may be

\* We are glad to observe that the author promises an additional inquiry into the causes of this controversy.

found. Wherefore it will be sufficient if the thing itself be handed down by the ancients, and seeds and germs, so to say, of the pious opinion be found in their works, which, in course of time, were continually more and more developed."

But it is not merely the silence of the Fathers, but their diversity of opinion on points not then decided by the Church, to which he draws attention, and that in the most decided manner; declaring that in such matters they are not only at variance with each other, but inconsistent with themselves.\* And with reference to the peculiar privileges of the Blessed Virgin he asks, in a section bearing the significant title, *Nonnulli Patres disserentes de B. Virgine aliquid humani passi sunt*:

"What though some Fathers have gone so far as to seem verily to impute certain blemishes to the Blessed Virgin herself? Is there any Catholic, especially after the Council of Trent, who on that account has any, even the most latent, doubt, either of the holiness of the Virgin's birth, or of her entire exemption from all, even the slightest, taint of actual sin? Such a thought would be abhorrent to the mind of the Church and of all Christian people, and, consequently, to Catholic truth."

The strength of language which he uses, and the extent to which he carries his remarks in this particular, are the more observable, because he more than once asserts that, however loose and even erroneous the language of certain Fathers on the subject of the Blessed Virgin's exemption from venial faults, not one express assertion can be found in these writings which, rightly understood, can be construed in disparagement of her Immaculate Conception.† "This latter doctrine," he says, "at first contained but in germ in ancient authors, unfolded itself continually more and more, and grew at length to such a height (*sese jugiter magis ac magis explicuit atque usque adeo assurrexit*), that not a few began to give expressions to it in plain and positive statements."

The following passage, in which the author describes the rapidity with which this belief grew under the pressure of controversy, is very worthy of notice, as illustrating that species of development which has been called *ethical*; that is to say, when a doctrine is brought to the surface, and takes a determinate form by means of devotional, rather than intellectual, operations. While theologians debate, devout souls are praying and meditating under the practical, though, as far as individuals realise the effects of her teaching, the almost unconscious, guidance of the Church; and triumphant as may be the victory gained in the schools, it is but the formal intellectual expression of that which has long since found utterance in the hearts of the faithful, wherein it has become

\* "Non solum alius ab alio, ut in hujusmodi questionibus necdum ab Ecclesia definitis contingere amat, dissentiunt; verum etiam non satis coherent sibi ipsi."  
—Note, p. 218.

† This fact bears out the author's assertion, given above, that no *formulae*, one way or the other, had been adopted by the earlier Fathers respecting the Immaculate Conception; and that the question of the Blessed Virgin's special prerogatives had not yet come in that shape before the mind of the Church.

a very portion of their belief, and the food of their innermost life.

"This pious feeling," writes Father Perrone, "respecting the singular privilege of the Blessed Virgin, heretofore latent among a faithful people, at length revealed itself when controversy began to be waged. So universal, indeed, and so enduring did it straightway become, that it was impossible it should either die away or languish; nay, the more numerous the efforts made on the opposite side to extinguish it, the more conspicuously did it continue to burst forth (*in majorem jugiter claritudinem prosilierit*). Some one will perhaps say, that the people rather are led than lead, and attach themselves to those opinions with which they are imbued by their pastors and instructors; and that if to this be added that piety of disposition towards the Blessed Virgin which is almost a natural instinct in a Christian people, it is easy to understand why the faithful adhered so tenaciously to the more pious view. Well, grant it. What then? It follows that the pastors of the Church also held to this opinion, and shared the same disposition and propensity; and so one was strengthened by the other."

But it is in the second part of the disquisition (from which we have already borrowed some expressions), that the most interesting portion of the work will be found to lie. Therein the author (1) examines into the conditions required to erect any doctrine into an article of faith, and into the means to be employed to weigh and ascertain those conditions, fortifying his conclusions by reference to points of doctrine once controverted, but long since ruled and defined; and (2) applies the principles thus established to the particular subject in debate.

The following extract seems well calculated to shew both the guarded accuracy of the author's statements, and the extent to which he admits the great principle of which the whole work may be regarded as a practical demonstration. He has been speaking of the *rule* of faith as contrasted with its formal *ground* (*motivum formale*), and of the difference between *explicit* and *implicit* revelation, illustrating his meaning by several aptly chosen instances, and shewing how doctrines which are implicitly contained in the Word of God, whether written or unwritten, are, in course of time, and owing to various causes, explicitly defined and proposed by the Church. He then proceeds thus, in a section headed, *Quomodo articulis fidei accessio fieri possit*:

"And this is that principle of development, or, as it were, progression in Catholic doctrine, by which a certain addition has been made, and may still be made, to articles of faith, considered not in themselves, but in respect to us. Not that the Church is to be considered as having received, or as likely at any future time to receive, new revelations of the truth since Christ and his Apostles, or that new dogmas are coined by her, as heretics unjustly and calumniously pretend; but that doctrines which were before contained obscurely in the revealed Word of God, and enveloped, as it were, within folds, have been unrolled and unfolded by the Church, and proposed expressly to the belief of the faithful. This is the meaning of what the Fathers say, when they exhibit and illustrate this progression of the faith. The words of St. Gregory Nazianzen, in discoursing on the Trinity, are most admirable on this subject: 'It is thus the matter stands,' he says. 'The Old Testament



taught openly of the Father, more obscurely of the Son: the New shewed us the Son manifestly, and indicated the divinity of the Holy Ghost in a certain covert way. But now the Spirit Himself deals personally with us, and declares Himself to us more openly. For neither was it safe, while the divinity of the Father was not confessed, that the Son of God should be openly declared; nor while the divinity of the Son was not admitted, that the Holy Spirit should be laid upon us for a heavier burden, if it be lawful thus to speak; lest overloaded, as it were, with food beyond our strength, and fixing our dazzled eyes upon the sun's bright rays, we should endanger the powers with which we were endowed. Far better was it that the light of the Trinity should shine out upon us by scarce perceptible additions, and, as David says, *ascending by steps*, by progressions from glory to glory, and in splendours still increasing."

Nothing can be more definite than the purport of this passage, nor could a stronger, nor, we might say, a more startling instance have been given of the principle of progress in the exhibition of Christian doctrine.

We must pass over some very useful observations as to the province of the Church in determining the sense of Scripture and the Fathers, and proceed to those sections of the work which may be said to contain the very gist of the matter, and which will possibly be found to supply the exact solution of the difficulty which the theory of development appears mainly to involve. We have said that it is sometimes supposed to be opposed to the doctrine of tradition, and to supersede the authority of the holy doctors of the Church. As if in reply to such objectors, F. Perrone shews what Catholic tradition really is, and how far the express testimony of the Fathers is a necessary element thereof. A distinction is to be observed, he says, between tradition and the means (*instrumenta, modi, rationes*) by which tradition (*antiqua seu divina traditio*) is ascertained.

"These means or instruments are the writings of the Fathers; they are liturgical books; they are festal days; they are the acts of the martyrs; they are the continual *sensus* of the faithful; they are the testimonies, either positive or negative, even of heretics themselves; they are archaeological monuments, which are divided into numerous classes; in fine, amongst them all stands first and highest the perpetual living authority of the Church. Now, these various instruments sometimes may conspire together to make manifest some ancient, apostolical, or divine tradition, but sometimes they do so separately. Hence, no single instrument can be taken in an exceptional manner, as if it were the only one; and therefore they are wrong who, in order to deny the existence of some tradition, are wont to urge the silence of the Fathers, or to appeal to their authority, to the exclusion of other sources; for what if this silence be plainly compensated for and supplied in some other way? The same may be said of the rest of the instruments here recounted."

Vain, therefore, he would say, is it to appeal from the belief of the present day to the writings of Fathers, as if to bring it to the bar of Catholic tradition. That very belief is itself a portion—an integral and most significant portion—of Catholic tradition; and so far as it is generally prevalent, and has

the sanction of the Church, implied or expressed, it is its own interpreter and its own authority.

This extended meaning of tradition he supports, (1), by testimonies from some of the earlier Fathers, who appeal, not to the writings of their predecessors,—how, indeed, should they, since, in most instances, there would be no writings to appeal to, bearing upon the controverted point?—but to the practice or custom of the Church, and the general consent of pastors and people; and (2), by most striking and practical proofs, that on points, both of religion and doctrine, momentous in themselves, but undefined in their days, the greatest of the saints and doctors of the Church necessarily held diverse and discordant opinions, or were silent altogether, as on matters which had not come before them in the way either of private speculation or of controversial discussion. And certainly few will read this treatise with attention without being convinced that, on no other principle than that which it enforces, can the errors of individual Fathers, in thought as well as expression, their self-contradictions and opposition to the subsequently received doctrines of the Church, be reconciled with the veneration and deference with which they have ever been regarded, or, indeed, with the unchangeableness of the faith itself, and the substantial identity of present belief and practice with those of primitive times.

On the whole, we think that this learned and lucid treatise is singularly adapted to remove the prejudices or mistrust entertained by some against the doctrine of development. These prejudices and this mistrust spring, we conceive, from one of two misconceptions of what is really meant by the term development. The first is this: that it implies an actual *addition by growth*. Although the seed contains the germ of the plant, yet do the seed and the plant essentially differ. The seed *becomes* the plant, but they cannot be said to be identical, inasmuch as the seed *is not* the plant, unless the word be used by anticipation. Now the deposit of faith *is* actually the same in all ages. The Church, from the beginning, possessed the whole faith, and not merely the fruitful principle through which it was hereafter possessed. It is necessary, therefore, to bear in mind, that all comparisons or analogical illustrations cannot but be defective on one or more sides, and lead even to error if pressed too far. The illustrations explanatory of the nature of the blessed Trinity partake of this necessary defect; for example, that of the sun and its light, or the analogy drawn in the Athanasian Creed between the subsistence of the reasonable soul and flesh and the union of the divine and human natures in the person of Christ. So also the comparison of the growth of a plant or tree

with the development of Christian doctrine is good and true, as illustrating the power of evolving from within, and the progressive expansion of explicit dogmas. It is true as illustrating a process; it is not true objectively of the deposit of the faith itself, which was possessed, not merely in germ, but in substance and reality, from the beginning; every article being as truly contained and implied in the original deposit, as all the minor propositions are contained in some great mathematical theorem, though not explicitly put forth in its enunciation. Every article since ruled by the Church was not only in harmony with the rest, but that, and that only, which was consistent with the rest, and necessarily bound up with the truth of each. Thus, we find the Fathers, when some heresy was broached, not only appealing to what the Apostles literally taught, but speaking of what was *conformable* to their doctrine.\* The mind of the Church, swayed by the Holy Ghost, instantly felt the impious inconsistency of any new doctrine, when formally propounded; she turned instinctively to her deposit, which was not a mere dry list of unconnected dogmas, but a living organic whole, wherein part corresponds with part, and condemned the monstrous excrescence, by distinctly and explicitly stating that truth which contradicted and excluded it.† Thus, as we have said, development was the *process* according to which she acted, tradition the *rule* to which she referred, and by which she decided. To say, therefore, as some outside the Church have said, that those who uphold development are substituting it for tradition, in despair of making the latter answer their purpose, is simply to make an absurd assertion, and to confound two things totally different in kind.

The second misunderstanding of the word development is this: that it implies a perpetual direct *intuition* of the truth,—a kind of progressive mystical and internal revelation, by which the Church is at any time compe-

\* This will serve to shew how separated bodies, even could they enforce with any authority the fragmentary truths which they hold, could never defend themselves against the constant inroads of fresh heresies. Not possessing the whole deposit, they have lost the analogy of faith.

† It is not here meant that individual doctors of the Church, even the holiest, at any given time, would not have been liable to use language, upon certain points yet undefined, not only incorrect, but open to direct censure subsequently to their being defined. Such language, indeed, would be casual and unmethodical, never tending to establish error, but proceeding from their not perceiving the real force of their expressions, or what was implied in them as their antecedent or result, or from their using them in another intention—the direct object of their argument or discourse being the defence and maintenance of some actual truth. This is a point to be noticed, and many illustrations might be given. The moment also the very same kind of expressions were used with another *animus* and for another purpose, we find them rebelling, as it were, with their whole soul, against the attempt, and putting to silence the tongue which would speak a thing new and strange to their ears.

tent to discover and add fresh articles to the faith already possessed. Now, as the Church has ever held the doctrine of an external revelation, of which she is the recipient,—of a deposit of truth, embodied in a form of sound words, which from age to age have been faithfully handed down by her,—it is utterly repugnant to the true idea of the Church and of her office, to make her, as it were, an inventor of doctrine, and to transform her theologians and doctors into seers and theophants.\*

This misconception proceeds from a confounding of the *spiritual influence* by which the Church is guided to the explicit definition of the truth she possesses, with the direct and immediate *revelation* by which she originally became possessed of it. Her guide is no other than the Spirit of Truth, dwelling and moving in her,—the Promise of the Father bringing to her remembrance all that has been spoken to her, and helping her to compare, to penetrate, to realise that which she certainly holds, and has held from the beginning. Hers is not, therefore, a mere human process of intellectual analysis and logical deduction; human sagacity, and the mere unassisted reasoning faculty, would never have drawn out the glorious deductions which have formed the matter of the Church's decisions from time to time; they would never have unrolled and developed the treasures contained in the deposit of faith. It has been a divine work, the work of the indwelling Spirit, from first to last; and yet it is no vision, or fresh divine manifestation, by which she is informed, for those deductions are really logically contained in the premisses, and those treasures were actually possessed from the beginning, though every portion of them has not been made patent, save as time and circumstances have called for such evolution and display. The Church feels first, and reasons afterwards; the devotions of her children, as we have seen, often preceding the intellectual process by which, when the time comes, she examines every link of the argumentative chain, marshals her testimonies, confounds the opponents of the truth, and henceforth marks, in letters of light, whatever, hitherto hidden in the shade, or latent in the bosom of some other truth, her brilliant eye has rested upon. And thus, although the Spirit be her guide into truth, and her safeguard against possible error, the external revelation, once received and transmitted, furnishes the entire matter of the articles of faith, which, under this guidance, she rules and enforces.

\* Special revelations to particular individuals, are, of course, not meant to be here denied; though, at the same time, we must remember that their value is always tested by their conformity with the original revelation; and, moreover, they are never proposed as articles of faith.



Our limits oblige us to treat thus hastily and superficially a point which, we conceive, may be sifted with much advantage, and which

will, we trust, employ abler pens than ours—the reconciliation of the doctrines of tradition and development.

### THE ORACLE OF DODONA, AND ITS CONNEXION WITH THE CHRISTIAN REVELATION.

1. *The Pelasgic Oracle of Zeus at Dodona.* By Ernst von Lassaulx. *Das Pelasgische Orakel des Zeus zu Dodona.* Von Ernst von Lassaulx.
2. *The Sense of the Saga of Ædipus.* By E. von Lassaulx. *Ueber den Sinn der Ædipus Sage.* Von E. von Lassaulx.

IN undertaking to bring under the notice of the English public the mythological researches of a German scholar, who was mixed up, against his will, with the political contests that immediately preceded the recent convulsions of his country, it will be well to preface our review with a sketch of the personal history of the author himself, and of the character of his learned labours.

Ernest von Lassaulx sprang from an old Rhenish, or originally Lotharingian, family. After having completed a very comprehensive and laborious course of studies by a journey to Italy, Greece, and the East, he was appointed by the King of Bavaria to a professorial chair, in the first instance at the University of Würzburg, and subsequently at that of Munich. In both these seats of learning he attained, we may say on his very *début*, the reputation of a most distinguished as well as a most popular teacher.

At Munich the King immediately appointed him a member of the Academy of Sciences; and his sphere of action had reached its culminating point, when suddenly he felt himself called upon to sacrifice his prospects to his sense of Christian duty. In the Academical Senate he moved an energetic resolution expressing the high esteem of that body for M. von Abel, who had just been visited with the King's displeasure on account of his resistance to the rule of a royal mistress. Immediate suspension from his functions, involving the loss of nearly the whole of his salary, was of course the consequence. The expression of wide-spread and lively sympathy from his friends, which was called forth by this act of tyranny, and its coincidence with a popular disturbance directed against a shameless courtesan, brought upon him the attacks of the Radical party; and he was held up to public execration, both in German and foreign journals, as a leader of the Jesuit party, nay, even as being a Jesuit himself. At the same time Lassaulx, although in point of fact a Catholic, yet on account of numerous expressions which

had escaped him, both in conversation and in his writings, had been hitherto accused by stricter Catholics of inclining to un-Catholic views. It were easy, indeed, to collect from his published works many passages offensive or doubtful to an orthodox Catholic. Waiving these points, however, our present object is to consider Dr. von Lassaulx (to whom no one who knows him refuses the testimony of a most highminded and truthful character) only as an author, and as the representative of that remarkable new tendency which characterises German researches on antiquity, and especially on its religious philosophy. At the same time, we do not intend to pronounce upon the relative value of this school, or on the service it has already rendered to German science, or on the advantages it still promises to learning generally, and to English research in particular. Our only object is, to make the labours of this school known to a larger circle of the English and American worlds.

More or less conscious of its aim, this school endeavours to reconcile Christian theology *as such* with Heathenism. This theory is not altogether without an example among the Fathers of the Church, although against the opinion of the majority of them. It views Heathenism as the foundation not of Satan but of God; as the primitive religion degenerated. It claims for the sources of heathen belief the character of being a most essential supplement to our sacred records. What it has undertaken is a work of enormous labour; for ancient mythology presents a forest of enigmas to the view of the Christian inquirer. That such a task requires the greatest circumspection, combined with profound study, together with a rare union of acuteness and moderation, no one will be disposed to deny; and that, on entering the very threshold of the vast edifice, a doubt should spring up as to the direction in which we ought to shape our course through the mazy windings before us, cannot be a matter of any surprise.\*

We shall now proceed to give our readers an account of the essays of Dr. von Lassaulx which we have placed at the head of this article.

To his collection and critical examination of all the notices to be gathered from clas-

\* We refer the reader who wishes to learn the reception which our author's writings have met with from

sical sources concerning the Pelasgic oracle of Zeus at Dodona, the author prefixes some general observations on the diffusion and significance of oracles among the nations of the old world. "Not one of these nations, not excepting even the Hebrew," he thinks, "was more imbued with the belief that the future could be foretold than the Greeks. . . . To impute these phenomena, with all the facts which are cited, to universal delusion and to intentional deceit, would be contrary to the axioms both of history and psychology; for it would be an assertion that the most intellectual of races, and its greatest thinkers, had been the dupes of some few priests. The fact that the latter were themselves a part of the people would be overlooked; and we should unconsciously be attributing to falsehood a power which we did not ascribe even to truth."\*

The ancients, too, distinguished between a natural and an artificial prophecy.† "The artificial prophecy entirely rested upon sooth-saying, and upon the belief that the gods, who by their nature knew the past and the future, as well as the present, out of love to men, and in compliance with their prayers, *made known by outward signs* what was about to happen, that men might, if so inclined, take their measures accordingly."‡

The author then goes on to speak of the different kinds of omens, such as the flight of birds, voices, coinciding events, and sacrificial omens. He justly remarks, that the ancients were well aware that, not in the signs themselves, but in the sign-givers, namely, the divinities, was inherent the faculty of seeing and hearing.§ The prophecies which spring from a prophetic movement of the soul are, more than all others, confirmed by facts:

"With one voice all antiquity proclaims, that there is a knowledge of the Distant in time and space. That such knowledge is possessed by the gods, they say, cannot be doubted; for by their nature they are free from all shackles. But human souls too, as they are of

a divine nature, were not originally encompassed with the fetters of time; and it was only after they had sinned in an ante-terrestrial life, and had been doomed to an earthly birth, and been united and mixed up with their present bodies, that their primitive prophetic sight was dimmed.\* 'As the sun,' says an ancient writer, 'is not bright only when he comes forth from the clouds, but is ever so, and only appears gloomy to us on account of the vapours wherewith he is surrounded; so also doth the soul not only receive the power of penetrating into the future when it goes forth from the body, as out of a cloud, but it possesses this faculty even now; and it is only by its present conjunction with mortality that it has, as it were, become blind. As the prophetic power is thus innate, and indelibly impressed upon the soul, and is latent only in the lower state of existence; so when called forth by a superior power, or when by any other cause the corporeal influences are weakened, this gift may become manifest in particular luminous moments of our present life. This is more especially the case in those moments in which the soul has the least communion with the body, and is as much as possible liberated from its shackles and impediments, and rendered capable of contemplating the essence of things.' Now, such 'luminous moments' occur in the darkness of our present life, often in sleep, in dreams, on the approach of death, and in various ecstatic states: the latter may be produced partly by divine influence, and partly by physical causes, such as by the inhalation of fountains and earthly vapours. The ultimate cause of all these exalted conditions of the soul, is, according to the belief of antiquity, to be found in the will of the Divinity, which permits the souls of men to participate in its own godlike knowledge, stirring each according to its capacity, and bringing before it images of the future."†

We now take leave of the introductory reflections of the author on the nature of oracles, and turn to the proper subject-matter of his researches—the celebrated Oracle of Zeus at Dodona, the most ancient in Greece. Its situation, name, and foundation; its divinity, priests, and prophecies; its sanctuaries and utterances; every thing, in short, which our authorities offer to our notice, and which Dr. von Lassaulx has collected with a most praiseworthy diligence, will here engage our attention.‡

Dodona was situated at the foot of Mount Tomaros, in Epirus, which abounded in springs. This country was first inhabited by the Chaonii, and afterwards by the Thesprotii. In the historical period, the Molossians possessed it; and this will account for the various designations of the sanctuary as a Chaonian, a Thesprotian, and Molossian place.

The Percebii, who dwelt around "Dodona the wintry" are mentioned only in the Homeric catalogue of ships. The idea that in this passage, as well as in the prayer of Achilles, another Dodona was referred to, our author considers (perhaps rather too decidedly) as an invention of grammarians. The epithet "wintry" applied to Dodona seems to us worthy of particular attention, as does that of the

the German public to the following reviews of his essays:

1. Görchel, in the *Berliner Jahrbücher für wissenschaftliche Kritik* for the year 1842.

2. Jahn, in the *Jahrbücher für Philologie* for 1842 and 1844.

3. A critique in the *Theologische Anzeige* for the year 1842.

4. Bähr, in the *Heidelberger Jahrbücher* for 1842, p. 602, and 1844, p. 908.

5. Staudenmaier, in the *Freiburger Zeitschrift für Theologie*, vol. xv. p. 177.

6. Teuffel, in the *Jahrbücher der Gegenwart*, vol. i.; and in the *Hallische Literaturzeitung* for 1840, No. 40.

To these critiques must be added a recent pamphlet by Lutterbeck, *On the Necessity of a Regeneration in Philology* (Mayence, 1847), which seeks to defend the author against the attacks on his principles which are contained in the two last-named reviews.

\* Das Pelasgische Orakel, p. 1.

† Cicero de Divin. i. 6, 11, 18, 34. Franc. Bacon de Augur. Scient. iv. 3, col. 116, 117. Lips.

‡ Das Pelasgische Orakel.

§ οὐ τοὺς ὁρίσας ἀλλὰ τοὺς θεοὺς διὰ τούτων σημαίνον. Xenophon, Mem. i. 1, 3.

\* Xenophon, Conviv. 4, 47; Plato, Phædon, p. 32, 13; Phædon, p. 22, 23. Bekker; Plutarch, Mor.; Cicero, de Div. v.

† Das Pelasgische Orakel von Dodona.

‡ For literary authorities, vide note 32, Das Pelasgische Orakel, &c.



"far-distant" god. The reader who wishes to examine this question more deeply will find ample matter in Von Lassaulx's learned notes. Hesiod's name of the country does not escape his notice:

"There is a country," he says, "Helloia, rich in cornfields and meadows, in sheep and slow-paced oxen, and many races of mortal men inhabit it. At its extreme end" (this is again a singular designation) "lies Dodona, shut in by walls, selected by Zeus as his own oracle, and honoured by men who proceed *thither to seek oracular sentences*."

Whatever we may think of these ancient appellations of the place, the opinion of modern writers, that the city of Dodona was situated in the *neighbourhood of the ruins of Kastriza*, and was in the middle ages named Banditza, seems to be well founded. It would undoubtedly be very desirable to discover with certainty the idea which gave birth to the name "Dodona." Von Lassaulx rightly brings under our notice the various forms of the name: "Besides Dodone, we meet with Bodone, Dodon, Dodo." The derivation of the name from Dodone, a daughter of Ocean, then from Dodon, the son of Zeus and of Europa, appears to be as worthy of our attention as its reference to the river Dodon in Epirus. All these accounts prove an intimate connexion of the name Dodona with the most ancient myths of the country. The river Dodon clearly bears the name of Europa's son; and perhaps Europa, who by Hesiod is called an Oceanitis, is the very Oceanitis Dodone. Apollodorus explained the name as "giver of good;" our author deduces it from δῶ, or δῶρη, and suggests for Dodona the meaning "house," or "a gift of the god," not to speak of other explanations which he cites.

Zeus was called at Dodona, Naïos; our author justly derives the name from ναῖος. Jupiter Navius is, in his opinion, the *deliverer*\* from the flood; and he may with the more justice speak of him as bearing some relation to Noah, as, according to the Saga, *Deucalion and Pyrrha are said to have built the temple of Dodona*. And this leads us to a more particular examination of the Saga respecting its foundation:

"The establishment of the oracle is to be sought for in the earliest times of our race. It has long since been referred to the biblical Dodanim. Hesiod calls Dodona a *seat of the Pelasgians*; other writers an *institution or foundation* of theirs. Others, again, relate that after the *great flood*, Deucalion and Pyrrha had built this temple. This agrees with the well-known notice of Aristotle respecting the Selloi, and with the constant injunction which was added to all utterances of the oracle of Dodona, to sacrifice to Achelous, that is, to the water; and finally, with the mysterious Saga, that the *Æolian Periros*, having been shipwrecked, but saved by clinging on to the stern of his ship, had erected a sanctuary to Zeus Naïos at Dodona."†

\* And also Naïs, the next derivation of which is from ναῖω, to flow; and its Æolian form is νᾱῖω (navo?), and to which grammarians also attach the meaning of ἱερῖον, that is, to pray for purification from offences committed.

† Das Orakel von Dodona.

All these traditions, far from being weakened by mutual contradictions, support each other by the groundwork which is common to them all. Dodona is a sanctuary having reference to the great flood; its history runs back to the times of Noah, who, as possessor of the ark, is generally called Deucalion, but who can, in fact, hardly be distinguished from the old king Æolus, the ruler of the tempests, who dwells in the floating isle. Even the epithets of Æolus, viz. Periros and Icastes, can easily be reconciled with a mythic explanation; for the former appears to mean the one "flowing round," and the latter, the Dodonian interpreter, the prophet. The myth of the deliverance by the stern of the ship, or of the appearance of the saving divinity on the departure from the ship, which, as is well known, took place at the stern, together with the Pelasgic idea of the infant god carried in the arms of the virgin Naïs,\* we leave to all who believe in Holy Writ to refer to the flood; for indeed, according to the Scriptures, God did appear at the end of the ark, and, in a highly significant and mystic manner, guarded and shut it; and God, as our Saviour and Redeemer, is the Son of the Virgin. There is, indeed, hardly a doubt that Achelous, to whom at Dodona every one sacrificed, since he is represented both as a bull, as half man half bull, and as a serpent, is one and the same with the saviour of Olympia, called *Dosipolis*, who is likewise figured as half man half bull, and as a serpent, and also as an infant. As regards the bull's head, which in the Phœnician tongue was called alpha, it is deserving of remark, that in the British poet Taliesius, the redeeming god, under the name of Alpha (and by the inhabitants of Byblos Osiris was named Alpha), appears with Noah in the ark.

But let us hear what the priests of the sanctuary themselves related to the father of history as to the origin of Dodona:

"Two black doves," they say, "had flown away from Egyptian Thebes, one to Libya, where it founded the oracle of Ammon; the other to Dodona, where it perched on an oak, and with a human voice announced that an *oracle of Zeus* should there be erected. The woodcutter Hellos, as other accounts go on to say, was the first to hear the voice of the dove, and his race, the Selloi, tended upon the oracle. That a *dove* should, subsequently to Deucalion's flood, have founded the oracle, strikingly reminds us of the dove with the olive-branch after the deluge. The dove is the bird of Aphrodite, of Diona of Zeus, or of the love of God, which saved the human race from total annihilation."†

The author rightly perceives in these testimonies an undeniable proof of the *connexion between the African Ammonium and Dodona*.

"Howsoever" (he adds) "this myth may be explained, it is quite clear that there existed a connexion between the African Ammonium and Dodona. Herodotus also expressly tells us, that the *manner of prophe-*

\* Naïs Δία φέρουσα ἔσπευεν σάβαντα.

† Pp. 6, 7.

syng at Dodona was the same as in Egyptian Thebes. As at Dodona, besides Zeus, Diona was adored, so also at the Libyan Ammonium, besides Ammon, a female divinity was worshipped.\* The primitive sacred tree, which St. Clemens Alexandrinus† and Eusebius‡ call *γερδάρων*, corresponds in the Egyptian oracle with the oak-tree of Dodona, and with its miraculous spring, the Egyptian 'fountain of the sun.'"

If we cannot elude the fact of the connexion of Dodona with the Libyan Ammonium, however great effort it may cost us to adapt it to our wonted historic views, the same laws of criticism oblige us to suppose the same in respect to Egyptian Thebes; and, indeed, the fact of a most intimate religious connexion between the Ammonian and Theban§ sanctuaries cannot for a moment be doubted. The actual appearance of the city, the spectacle of its undestroyed images, tend to confirm this in itself highly valuable historic testimony. The ancient city of Upper Egypt everywhere appears as the metropolis. From it issued the Hyperborean priestesses, one of whom selects as her seat an old oak or beech-tree at Dodona, where Dodon, the son of Europa, was still known. It is the same Europa who bears witness (through her father Agenor, the son of Libya and brother of Belos, who lived in Egyptian Thebes) to the same connexion of Egypt and Libya with Hellas, and more particularly with Dodona, as we have already shewn from the sacerdotal legend examined by Herodotus.

To this we must add the fact, which no one will dispute, that the most ancient Pagan oracles were connected with ships and arks, and have the closest affinity to the oracle of the holy ark of the covenant. In respect to Egypt and the surrounding countries, we shall here cite the account given by Heeren:

"Ammon," he says, "was the original oracle of Africa; if, as afterwards in Egypt, other gods also delivered oracles, they were of his race or his kindred. In Egypt, it is only the oracles of Ammon we hear of. 'In Meroe,' says Herodotus, 'Zeus and Dionysos' (whom he himself explains to be Ammon and Osiris) 'are alone worshipped. The inhabitants also have an oracle of Ammon, and undertake their expeditions when and whither the god directs.' In what manner these oracles were given, we know from historic notices, and partly from monumental images. In the sanctuary of the temple was placed a ship. In this ship were several sacred utensils; but especially, in the centre, a portable sanctuary, enclosed by curtains, which could be drawn back. Within these was an image of the god, which, according to Diodorus,|| was covered with precious stones. According to another account, it was not of a human form. In the great temple, this ship seems to have been very magnificent; Sesostris presented one to the Ammon temple in Thebes, made of cedar-wood, silvered over within, and gilded on the outside.¶ Silver pateræ hung down on the sides. When an oracle was to be delivered, the ship was carried round in pro-

cession by a band of priests, and from certain motions the omens were taken by which the answers of the oracle were manifested. Both on the Nubian and Egyptian monuments we find this ship represented sometimes in a stationary position, and sometimes as being carried about; but nowhere else than in the inmost sanctuary, where was its standing-place. It is found in two of the Nubian monuments hitherto described; those, namely, at Essabua and at Derri, and in each one twice. The ships on the monument at Essabua are both stationary. In one of them, the tabernacle is veiled; but in the other, it is without a curtain, and Ammon there appears seated on a chair, while before him is an altar (ara) with offerings. On the latter monument, the king is kneeling before the ship, and adoring it; in the former, he approaches it with an incense-offering. (Is this for the purpose of consulting the oracle?) In the sanctuary of the rock-hewn monument of Derri we also perceive the ship twice; at first, carried in procession by a number of priests,—and here the tabernacle is veiled, and the king approaching and offering frankincense; and afterwards, where it is left stationary, not only in the great Egyptian temples of Philoe, Elephantina, and Thebes, but also in the great Oasis, we meet with the same procession. The holy ship was, therefore, the oracle-ship; and wherever we find it, we must presume that an oracle of Ammon there existed, or, at least, ought to have existed."\*

How exactly almost the whole of this account coincides with what the holy Scriptures relate of the ark of the covenant, our readers will at once perceive. But the resemblance—nay, we might almost say the identity—will be more distinctly recognised, if we compare the description which Almighty God Himself gives of the ark of the covenant with these most ancient images of the Egyptian temples, where the god appears sitting on a "mercy-seat." (See Exodus xxv. 17-22.) Curtius says, that the image of the god (which was, however, usually that of a ram or of a lamb) resembled an *umbilicus* (it was consequently a projection). This is, however, disbelieved by Heeren, because it is inconsistent with the images† that have been preserved to us. From Genesis,‡ however, we know that the holy pillar, and the heap of stones, which was to be a witness between Laban and Jacob, were signs of the covenant; and we cannot feel surprised, if, in the Egyptian ark of the covenant, we find a holy pillar in the same place where, later, were placed the two tables of testimony, written by the finger of God Himself.§

As at the Libyan Ammonium, besides the oracle-god Ammon, a female divinity was honoured, so also the oracle of Dodona was presided over both by Zeus and by Dione. The latter is generally known as the mother of Aphrodite; but she is also designated as the mother of Dionysos, and therefore (which is the same thing) of Sesostris or Osiris.

Both priests and priestesses served in the sanctuary; the former were called Selloi, the latter Peleiades. The former name is of quite

\* Tölken in Minutoli's Travels, pp. 102, 3.

† In Cohort. ii. pp. 10, 11.

‡ Præp. Evang. ii. 3 init.

§ Sil. Ital. vi. 669, and Minutoli's Travels, pp. 96, 163. Philostr. Imag. ii. 33, and Didymi Schol. in ii. xvi. 234.

|| Diodorus, ii. 199.

¶ Diod. i. 67.

\* Heeren's Ideen, vol. ii. p. 421-23, ed. 1825.

† Creutzer's Mythological Illustrations, table xvii.

‡ Genesis xxxi. 44 and 48.

§ Exodus xxxi. 18 and xxxii. 15.



uncertain meaning; it can, however, scarcely be doubted that it is connected with *Ela* or *Hella*, the Laconian name of the oracle of Dodona. *Sellos* seems to be synonymous with *Solos*, which, it is remarkable, has the meaning of pillar (*σόλος*), and must be taken to be synonymous with *Solymos*, according to the analogy of *ἔλυμας*.\* The *Selloi* appear as priests; and we find in Homer, the *Solymoi*—a people whom he calls the holy host; the most sacred of all ancient cities, bearing the name of *Solyma* or *Hierosolyma*; and to crown the whole, this word *Solyma* has, in its Hebrew form, *Salem*, the meaning of peace or covenant. Even unexpounded, such facts are still deserving of our attention. The eldest *Hellos*, tradition calls the oak-feller: he, it is said, first heard the voice of the dove; and it is only as his heirs that the priests bear the same name. But the great wood-cutter, the oak-feller, is probably nothing less than the old ark-builder, Noah himself, who, indeed, before all others, had recognised the dove as the messenger of God.†

The *Selloi*—priests—successors of old *Sellos*, had their feet unwashed; the earth was their couch; they inhabited groves and forests; they slept on skins, in order to hear in dreams the voice of the god. Von Lassaulx here reminds us of the customs of the oriental priests, who go bare-foot, as a token of reverence; and of those passages of Scripture where the baring of the feet in holy places is prescribed, in the same manner as our own custom commands the uncovering of the head. As hat and shoe give us protection, the uncovering of the head and feet denotes our helplessness, and the entire delivering up of ourselves into the guardianship of the sanctuary.‡

Another name of these priests is *Tomaroi*. The mountain was itself named *Tomaros*, and the god *Tomarian Zeus*; the tree—that is, the ship—of the Argonauts, is by Orpheus called *Tomarian*. That this designation is to be derived from *τέμνω*, to cut (*τόμος*, *τμήσις*), no one will deny; the most natural explanation, then, would lead us back to the wood-cutter, and we again see the felling of timber in all its original significance. As so many other verbal relations are mooted, we should have liked to see the connexion with Dodona of the *Tomarian oak* of Orpheus discussed by our learned author. That the *Tomarian wood* (*τομάριος φῆγος*), which Pallas Athene had herself put up into the ship, was a part of the Dodonian tree, is a point which is intimated, indeed, though not discussed at length.§ Orpheus mentions it twice; the

first time, with the addition, that, by the advice of Pallas, Argo had put it into the ship; *ἦν οἱ ὑποτροπέην Ἄργος θέτο νηὶ μελαίνῃ, Παλλὰδος ἐννεσίησιν*.

Later it speaks out, groaning from the hollow ship; and here it is said, that Pallas Athene had fastened it in the framework of the Argo:

ἐν δ' ἄρα πύλῳ  
νῆος ἐπιβεβηκυῖα τομαρίης ἱκλῶντο φρενὶς  
ὅτι περ' οὕτ' Ἀργώσιν τομαίς ἐμμένοντο Πάλλας.

In this connexion it appears to us more natural to understand by the term the main-beam which holds together the ribs of the ship, the planks of the ship, from *τόμαι* and *APA* = *ἀρμόζω*, and to attach the same idea to the *Tomaros* at Dodona, than contrariwise to presume a connexion with Dodona, which would only be expressed, and that not very obviously, by the similarity of a name. Whoever approves of this explanation will more clearly understand the relation of the oracle and ship.

The ship itself, properly speaking, was not the source of the divine voice, but those main beams which were looked upon as the groundwork of the whole fabric,—the ligaments, the girdles of the frame-work; and the word *Dodone* signifies etymologically, the girdle of a fabric.\* These supporting, connecting, and regulating bands are nothing else than the gods of the ancients,† the *Dei* (*θεῖοι*), the old Pelasgic beam-gods (*anses*), who, as Herodotus heard at Dodona, had no distinctive names among the Pelasgians; and therefore, also, none at Dodona, until after a long period of time. Ultimately, from the same country whence the Hellenic oracle had come, namely Egypt, their names passed over to Hellas.‡

But to return to our author. His researches lead him to the priestesses,—the *Peleiades*; that is, wild doves who nestled in the hollow of the sacred oak. This designation is not, properly speaking, Dodonian; for, according to Servius, *Peleiades* meant both doves and prophetesses. Doves are the priestesses of *Artemis*; bees of *Demeter*, who, as well as the mother of Dodon, was also called *Europa*. Both the doves and the bees lived in the hollow of the sacred tree,—a natural ship. On coins they are also perched on the tree, as in the oracle of Mars of the Aborigines; the god-sent soothsayer, the wood-cutter, sits upon a pillar, as in the oracle of *Rhætra* in Mecklenburgh; we see either a dove, or a bird resembling one, perched on the divine tree. In *Æschylus* this tree is called *τέρας ἀπιστον*, a very remarkable expression; *τέρας* is a sign, a miraculous sign, and this very term is applied by Homer to the rainbow:

\* *Δε* = *ἴσως*. *Ζεῖται*, *Æol.* *δαίται*, as *Ζεῖται*, *δαίται*.

† The *θεοὶ* θέντες τὰ θεμελίω.

‡ Herodotus, b. 32.

\* Vide *Velia*, *Elia*, at Rome, and other places in Italy; and also *vellus* and *vellum*.

† See also Von Lassaulx on the *Saga of Prometheus*, p. 25; II. xvi. 235.

‡ Das Pelasgische Orakel, &c. p. 8.

§ On this subject our author says more than his authorities warrant.

ἱερὸν ἱερὸν, ὡς τὸ Κρονίον  
 ἐν νύκτι στήριξεν τὸ ἔργον μαρτύριον ἀνθρώπων.\*

The rainbow considered only as a beam of the heavens, as a tree, as a stile, is looked upon as the image and the memorial of the beam-shaped ark, and is therefore, from the strong protecting *arca* (ἀρκέω), called *arcus*. That Zeus is himself the tree, follows from the appellation Ζεὺς φηγός, preserved by Stephanus Byzantinus. The tree at Dodona is sometimes called ὄρυς (oak), and sometimes φηγός (beech); and although the latter is certainly the same word as *fagus* (beech), the exact identity of the wood is doubtful. The tree was old, like all sacred oaks. If, on the approach of questioners, the tree groaned, the prophetesses said, "Zeus utters this."†

Underneath the oak-tree sacrifices were offered up, as we also often see in the Old Testament. Our author justly observes that, according to Josephus, Abraham's oak-tree in the grove of Mamre was called the oak-tree of Ogyges. Here, also, we must not overlook the fact that Ogyges, or Ogygos, signifies the flood-king; and this, indeed, not in a mere local sense only, for he appears both in Attica and in Thebes, and at Egyptian as well as at Bœotian Thebes. Evidently this so-called Saga passed over from Egypt to Attica, and to Bœotia from Syria, where, according to Josephus, the name was still preserved. In the Odyssean Saga, too, respecting the flood, the island of Ogygia appears, whilst Attica is also called Ogygia, and Egypt; and the Lycian people Oygians.‡ Underneath the oak or beech-tree of Dodona, there was a *sacred fountain*, whose murmuring waters issued out of the roots of the tree; the priestess§ also prophesied from the gurgling of the water. The oak-tree being the image of the ark, or of the tie-beam, or bottom of the ark, the water below it must be a welcome addition.

"As a proof of its wonder-working power, it is related that burning torches dipped into it had gone out, and that extinguished ones had caught fire; it rose and fell at different periods of the day; at midday it was at the highest, at midnight at the lowest; it was called the Ceasing. What is here related of the extinction of burning and the enkindling of extinct torches, has, perhaps (leaving out of sight the physical fact), the mystical sense, that the ordinary sensual life of the waking day must be extinguished, in order that the prophetic power slumbering in the soul may revive. The torch of the human spirit must be put out, that a divine one may be enkindled; all that is human must perish, that the divine may be brought forth; the setting of the *ego* is the rising of God in the soul; or, as the mystic writers express it, the repression of the senses is the rise of truth."||

If we advance a step further, we recognise figured in the above (the torch is everywhere

\* Il. xi.

† Note 92, Das Pelasgische Orakel zu Dodona.

‡ Stephanus Byzantinus. Consult Fritzes Lycia, 1206, on the sense of the word Ogygos.

§ Derovius ad item, iii. 466; note 99, Das Pelasgische Orakel zu Dodona.

|| Das Pelasgische Orakel des Zeus zu Dodona.

the symbol of human life\*), the renovation of the human race by the deluge and by baptism; as also the subsiding of the waters of the deep. The epithet, the *ceasing*, will not appear to have a mere accidental relation only with the verse of Genesis, "the fountains of the deep were stopped,"† if we recall to our recollection the facts, that at Hierapolis, in the sanctuary of *Deucalion*, the cleft in the earth into which the waters of the flood had subsided was shewn and honoured; that over this cleft the same *Deucalion*—the founder of Dodona—had erected, in memory of the deluge (τὸ πολλὸν ὑδωρ) and in thanksgiving for his deliverance,‡ an altar and temple to *Hera* (Juno), that is to say, the *Dione of Dodona*;§ and that there also, beside Zeus and Hera (Dione), who significantly is *adorned with the girdle*, or belt, of the foam-sprinkled Aphrodite,—together with a dove, a sacred image of great antiquity, that was always kept concealed, was venerated. This mysterious symbol,|| which, as a symbol of the flood, was twice in the year carried from Hierapolis to the sea-coast, and which, from Egyptian analogies, as a processional¶ image, must have represented the ship, the golden ark, and at the same time also the oak-tree; and which, indeed, corresponding to the mystic ship, represented *all* the gods, and consequently formed a pantheon,—this mysterious symbol did not itself give oracles.\*\* The oracles, and more especially the determining of the time when the symbol should be borne in procession, proceeded from the image of Apollo.†† That divinity could have been no other than the Dodonian Zeus himself; for, in fact (according to Constantinus Porphyrogenitus), the sacred fountain below the Dodonian oak was, as well as the Delphic, called *Castalia*. That there is here no confusion of names is shewn by the circumstance that Dodona is now named *Casteritza*,‡‡ and Delphi, and the site of the *Castalian* springs, *Castu*. Here is certainly more than an accidental resemblance of names.|||| But then, does not Delphi also possess the tradition of its own Hyperborean and Deucalionian foundation? Is not its oracle, like that of Dodona and of Hierapolis, situated upon a height? Has it not its sacred cleft? and, like Thebes in Egypt, a sacred image in the shape of an *umbilicus*?§§

We now turn to the so-called oracle of the caldron at Dodona, especially noticing the

\* The power of lighting again an extinguished torch is, in popular belief, a sign of purity.

† Genesis viii. 2.

‡ Lucian de Dea Syria, cap. 13.

§ Strabo, vii. 329.

|| Cap. 33, 36, fin.

¶ Cap. 13.

\*\* Cap. 33, φορτίου δὲ τῶν ἄλλων θένων εἶδεν = εἰδοφορεῖν, representations.

†† Cap. 36.

‡‡ Vide Das Orakel zu Dodona, p. 6.

|||| Still more decisive is the fact, that, as father of *Kastalia*, *Achelous* was at Delphi called "the Dodonian."

§§ Philammon, a Delphic priest's name.



more authentic account of Philemon, which is as follows:

"In Dodona there stood two pillars, side by side, and exactly alike; upon one of them was a small brazen vessel, resembling the basins of the present day; on the other, a brazen statue of a boy, who in his right hand held a whip, with three bones on small movable chains. When the wind happened to blow, the bones of the whip struck against the brazen basin, and produced audible sounds, which far around pervaded the air. The whole, adds Strabo, was a foundation of the Coreyrians; whence had originated the expression, a Coreyrian whip and Dodonian caldron, which was applied to chatters, who know not when to cease speaking."\*

That the caldrons were ever used for the purpose of prophecy is very doubtful. Be this as it may, this sanctuary of the pillars is deserving of our particular attention. Von Lassaulx here reminds us of the two similar brazen pillars in the Temple of Solomon, erected by the Tyrian artist Hiram; each of which bore a brazen basin with a pendent chain-work, that perhaps, when blown by the wind against the bells, produced a chime. He further reminds us of the fact, that Solomon had made a present of like pillars, resembling minarets and belfries, to the king of Tyre, which the latter had set up in the temple of the most high God. Here the author suggests that the pillars in Dodona were an imitation of Solomon's, as they had come from Coreyra (like Dodona, of Pelasgic origin) as a holy gift to the latter place; and that the Coreyrians were ancient navigators, and worshippers of "Zeus the Most High." He adds that there was a similar chime on the tomb of King Porsenna at Clusium. Nay, he even compares with it Aaron's tunic studded with little bells; and refers to the brazen basin in the Mysteries, and especially to its being used for the invocation of the Virgin (Kora, Proserpina)† and for the questioning of the dead.‡

To complete his parallels, we must again return to Hierapolis, where, before the temple of the same Dodonian gods, stood a pair of pillars, or phalli, or belfries, which seem to be the things most nearly akin to the Dodonian pillars. From Lucian's account we may cite the following description:

"The situation of the temple is on a height in the middle of the city; its propylæa face the north, and run one hundred fathoms (a stadium) in length. In the propylæa stand the phalli; these also are one hundred fathoms high.§ Twice a-year a man ascends one of these phalli, and remains at the top of it for seven days. There, according to the popular belief, during the holy week, he communes with the gods; begging from them every blessing upon Syria: and the gods, approaching him, hear his prayers. Others, again, are

of opinion that this ceremony was performed in reference to Deucalion, in memory of that terrible event, when men clambered up upon mountains, and to the tops of trees. To me this opinion does not seem probable; and I conjecture that the ceremony refers to Dionysos. For on all the phalli which are erected in honour of Dionysos, wooden men are placed; the reason I will not tell; but I think that this wooden man represents the living man already spoken of."\* "From Ethiopia," says the same author, in another place,† "Dionysos came to Syria; the temple contains many traces of Dionysos as its founder; and the towering phalli in the propylæum attest, by an inscription, that Dionysos had dedicated it to Hera." Lucian then, again, adds the observation, "that the Hellenes had erected phalli to Dionysos, and had placed thereon little wooden manikins with large testicles."

Further, worthy of remark is the very peculiar manner in which the man ascends the phallos; in the same way, namely, as in Arabia and in Egypt they climb the palm-trees.‡ Equally remarkable is the closing observation, that during the prayers the man on the pillar strikes the brazen vessel, which gives out a loud and harsh sound; he does not sleep (for to watch and pray is his duty); and if he falls asleep, the scorpion comes forth and ascends the phallos to punish him. The scorpion has a sacred and religious signification.§ Twice in the year the priest ascends the tower, in memory of Deucalion and the Deluge; twice a-year the great procession, with the mystic symbol, goes forth to the sea-coast again, in memory of Deucalion and the Deluge. That this twofold memorial of the flood, the pilgrimage and the ascent of the tower, were connected with each other, can scarcely be called in question. However this may be, the connexion of the sanctuary of Dodona with that of Hierapolis, and consequently with the commemoration of the flood, is quite clear. Dodona Dione is, without doubt, Hera. Both at Dodona and at Hierapolis, two pillars—artificial palm-trees—are dedicated to her; in both places the brazen vessel is ever resounding to the blows that men strike upon it: the only difference being, that what in the former is represented in an image, actually takes place in the latter. Hence Hierapolis appears in every respect the more ancient.||

We need not assume any immediate influence of Tyre in these pre-Hellenic institutions; they were based simply upon the belief and usages of the country, which happen not to have been otherwise recorded. It is just in Coreyra that such traces of primitive religion should not surprise us, as in that island the myth of the saving ship was particularly current; nay, even a stone-image of the ship was

\* Luc. cap. 28.

† Cap. 16.

‡ Most probably these towers are palm-trees imitated on a large scale. This tree was sacred, particularly in Palestine, Egypt, and Arabia. In Egypt, the priests slept upon its leaves. The name *scorpius* must also be taken into account as a name of Pluto.

§ See the names of places in Palestine, *ascensus scorpionis*; and also the figurative signification of the scorpion in Holy Writ; for example, Luke x. 19.

|| Luc. *passim*.

\* Das Pelasgische Orakel des Zeus zu Dodona.

† τῆς πόλεως ἐπιπαλαιμίνης ἱερῶν τὸ λεγόμενον ἄχυν, appears to us not to admit any intermediate explanation.

‡ Vide in particular note 118, Das Orakel zu Dodona.

§ Three hundred fathoms in the original, evidently a false reading; the words "these also" speak, among other reasons, for the emendation in the text. At any rate it was an enormous (most probably wooden) pillar.

there honoured; that ship which brought home Ulysses from the land of the dead,\* after Ino, the daughter of Cadmos, in the shape of a diving bird, had rescued him, by means of the divine girdle, from the waves.

Nay, even *Leucothea* is *Dodona* herself; hence in Colchis was her oracle, with the same worship as at Egyptian Thebes.† The terrestrial Ino of the myth is evidently a priestess of the heavenly, the powerful, the true *Leucothea*; that is, *Nephele*, Albunea Matula. This heavenly Ino is the nurse or foster-mother of the god (Dionysos). Orpheus calls her the most Holy, the Strong, the Powerful, the greatest *Deliverer of men*, the dear Lady, the Madonna,‡ the Comfortress of the afflicted, our Help with good counsel,§ who giveth fair wind to the consecrated, on the sea.|| This, we think, enables us to understand the mystic significance also of her who alone can preserve man from perishing on the sea, the Aurora who fostered Dionysos, whom the Mysteries represented as the Sun, and as the Demiurgos, and who judges the dead, and introduces souls into heaven.

Again, in respect to the last judgment, the functions of Hera, in the traditions of Hierapolis, are of great importance, for no other place but hell can be signified by the deep sea into which Zeus descends, and into which Hera hastens down before him to the fish, and where she appeases the severity of the god by constant prayers. This exactly corresponds to the words addressed by the poet to *Leucothea*: *μούνη δὲ θνητῶν οἰκτερον μορον ἐν ἄλω οἷς ἂν ἐφορμκίνουσα φίλη σωτηρίας ἔλθῃς λύεις*. Our goddess is called *Leucothea* and *Pasiphaë*, the Shining, the Glittering One. We have seen that she is at the same time *Nephele*, the cloud, the same cloud which displayed the rainbow, the divine girdle, the victorious girdle. But in a celebrated Persian monument, above the bow, or girdle, and therefore on the heart of the virgin, was the infant, the god of love, the heavenly Eros, towards whom an old man turns in a posture of adoration.¶ This monument was situated in the land of the Magi. The chief city of the Magi was named *Ecbatana*—*Ecbatana* *Magorum*—a name which frequently recurs, and throws light on the religious mysteries of the Pagans, Jews, and Christians, since the whole Persian civilisation was entirely based upon a Greek groundwork. This is evidenced by all the Sagas of the Persians, especially by

their most sacred ones concerning their first ancestor. *Ecbatana* is also a Greek word; the Greeks wrote and declined it as such, feeling that the word belonged to their own tongue.

The city of *Ecbatana* was called in Syria *Bataneia*;\* another name for it was *Apobatanæia*, for thus *Isidorus of Chara* calls the chief city and the territory of *Medea* with the temple of *Anaritis*, or *Aine* (αἴνη, glory). This mountain-city had, according to *Herodotus*, seven walls, each of which was overtopped in such a manner by the succeeding and differently coloured wall, that the whole city was girt round with a seven-coloured band,† evidently the girdle of the holy Virgin, who is called the tower of David, and who, as a virgin, served as a very appropriate type of a well-guarded fortress. How plain now appears to us the signification of the holy *Dodona*, the *girdle of the fabric*! How strongly is the reference of that very ancient Persian image to which we have before alluded, to Noah, the Virgin Mary, and the infant Jesus, supported by the form of worship in the country! If the etymological meaning of the name *Ecbatana*, or *Batana*, (a name§ often recurring in those parts) be sought, the most appropriate would appear to be that of *patena* or *patina*, but the primitive meaning of the word is extension, manifestation (*patefactio*). *Patina* is the vessel of oblation, and particularly of the banquet, i. e. *πάθνη*, and its corruption *φάτνη*, a manger, which reminds us that the Magi (or wise men) sought the infant God in a manger. That in the word *Batana* the idea of *patefactio*, or revelation, was felt, is shewn by this fact, that the city of *Ecbatana* was also called *Epiphania*.||

But there are still further proofs. Rome knew the goddess of the Epiphany¶ (Bephania\*\*); *Patilla*, *Pattelena* was her name, though erroneously understood as two different persons. She was believed to be the goddess of the revelations of past and future (*patefactis*, *patefaciendis*), the promised, the appointed one. She was also the goddess to whom the safe opening of the husks of corn was commended, that the ear might come forth.

In Syria (taking the word in its widest sense) there were several places with the name of *Ecbatana*; it is uncertain which one *Herodotus* speaks of, but *Pliny*†† bears witness to the fact, that on Mount Carmel a town called *Carmelos* was situated, whose most an-

\* *Creutzer*, iv. 28. Phœacians, *Φαία* = *Φαίος*, dark. Another island is called *ἡ μέλαινα Κερκύρα* = *Φαία*.

† *Creutzer's Mythologie*, iv. 25. ‡ *Διόνυσος*.

§ She is the oracle-goddess in Sparta; she is *Pasiphaea*, a Pleiad and an Atlantide, who brought forth *Ammon*. *Creutzer's Myth.* iv. 1691.

|| This hymn of the great poet is the groundwork of the Catholic Litany to the Madonna.

§ "After this our exile, shew unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus."

\* *Stephanus Byzantinus*.

† *Herodotus*, i. 38. See also *Mannert's Geographie*, v. 114.

‡ The pilot was called *Isis Pharia*, and even *Maria Pharia*, who, in Greek anthology, is compared with *Aphrodite*, and plays the timbrel, as in the Exodus from Egypt the Prophetess *Miriam* (*Maria*).

§ *Mannert's Geographie*, 113.

¶ *Steph. Byzant.* voce *Ἀγβάτυνα*.

¶ See also the statue of the virgin with the corn-ear. †† *V. 19.*

\*\* *Grimm's Mythology*, p. 260.



cient name was Ecbatana. Mount Carmel, then, the mountain of Elias, as the Arabs call it, was likewise the mountain of the Epiphany, the mountain of revelation, the mountain of the predicted and promised Mother and Child. The principal sanctuary of the Phœnicians was also sacred to the Israelites. There was, as is well known, another height and city of *Carmel* in the *land of promise*. This too appears as a city of praise; for Saul proceeded thither after his victory, in order to erect a triumphal arch to the honour of God, and, next to Him, of the mediatrix of victory, the Virgin; although among a people like the Jews, so jealously guarded from image-worship and idolatry, it was not the custom, as in Pagan Rome, to let down an image of Victory from the summit of the arch, presenting the crown of victory to the conqueror. Another Mount Carmel\* is merely spoken of as existing in Palestine, as is afterwards in Lebanon a King Carmalus. But the famous Mount Carmel (at the foot of which was a tomb of the same Memnon who had erected such vast buildings at the Median Ecbatana) has perhaps, more than any other place in the world, been, both at the same time and originally on the same grounds, an object of veneration both to Israelites and heathens. Even an *oracle* still existed there in the time of Vespasian, of which Suetonius and Tacitus make mention. "Carmel," says the latter, "they call both the god (Zeus) and the mountain. No image or *temple*, properly speaking, distinguishes it, but only an altar and traditional reverence."†

We must here point out the relation of Carmel, or Carmelus, with Cadmus. Cadmus was likewise called Cadmelus and Casmelus; Carmelus seems only a barbarian corruption of the latter form, just as in the Latin tongue we often see examples of the *s* being changed into *r*.‡ In the same manner that Cadmelus originated in Carmelus, Cadmus would require Carmus: and in fact the French call the modern priests of Mount Carmel, who, like the Selloi at Dodona, have their feet bare, and sleep only on boards covered by a blanket, simply "Carmes," which is identical with Carmus. Assuming, then, the identity of the names, what do we hear of Cadmus? According to the Phœnicians, the lyre of Cadmus had seven strings, the flute of his mystic spouse Harmonia had seven holes. Cadmus overcame Typhon, the destructive spirit of the water; he restored the disturbed order of the world. He and Harmonia are serpents; he invented the art of writing, and is the founder of critics.§ Harmonia is also called Doto (Dodo?). The celebrated necklace of Har-

monia is nothing else than the serpent-fold, namely, a coiled serpent with *sparrow-hawk* heads on its extremities, and seven precious stones. Her robe is an image of the order of the world; and she is the mother of the universe, according to Julian the Apostate.\*

These few sketches will suffice to enable us to recognise in Karmos, Kamilos, Kadmos, and Carme, and also in Harmonia and Europe (notwithstanding the distortion and division peculiar to all mythic poesy), the divinities of the sanctuary of Ecbatana. Whoever examines this subject more narrowly, will find that Noah and Christ especially, the earthly and the heavenly rulers of the world, the representative and the represented, the ancient and the modern king, are confounded one with the other. But this confusion may have originated not in mistake, but in the idea of a mystic union of the two. The Saviour himself is represented as a serpent, but as the small serpent, the Agathodæmon, within the larger one, which is also sometimes represented as a cross within a serpent.

Although, as we have already seen, in the Zeus of Dodona we must generally understand the prophet Deucalion — Noah — yet in the same place the same word sometimes designates the Divinity, in our sense of the term. The verses which in primitive times the Peiades were said to have sung:

Ζεύς ἔν, Ζεύς ἰστί, Ζεύς ἰστανταί, ὦ μεγάλῃ Ζεῦ!  
Γὰρ καρτερός ἀνίη, διὰ κλέϊται μετρίῃ γαίῃ.

Zeus was, Zeus is, Zeus will be, O great Zeus!  
Because she giveth fruit, therefore call the earth our mother.

These words can sustain a comparison with the finest passages of Holy Writ on the nature of God, especially with the definition of the Divine Being in the Apocalypse: ὁ ὢν, καὶ ὁ ἦν, καὶ ὁ ἐρχόμενος.†

As an emanation of this orthodox conception of God, and as an unmutated heritage of the Noachian Church, we may consider the following passage in Lucian, on worship of the divinities of Dodona at Hierapolis. There we see not the sacrificer in the service of man; no prostration before the Most High, as is the case with Noah, Abraham and Moses, Elijah and John. "Whoever," says Lucian, "came to the feast of the flood at Hierapolis, first shaved off the hair of his head and eyebrows; he then sacrificed a sheep, consumed the sacrifice, *laid the skin upon the earth, and knelt down thereon*, drawing the head and feet of the lamb over his own head." In this we recognise both Ammon of the Egyptian ark of the covenant, and the Christian union of the sacrificer and the sacrifice of the Man Lamb, so to speak,—the Redeemer. But still more striking is the prayer, "to accept this sacrifice with the reference to a future and

\* See Ernestian. ad Suet. Vesp. cap. 5.

† Tac. Hist. ii. 78.

‡ Another form of the same name is "Camillus."

§ Movers, p. 513.

\* Movers, p. 507.

† See note 128, Das Orakel zu Dodona.

still greater victim." The sacrificer then puts a crown upon his head. During the pilgrimage he bathed (in Dodona too the bath was to be used by all who consulted the oracle) in cold water, drank this only, and *slept always on the ground*.

But enough of these inductions and comparisons. All that the author, in the concluding parts of his treatise, has adduced concerning the use of oracles, that is to say, their influence on the life of nations, is fully entitled to praise; and while we recommend this part to the examination of the thoughtful reader, we only observe that, for our own parts, we cannot but regard the greater portion of the accounts respecting the prophecies of Dodona as historically well-founded. Subsequently to the birth and suffering of Christ no operation of the oracle can be traced, although Pausanias may have known the oak-tree, and the priestesses may have still acted as prophetesses. In the third century the oak-tree fell. The name of Dodo seems to be still preserved in Servia. In Germany, if the heavens were "shut up," a maiden was wrapt up in hyoscyamus;\* she was led to a river, and besprinkled with its waters. She becomes then the water-goddess,—the foam-dripping-one (Aphrodite Diona). In Bavaria the same is done, even to this day, with the so-called *water-bird*. In Servia the old custom is still preserved; the only difference being, that water is poured upon the maiden by effusion, and that, while she is dancing and the water flowing down, a beautiful song is sung, of which her name forms the burden—of Dodo, of Dodole (Dodo, Dodona?).

In Greece, too, a similar custom prevails.† The name Bodo, Bodone, is not necessarily a corruption of Dodo, Dodone; as the latter means the girdle of a fabric, so the former‡ signifies a girdle of cow-skin, or leather girdle. This cow-skin girdle is of the greatest mythic significance. We meet with it in the Sagas relating to the foundation of the most distant cities—for example, Carthage, London, and York—in exactly the same form. It explains the modern English term "*hide*" for the frontiers of countries; and also the French "*borne, bonne*," for which we also find "*bodones*."§ Whether Bononia were formerly called Bodonia, we will leave undecided. Boulogne is certainly the same name.||

We now turn to another work of our author, in which he undertakes to disclose to us the

\* At Belsen, near Tübingen, says Settler, there are two images of Apollo Belenus, one of them standing on an arch which encircles a cross, lit up by the shining sun.

† Grimm's Mythologie, p. 560.

‡ Bodone = *βουδώνι, βουζώνι*.

§ Du Campe.

|| Bononia seems to refer to the same goddess as redemptress of the fish, *βελ-ωνι, bolona*. Bononia is a Latin corruption, as *lympha* for *nympha*.

meaning of the Saga of Œdipus. After some general remarks on the primitive state of mankind, he proceeds to the consideration of the Hellenic world:—

"The farther the recollections of a people," he says, "go back to the days of its youth, the more do they shew its entire primitive life replete with religious ideas, which, in the general shipwreck of mankind, it has preserved as a sacred inheritance. Among the Greeks also we may find a confirmation of this truth. The first beginnings of Hellenic life bear a sacerdotal stamp; its most ancient poetry was a sacerdotal art, exercised in the service of religion; its subject-matter were the gods; the bards themselves were priests. Such were the Pelasgic lyrist Olenus, the Thracian bardic school of Linus, Orpheus, Eumolpus, and Musæus, the most ancient Athenian hymnologist, Pamphus, Apollo's priest-poet Earmanor, of Cretæ, the Delphic Philammon, and the priestess Phemonoe, the Boeotian seer Bakis, and the widely-diffused enigmatic Sibyls. Religion and its ministers then ruled, if not exclusively, yet with such power that every thing else was subservient to them."\*

The author then goes on to speak of the heroic age, which freed itself from the rule of the priesthood, and this leads him to Cadmus.

"Cadmus, so it is related, the son of the Phœnician king Agenorus, was sent by the latter to seek for his sister Europa, who had been carried off, with the order either to bring back the maiden, or never to return to Phœnicia. Having reached Delphi, he received the injunctions of the gods not to trouble himself about Europa, but to take a heifer as a guide; and when overcome by fatigue it should sink down, there to found a city. And so he built Boeotian Thebes, with the seven gates, named after Egyptian Thebes, with the hundred gates."

Cadmus then slew a dragon with the help of Pallas, and sowed its teeth in deep furrows. But to the slaying of the dragon was attached a curse that was to take effect even after the return of Cadmus to the Elysian fields. In the third generation, Laius, the son of Jocasta, is cursed by Pelops; and, to escape a menacing oracle, he orders his son Œdipus to be slain. The latter is, however, saved by shepherds, becomes a stranger to his own country, and then unconsciously the murderer of his father and the husband of his own mother. In punishment of his father's misdeeds, the Sphinx had come from *Æthiopia*; and in the riddle which he solved, it shewed to the son man as having two, three, and four legs; and it then precipitated itself headlong from the rock. Among the various Sagas as to the cause of Œdipus's cursing his sons, that seems to us the most important which mentions a kind of partition of the offering by the sons as an insult to their father; and the most remarkable circumstance is perhaps that they gave him the sirloin as his share.

The death of Œdipus is differently related. Thebes and Athens both exhibited his tomb. According to the Attic legend, he died on Colonos, and called out, "Where the brazen threshold of the nether world, the seat of the Eumenides, is, there too is the spot where Hades disappeared with the Virgin." The

\* Œdipus Sage, p. 1.



author thus explains, if not in every respect quite correctly, yet beautifully and ingeniously, the general signification as well as the special historic sense attached by the Greeks to the *Œdipean Saga* :

"The blessed death of *Œdipus* in a foreign land, and the belief that, *after* his death, he acts as a benevolent and blissful spirit, is the profoundest trait of this profound myth. That to be always happy does not constitute happiness,\* that grief imparts to us self-knowledge, that great sufferings purify and glorify human nature by destroying all that is deadly in the soul, were to the ancients also well-known truths. The annihilation of all selfishness, the complete surrender of oneself, which, in nobler nature, is an effect of long-continued sufferings, was in all ages felt as a deification. Thus the daring Titan, Prometheus, hateful to the Celestials from his theft of fire, having been deeply humbled by manifold torments, was at length purified and pardoned, again taken up to Olympus, and placed at the right hand of Zeus. Thus the courageous sufferer Hercules, deified

\* According to the judgment of Bias, ἀνὴρ ἰσθὺς ἀνθρώπων καὶ φίλος.—παῖς μάθος. (*Æsch. Ag.* 170.) παθήματα μαθήματα. (*Herod. i.* 20.) Which almost coincides with the profound doctrine of John Taulerus in the following of the poor Life of Christ (p. 295, Schlosser): "Whoever flees sufferings, flees his own salvation; sufferings purify men like fire doth gold. Nothing bringeth more life into the soul than suffering; it destroyeth every thing mortal in the soul. Wherefore the men who have suffered much are the most reasonable. Therefore suffer."

through his fiery death on the Oeta, was exalted among the blessed; and in a like manner the all-suffering *Œdipus*. The wonderful transfiguration, wherein *Œdipus* departed out of the world, after having expiated his offences and been purified by deep sufferings, has been noticed by many writers. Otfried Müller calls it a transfiguration of death. Hegel thinks it is an allusion to the Christian idea of atonement. But, like the whole Saga, this idea has a much higher historical significance. It is as it were a wonderful prophetic dream, which is placed at its very infancy; because here that whole life included in the germ is substantially revealed before the development in time and space of its several parts. As *Œdipus*, by the thunderings of the subterraneous Zeus, was called away from this life, that in a glorified state he might live on after death; so all Hellenic life, when its time was come, was withdrawn from the stage of the world's history, that, being sown as a corruptible germ, it might later in foreign lands rise again incorruptible in Christian philosophy; for Christian philosophy, as the 'truth of things,' according to the just expression of St. Chrysostom, is alone capable of truly solving the enigmas of existence. By that philosophy the whole purport of Hellenic life is exalted to the higher spirit of Christianity, finding therein its highest and ultimate solution, and consequently its true end and its final consummation. The hero *Œdipus* beneficially ruling after his death is nothing else than the Christian gnosis that has risen again over the tomb of Hellenic philosophy, and which has the latter for its permanent basis; for the whole Pagan intelligence must perish in death, that immortal Christian truth may be born. After the Saga of Achilles, I know none which contains a more lofty view of Hellenism than that of *Œdipus*."

#### MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

*The History of England, from the Accession of James II.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Vols. I. and II. Longmans.

[Second Notice.]

If Mr. Macaulay's view of the character and conduct of James the Second be in the main correct, it is clear that this unfortunate monarch was the most fatal foe to the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland who has appeared since the days of Henry the Eighth. To James we owe one hundred and forty years of state persecution in England, and to him Ireland owes nearly all her most bloody penal laws. When he mounted the throne, the Catholic religion had almost attained a practical toleration in this country. Puritanism was dying out, and the poisoned fang was drawn from its mouth; the High Church party were either little disposed to torment the Catholics, or were of too little influence in the state to be able to enforce the cruel laws of the statute-book with any rigid severity; and the rest of the nation were so far from any deadly hatred to Catholics, that they suffered a Catholic king to mount the throne, and assume the headship of the Anglican Church. A moderate share of candour, good sense, honesty, and tact, would have sufficed for the gradual abrogation of every law which forbade the Catholic to practise his religion on equal terms with the members of the Establishment; and it is probable that James

might have seen a Catholic Emancipation Bill passed by a majority of real representatives of the people, and of the House of Peers, before he left this life.

It is further remarkable that nearly the whole of Catholic Europe united in deprecating the course of policy which James really adopted. Few of his own Catholic subjects could be found to uphold him; and the Pontiff himself exhibited in a marked manner his disapprobation of the insane folly which was binding upon the British and Irish Catholics the chains which they were almost on the very point of bursting. One potentate alone upheld the infatuated king. Louis XIV., who had kept Charles II. in his pay, and to whom it was an object of the highest moment that England should take no place in European politics, supported James in his tyranny, and fomented the quarrels between himself and his people. England alone could interfere with such effect in a continental war as to create a balance against the overwhelming power of the French autocrat. To see her thus come forward in the cause of European freedom was the fervent desire, not only of Protestant Holland, but of Catholic Spain and Austria, and of the Pope himself, whose authority was practically defied by the haughty Louis. So strangely were the interests of the Church mixed up with the disputes of kings and kingdoms, that the Vatican could scarce refrain

from rejoicing in the triumph of a Dutch Calvinist, not merely for the sake of its worldly authority and possessions, but because the true spiritual prosperity of the Catholic Church was menaced by the powers which he strove to overthrow.

In fact, religion had far less to do with the English Revolution of 1688 than is often believed. Toleration, in its more modern sense, was perhaps as little an element in the struggle between the king and his people. Still further, also, should we err, if we looked upon William of Orange as the representative of Whiggism, or of Protestantism, or of the liberty of the subject. The contest between James and his subjects was a hand-to-hand fight between despotism and law; and the contest between James and William was an episode in the grand European struggle between France and the western world. Neither James nor William loved toleration on any religious ground. James abhorred it, and only professed to act upon its principles with a hypocritical cunning, in order to gain his persecuting ends. William loved it little better than he loved democracy, and he loved democracy not a whit better than James loved it. Had Providence given to William the power to exert his own will as a sovereign prince of absolute authority, there exists no evidence to shew that he would not have cherished it with all the ardour of a Russian czar. He cared nought for Whigs or Tories, for constitutional freedom or for popular rights. He was a genuine prince of the old European stamp,—half soldier half statesman. He wanted to be king of England, not because he loved the country or honoured her institutions, but because he stood in need of her fleets and armies to enable him to confront the gigantic power of the monarch of France. He never found a home in the hearts of the English race, as, indeed, he never sought it. His affections were with the dykes and swamps of Holland, and with her crowded docks, her staring brick houses, her canals, her rows of trees, and her tulip-gardens.

Neither William nor James is, in fact, an idol for any one party in the State or in the Church. It is idle to praise William as the great upholder of civil and religious liberty, or the deadly opponent of popish tyranny and superstition. It is equally idle to exalt King James as a martyr to the cause of toleration, as a fit object for an Englishman's loyalty, or as a self-denying sufferer in the cause of religious truth. James was a second Charles the First, without Charles's vacillation and timidity; William was a second Cromwell, without Cromwell's enthusiasm for his religion. If James was a martyr to any thing, it was to an unconquerable stupidity; and if William cared for any liberty, it was the liberty of fighting France on equal terms.

Mr. Macaulay's readers, will, we think, agree

with him more cordially in his abhorrence of James, than in his worship of William. In his censures upon the former he is most bitter, but not more bitter than consistent. In his admiration of the latter, he grows (for him) almost enthusiastic; but, by his own admissions, forbids any one else to share his ardent veneration. He makes good, indeed, much that he would have us believe of William's extraordinary talents, and his genius as a general and a statesman; and still more, he develops those more agreeable features in his character, for which he rarely has had credit given him; and shews that he both could love, and did love, with all the warmth of ardent friendship. But failing at the same time—or rather, not even attempting—to shew that the Prince of Orange was actuated either by a love for his religion, or by a love for constitutional freedom, we cannot but regard Mr. Macaulay's enthusiastic worship of his hero, as utterly misplaced and exaggerated, and unworthy of his ordinary penetration and discrimination. William being what he really was, the concluding words of Mr. Macaulay's last sentence in the history become unmeaning bathos. "For the authority of law," he says, "for the security of property, for the peace of our streets, for the happiness of our homes, our gratitude is due, under Him who raises and pulls down nations at his pleasure, to the long Parliament, to the Convention, and to *William of Orange*." With equal truth might it be said, that we owe all these blessings to James; for it was the *folly* of James which gave scope to the *ambition* of William, which brought about those events which secured the political liberty of the English people.

Mr. Macaulay's portrait of William of Orange is by far the most elaborate picture in his whole history. It is almost the only instance in which he has united warmth with eulogy. His ordinary rule is to praise with frigid stoicism, and to censure with a bitter zest. But in the case of William he writes with unusual ardour of feeling. The result, whether correct or no, is yet so masterly and complete in its execution, that we extract several paragraphs.

"The place which William Henry, Prince of Orange Nassau, occupies in the history of England and of mankind is so great, that it may be desirable to portray with some minuteness the strong lineaments of his character."

"He was now in his thirty-seventh year; but, both in body and in mind, he was older than other men of the same age. Indeed, it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and councillors."

\* "The chief materials from which I have taken my description of the Prince of Orange will be found in Burnet's History, in Temple's and Gourville's Memoirs, in the Negotiations of the Counts of Estrades and Avaux, in Sir George Downing's Letters to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, in Wagenaar's voluminous History, in Van Kamper's Karakterkunde der Vaderlandsche Geschiedenis, and, above all, in William's own confidential correspondence, of which the Duke of Portland permitted Sir James Mackintosh to take a copy."



Sculptors, painters, and medallists exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity; and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as, once seen, could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humoured man; but it indicates, in a manner not to be mistaken, capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers.

"Nature had largely endowed William with the qualities of a great ruler; and education had developed those qualities in no common degree. With strong natural sense, and rare force of will, he found himself, when first his mind began to open, a fatherless and motherless child, the chief of a great but depressed and disheartened party, and the heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of the oligarchy, then supreme in the United Provinces. The common people, fondly attached, during a century, to his house, indicated, whenever they saw him, in a manner not to be mistaken, that they regarded him as their rightful head. The able and experienced ministers of the republic, mortal enemies of his name, came every day to pay their feigned civilities to him, and to observe the progress of his mind. The first movements of his ambition were carefully watched; every unguarded word uttered by him was noted down. Nor had he near him any adviser on whose judgment reliance could be placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old when all the domestics who were attached to his interest, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years, but in vain. Vigilant observers saw the tears more than once rise in the eyes of the young state-prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time under the emotions which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by snares in which an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned to tread at once warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood, he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity. Meanwhile he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the Dutch nobility of that age wanted the grace which was found in the highest perfection among the gentlemen of France, and which, in an inferior degree, embellished the Court of England; and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his intercourse with the world in general he appeared ignorant or negligent of those arts which double the value of a favour, and take away the sting of a refusal. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Dryden and Boileau, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him; and he was glad to turn away from the stage, and to talk about public affairs, while Orestes was raving, or while Tartuffe was pressing Elvira's hand. He had, indeed, some talent for sarcasm, and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric, quaint, indeed, but vigorous and original. He did not, however, in the least affect the character of a wit or of an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child he listened with interest when high questions of alliance, finance, and war were discussed. Of geometry he learned as much as was necessary for the construction of a ravelin or a horn-work. Of languages, by the help of a memory singularly powerful, he learned as much as was necessary to enable him to comprehend, and answer without assistance, every

thing that was said to him, and every letter which he received. The Dutch was his own tongue. He understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke and wrote French, English, and German—inelegantly, it is true, and inexactly, but fluently and intelligibly. No qualification could be more important to a man whose life was to be passed in organising great alliances, and in commanding armies assembled from different countries.

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"His personal tastes were those rather of a warrior than of a statesman; but he, like his great-grandfather—the silent prince who founded the Batavian commonwealth—occupies a far higher place among statesmen than among warriors. The event of battles, indeed, is not an unfailing test of the abilities of a commander; and it would be peculiarly unjust to apply this test to William—for it was his fortune to be almost always opposed to captains who were consummate masters of their art, and to troops far superior in discipline to his own. Yet there is reason to believe that he was by no means equal, as a general in the field, to some who ranked far below him in intellectual powers. To those whom he trusted, he spoke on this subject with the magnanimous frankness of a man who had done great things, and who could well afford to acknowledge some deficiencies. He had never, he said, served an apprenticeship to the military profession. He had been placed, while still a boy, at the head of an army. Among his officers there had been none competent to instruct him. His own blunders, and their consequences, had been his only lessons. 'I would give,' he once exclaimed, 'a good part of my estates to have served a few campaigns under the Prince of Condé before I had to command against him.' It is not improbable that the circumstance which prevented William from attaining any eminent dexterity in strategy may have been favourable to the general vigour of his intellect. If his battles were not those of a great tactician, they entitled him to be called a great man. No disaster could for one moment deprive him of his firmness, or of the entire possession of all his faculties. His defeats were repaired with such marvellous celerity, that, before his enemies had sung the *Te Deum*, he was again ready for conflict; nor did his adverse fortune ever deprive him of the respect and confidence of his soldiers. That respect and confidence he owed, in no small measure, to his personal courage. Courage, in the degree which is necessary to carry a soldier without disgrace through a campaign, is possessed, or might under proper training be acquired, by the great majority of men; but courage like that of William is rare indeed. He was proved by every test—by war, by wounds, by painful and depressing maladies, by raging seas, by the imminent and constant risk of assassination—a risk which has shaken very strong nerves—a risk which severely tried even the adamant fortitude of Cromwell. Yet none could ever discover what that thing was which the Prince of Orange feared.

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"The audacity of his spirit was the more remarkable because his physical organisation was unusually delicate. From a child he had been weak and sickly. In the prime of manhood his complaints had been aggravated by a severe attack of small pox. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air. Cruel headaches frequently tortured him. Exertion soon fatigued him. The physicians constantly kept up the hopes of his enemies by fixing some date beyond which, if there were any thing certain in medical science, it was impossible that his broken constitution could hold out. Yet, through a life which was one long disease, the force of his mind never failed, on any great occasion, to bear up his suffering and languid body.

"He was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities; but the strength of his emotions was not suspected by the world. From the multitude his joy and his grief, his affection and his resentment, were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity, which made him pass for the

most cold-blooded of mankind. Those who brought him good news could seldom detect any sign of pleasure; those who saw him after a defeat looked in vain for any trace of vexation. He praised and reprimanded, rewarded and punished, with the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief; but those who knew him well, and saw him near, were aware that under all this ice a fierce fire was constantly burning. It was seldom that anger deprived him of power over himself; but when he was really enraged, the first outbreak of his passion was terrible. It was, indeed, scarcely safe to approach him. On these rare occasions, however, as soon as he regained his self-command, he made such ample reparation to those whom he had wronged, as tempted them to wish that he would go into a fury again. His affection was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. When death separated him from what he loved, the few who witnessed his agonies trembled for his reason and his life. To a very small circle of intimate friends, on whose fidelity and secrecy he could absolutely depend, he was a different man from the reserved and stoical William whom the multitude supposed to be destitute of human feelings. He was kind, cordial, open, even convivial and jocose; would sit at table many hours, and would bear his full share in festive conversation. Highest in his favour stood a gentleman of his household, named Bentinck, sprung from a noble Batavian race, and destined to be the founder of one of the great patrician houses of England. The fidelity of Bentinck had been tried by no common test. It was while the United Provinces were struggling for existence against the French power that the young prince on whom all their hopes were fixed was seized by the small-pox. That disease had been fatal to many members of his family, and at first wore in his case, a peculiarly malignant aspect. The public consternation was great. The streets of the Hague were crowded from daybreak to sunset by persons anxiously asking how his Highness was. At length his complaint took a favourable turn. His escape was attributed partly to his own singular equanimity, and partly to the intrepid and indefatigable friendship of Bentinck. From the hands of Bentinck alone William took food and medicine. By Bentinck alone William was lifted from his bed, and laid down in it. 'Whether Bentinck slept or not while I was ill,' said William to Temple, with great tenderness, 'I know not; but this I know, that, through sixteen days and nights, I never once called for any thing but that Bentinck was instantly at my side.' Before the faithful servant had entirely performed his task, he had himself caught the contagion. Still, however, he bore up against drowsiness and fever till his master was pronounced convalescent. Then, at length, Bentinck asked leave to go home. It was time; for his limbs would no longer support him. He was in great danger, but recovered, and, as soon as he left his bed, hastened to the army, where, during many sharp campaigns, he was ever found, as he had been in peril of a different kind, close to William's side.

"Such was the origin of a friendship as warm and pure as any that ancient or modern history records. The descendants of Bentinck still preserve many letters written by William to their ancestor; and it is not too much to say, that no person who has not studied those letters can form a correct notion of the prince's character."

The character of James exhibited a combination of features, which united with disastrous force to hurry him headlong down the road of ruin. As a sovereign, his notions of his rights were monstrous and glaringly illegal. His conduct may be summed up in a word, as one series of efforts to exert that dispensing power which had been solemnly disowned by his predecessor, on the remonstrance of the House of Commons, and which not one decently competent lawyer in the kingdom could

be found to uphold. With this formidable weapon he intended to practically abrogate the laws of the land, and to place the whole authority, civil and ecclesiastical, of the kingdom, in the hands of the Catholics. With all our affection for our beloved faith, we cannot but look upon his conduct as outrageous to the last degree. By means of his ecclesiastical supremacy over the Anglican Church, James intended gradually to fill all the Protestant bishoprics and livings with Catholic prelates and clergy. He made a Catholic dean of Christ's Church, Oxford, and would have made a Catholic Archbishop of York, *but for the absolute refusal of the Pope to give the needful permission to his nominee*, who was a Jesuit. The account of the Pontiff's reception of James's ambassador is one of the most curious portions of the whole history. This ambassador was none other than Castlemaine, the husband of one of the most profligate women in Europe, formerly the mistress of Charles the Second. The appointment of such a man to such an embassy was sufficiently scandalous; and the Pope's reception of the splendid diplomatist made him as ridiculous as he was offensive. "The Pope," writes Mr. Macaulay, "treated him with extreme coldness and reserve. As often as the ambassador pressed for an answer to the request which he had been instructed to make in favour of Petre, Innocent was taken with a violent fit of coughing, which put an end to the conversation. The fame of these singular audiences spread over Rome." Squibs of all kinds were scattered abroad, and every body laughed at the ambassador.

"His temper," continues Mr. Macaulay, "naturally unamiable, was soon exasperated to violence; and he circulated a memorial reflecting on the Pope. He had now put himself in the wrong. The sagacious Italian had got the advantage, and took care to keep it. He positively declared that the rule which excluded Jesuits from ecclesiastical preferment should not be relaxed in favour of Father Petre. Castlemaine, much provoked, threatened to leave Rome. Innocent replied with a meek impertinence, which was the more provoking because it could scarcely be distinguished from simplicity, that his excellency might go if he liked. 'But if we must lose him,' added the venerable pontiff, 'I hope that he will take care of his health on the road. English people do not know how dangerous it is in this country to travel in the heat of the day. The best way is to start before dawn, and to take some rest at noon.'"

Nothing less than that dense obtuseness which belonged to James could have sustained him through such rebuffs as this, or blinded him to the signs of universal hatred which every day was bringing forth in his own kingdom. He was possessed with one maxim, on which he acted till his dying day. His father, he said, had fallen through yielding; therefore, he himself would yield nothing. Had he confined himself to running counter to his father's supposed conduct in this point, he would have done well; as it was, he far outdid his father in his most audacious encroachments upon the liberty of the subject; and the great wonder



is, that the English people endured his tyranny so long as they did. Beyond all doubt, James must have been one of the most obstinate and most stupid of men. His despotic notions, and his impenetrable density of perception, were, together, sufficient to ruin the best of causes.

Added to these, however, was what we suppose we must call his religious zeal, or rather, his spirit of proselytism. What James became in after-life, and whether he was not actuated by some degree of honest religious sincerity during the last year or two of his reign, is not at present the question. But to suppose that Christian piety was at the bottom of his conduct at a time when he was deserting his wife and enslaved to a mistress, is a sheer absurdity. His whole conduct in the affair of his connexion with Catherine Sedley compels us to class him in the ranks of those who

"Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,  
By damning those they have no mind to."

His character presents one of those strange phenomena which are sometimes, though rarely, met with in the history of our race, in which we see a man whose religion will prompt him to make one or two of the most tremendous sacrifices, while it is well-nigh powerless to shape his ordinary conduct according to the common dictates of morality. To the Searcher of hearts alone it can be known how far ob-

stinacy and pride, and how far a true zeal for the faith, was the moving motive in the heart of King James.

To James's Queen, Mary of Modena, Mr. Macaulay hardly does justice. Had he examined her character and history with one-half of the care and candour which he has displayed in regard to the princesses Anne and Mary, she would have appeared in a very different light from that in which she is now presented. In fact, she is passed over with a hasty hand, indicating too plainly that the writer did not choose to take due trouble in investigating the facts of her life, or was afraid to search more narrowly, lest he should be forced to give utterance to truths which his pen was unwilling to record. The anti-Catholic *animus* of Mr. Macaulay is, indeed, far more apparent in the second volume of his History than in his first. He writes more as a partisan; and while he delights occasionally, in the excess of his charity, to eulogise a Tory or to demolish a Whig, his disinclination to do justice to a Catholic is painfully prominent. Like every other person of his class, he revolts against a religious system which would force upon the soul the consciousness that there are things in heaven and earth of greater moment to the well-being of man than free trade, or civilisation, or the House of Commons, or the Revolution of 1688.

#### CASWALL'S BREVIARY HYMNS.

*Lyra Catholica; containing all the Breviary and Missal Hymns, with others from various sources.* Translated by Edward Caswall, M.A. London, Burns.

To those who can read the hymns of the Church in their original, it is a frequent source of regret that compositions of such rare beauty should be unknown to the ordinary class of English Catholics. Unparalleled as they are by the vernacular poetry of our own, and perhaps of any other country, we cannot help at times regretting that they should remain a sealed treasure to every one who is not sufficiently familiar with ecclesiastical Latin to comprehend them with perfect facility. Portions of them have accordingly been from time to time translated, both by Catholics and by Protestants who were not insensible to the exquisite charms of the saintly poets who have written these "songs of Zion." No one, however, has yet essayed so complete a version as that which Mr. Caswall has now completed. He has here translated all the hymns in the Roman Breviary, including those of the offices for English saints, the hymns and sequences from the Roman Missal, together with a selection from the Breviary of Cluny, from the Parisian Breviary, and from the

*Raccolta delle Indulgenze.* Nearly one-half of the whole have never before appeared in English. It is evident that so complete a version possesses a value peculiarly its own.

How difficult it is to translate these hymns is probably known fully to those alone who have attempted the task. Proverbially insurmountable as are the obstacles to the translation of all poetry from one language into another, these obstacles are no where found so insuperable as in the case of the ecclesiastical hymns. The difficulty is twofold, arising partly from the extreme compression of the ideas which they express, and partly from the terse, pointed, epigrammatic form of phraseology which their writers have almost invariably adopted. No where else do we find so much thought *packed* into so small a compass, and so happily defined and uttered in the choicest of words. The slightest disarrangement of the order in which they are placed, the addition or the omission of a single epithet, will at times mar their beauty and diminish their force to an extent which will scarcely be credited by those who have not carefully studied their characteristics. Like an exquisite mosaic, all gorgeous with gold, and red, and azure, they must be contem-

plated precisely as put together by their original authors, or their charm will fade. They will not bear to be *taken to pieces*, and recomposed by another hand.

Hence a perfectly successful version of these compositions is an impossibility. No one ever attained such a thing, and we believe no one ever will attain it. The best translators can but approximate, with more or less success, to the truth of the original. They will have well succeeded if they are able to convey to the unlearned reader an idea of what the original is: the original itself they cannot present in a new dress, without a degree of skill which never yet was granted to mortal translator.

It is necessary to bear these points in mind in order to do justice to the version before us. They who know the hymns in the original, and whose hearts have again and again been inspired under their magic influence, but who have not well weighed the perils which beset the ablest translator; those also who, unable to read them in Latin, have heard them extolled in terms of enthusiastic praise by scholars more learned than themselves;—such will be disappointed, not only in the present but in every translation. If, however, they will be content to look for a series of very beautiful, refined, and elevating hymns, which the more they are studied the more they are loved, they will be as highly gratified as we have ourselves been with the result of Mr. Caswall's labours.

In so large a collection, there are, of course, considerable inequalities. Some of the hymns are more hopelessly difficult than others; some are in themselves inferior to the rest, and of little general interest, their excellence consisting in their appropriateness to the place they occupy as a portion of the Church Office; while every translator has his own happy and unhappy moods, and cannot at all times command his powers to the extent he desires. Nevertheless, Mr. Caswall has, in very many instances, succeeded in producing translations which render the original with considerable spirit and fidelity; while in some, and those not a few, his version is so good that we can hardly hope to see a better. Fortunately, also, he is usually most happy in the most important hymns. If we have any positive fault to find, it is with the laxity of some of his rhymes, which are sometimes so indefensible, that we trust to see them altered in his second edition, or in any selection which he may publish from the entire work. We must also hint, that in any such selection which he may make with a view to their being *sung*, in schools or elsewhere, it is absolutely necessary that all the stanzas should be precisely alike in their metre; otherwise the tune which will suit one portion of the hymn will be useless for the remainder. Thus, in one of his

best translations—the *Ave maris Stella*—the additional syllable which he has added in the second and fourth lines of the fifth and sixth stanzas would render it impossible to sing them to such tunes as are closely fitted to the metre of the rest of the hymn. Indeed, many of the translations would materially benefit by a little more strictness in adhering to the ordinary rules of poetic metre. We mention these *minutiae*, because a little additional pains will be well bestowed upon a work which has already cost so much toil, and which has been manifestly a labour of love.

Two or three examples will confirm what we have said of Mr. Caswall's felicitous skill. The following is from the Office of the *Winding Sheet of our Lord Jesus Christ*:

*"Jesu dulcis amor meus.*

Jesu! as though Thyself wert here,  
I draw in trembling sorrow near;  
And hanging o'er thy form divine,  
Kneel down to kiss these wounds of thine.

Ah me, how naked art Thou laid!  
Bloodstain'd, distended, cold, and dead!  
Joy of my soul—my Saviour sweet,  
Upon this sacred Winding Sheet!

Hail, awful brow! hail, thorny wreath!  
Hail, countenance now pale in death!  
Whose glance but late so brightly blaz'd,  
That Angels trembled as they gaz'd.

And hail to thee, my Saviour's side;  
And hail to thee, thou wound so wide;  
Thou wound more ruddy than the rose,  
True antidote of all our woes!

Oh, by those sacred hands and feet  
For me so mangled! I entreat,  
My Jesu, turn me not away,  
But let me here for ever stay."

The next is a portion of the hymn on the Lance and Nails:—

*"Tinctam ergo Christi sanguine.*

Oh, turn those blessed points, all bath'd  
In Jesu's blood, on me;  
Mine were the sins that wrought his death,  
Mine be the penalty.

Pierce through my feet, my hands, my heart;  
So may some drop distil  
Of Blood divine, into my soul,  
And all its evils heal.

So shall my feet be slow to sin,  
Harmless my hands shall be;  
So from my wounded heart shall each  
Forbidden passion flee.

Thee, Jesu, pierced with Nails and Spear,  
Let every knee adore;  
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,  
O Spirit, evermore."

The *Ave maris Stella* Mr. Caswall has thus rendered:—

*"Gentle Star of ocean!  
Portal of the sky!  
Ever Virgin Mother  
Of the Lord most High!*

*Oh! by Gabriel's Ave,  
Utter'd long ago,  
Eva's name reversing,  
Stablish peace below.*



Break the captive's fetters ;  
 Light on blindness pour ;  
 All our ills expelling,  
 Every bliss implore.  
 Shew thyself a Mother,  
 Offer Him our sighs,  
 Who for us Incarnate  
 Did not thee despise.  
 Virgin of all Virgins !  
 To thy shelter take us ;  
 Gentlest of the gentle !  
 Chaste and gentle make us.  
 Still as on we journey,  
 Help our weak endeavour ;  
 Till with thee and Jesus  
 We rejoice for ever.  
 Through the highest Heaven,  
 To the Almighty Three,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 One same glory be."

The *Ave verum corpus* is perhaps as happy a union of fidelity both to the words and the spirit of the Latin as any in the collection.

" Hail to Thee ! true Body, sprung  
 From the Virgin Mary's womb !  
 The same that on the Cross was hung,  
 And bore for man the bitter doom !

Thou, whose side was pierc'd, and flow'd  
 Both with water and with blood ;  
 Suffer us to taste of Thee,  
 In our life's last agony.

O kind, O loving One !  
 O sweet Jesu, Mary's Son !"

We need add no more to recommend the *Lyra Catholica* to our readers.

### BIBLIOMANIA IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

*Bibliomania in the Middle Ages, or Sketches of Bookworms, Collectors, Bible Students, Scribes, and Illuminators, from the Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods, to the introduction of Printing into England; with Anecdotes, illustrating the History of the Monastic Libraries of Great Britain in the Olden Time.* By F. Somner Merryweather. London, Merryweather.

A FEW years ago, when the late librarian of Lambeth Palace published his book upon the Dark Ages, a good many people began to open their eyes, and to change their minds. It was discovered by Dr. Maitland's readers that the medieval Christians possessed talents, imagination, taste, and refinement, such as hitherto had been considered to be peculiar to Pagan Rome and Greece, and to Protestant England. After all, it turned out that priests and monks, even in the old Popish days, believed the Bible to be the inspired word of God, and loved it, read it, and meditated upon it, with an ardour which puts us moderns to the blush. A thought even struck some persons, that whereas we now do not read the Bibles which we print, the clergy and all others who could read at all in those early times, read all the copies which by any possibility could be written.

A worthy successor in the same field of study has now appeared in the person of Mr. Merryweather. His range of subject is not so extensive as that embraced by Dr. Maitland, but he works the particular mine which he has selected far wider and deeper than it was his predecessor's object to pursue its course. His work is a sketch of the chief book-lovers of the middle ages, and of the peculiar circumstances which attended book-collecting, book-copying, book-selling, and book-reading in those days. Somewhat oddly, he calls all this *Bibliomania*, by a new use of the term, which we need hardly remind him is ordinarily applied only to that peculiar crotchety passion

which leads people rather to value the possession of books than the knowledge of their contents. With that modern mania, which found its worthiest late representatives in Spencer and Heber, Douce and Dibdin, the medieval scholars were certainly not grievously afflicted. Circumstances almost forbid its existence; and whenever it was found to flourish, it was usually in connexion with some more sensible reasons for valuing the hoarded treasures than is commonly the case with our more recent bibliomanics. We shall not, however, quarrel about the use of a word with any one who offers us so agreeable and valuable a disquisition as Mr. Merryweather has here produced. Nor are we disposed to trouble ourselves to remonstrate with him for the nonsense to which he now and then gives utterance on the subject of monkish superstitions and Catholic absurdities. The better portions of his volume so far overbalance the worse, and he ever writes with so much good humour and honest zeal, that we are disposed to put down his anti-Catholic demonstrations to want of knowledge alone, and to give him credit for a candid love of historical truth.

The substance of the *Bibliomania in the Middle Ages* consists, to a great extent, of an account of some of the great libraries which were gathered together by bishops, and abbots, and learned clerks, and of the lives and love of learning of many of the great intellectual lights of the times. This account chiefly refers to England alone, but now and then crosses the water to Ireland, or to the seats of learning on the European continent. Prefixed to these records are sketches of all the subjects we have already specified, many of which will be quite new to the general reader, and which are as welcome as they are novel. Our author's mode of telling his tale is also so pleasant and cordial that he quite makes the old times live again, and amuses us while he communicates

his antique information. Here, for instance, is the story of the origin of *circulating libraries*:

"In those days of high prices and book scarcity, the poor student was sorely impeded in his progress; to provide against these disadvantages, they framed a law in 1342, at Paris, compelling all public booksellers to keep books to lend out on hire. The reader will be surprised at the idea of a circulating library in the middle ages! but there can be no doubt of the fact, they were established at Paris, Toulouse, Vienna, and Bologna. These public librarians, too, were obliged to write out regular catalogues of their books, and hang them up in their shops, with the prices affixed, so that the student might know beforehand what he had to pay for reading them. I am tempted to give a few extracts from these lists.

- 'St. Gregory's Commentaries upon Job, for reading 100 pages, 8 sous.
- 'St. Gregory's Book of Homilies, 28 pages for 12 deniers.
- 'Isidore's De Summa bona, 24 pages, 12 deniers.
- 'Anselm's De Veritate de Libertate Arbitrii, 40 pages, 2 sous.
- 'Peter Lombard's Book of Sentences, 3 sous.
- 'Scholastic History, 3 sous.
- 'Augustine's Confessions, 21 pages, 4 deniers.
- 'Gloss on Matthew, by brother Thomas Aquinas, 57 pages, 3 sous.
- 'Bible Concordance, 9 sous.
- 'A Bible, 10 sous.

"This rate of charge was also fixed by the university, and the students borrowing these books were privileged to transcribe them if they chose; if any of them proved imperfect or faulty, they were denounced by the university, and a fine imposed upon the bookseller who had lent out the volume."

Here is another interesting paragraph, describing the various divisions of labour which the demand for books introduced before the printing-press had created its multiplication of offices:

"Our remarks have hitherto applied to the monastic scribes alone; but it is necessary here to speak of the secular copyists, who were an important class during the middle ages, and supplied the functions of the bibliopole of the ancients. But the transcribing trade numbered three or four distinct branches. There were the Librarii, Antiquarii, Notarii, and the Illuminators—occasionally these professions were all united in one, where perseverance or talent had acquired a knowledge of these various arts. There appears to have been considerable competition between these contending bodies. The notarii were jealous of the librarii, and the librarii in their turn were envious of the antiquarii, who devoted their ingenuity to the transcription and repairing of old books especially, re-writing such parts as were defective or erased, and restoring the dilapidations of the binding. Being learned in old writings, they corrected and revised the copies of ancient codices; of this class we find mention as far back as the time of Cassiodorus and Isidore. 'They deprived,' says Astle, 'the poor librarii, or common scribes, of great part of their business, so that they found it difficult to gain a subsistence for themselves and their families. This put them about finding out more expeditious methods of transcribing books. They formed the letters smaller, and made use of more conjugations and abbreviations than had been usual. They proceeded in this manner till the letters became exceedingly small and extremely difficult to be read.' The fact of there existing a class of men whose fixed employment or profession was solely confined to the transcription of ancient writings and to the repairing of tattered copies, in contradistinction to the common scribes, and depending entirely upon the exercise of their art as a means of obtaining a subsistence, leads us to the conclusion that ancient manuscripts were by no means so

very scarce in those days; for how absurd and useless it would have been for men to qualify themselves for transcribing these antiquated and venerable codices, if there had been no probability of obtaining them to transcribe. The fact, too, of its becoming the subject of so much competition proves how great was the demand for their labour."\*

On one subject Mr. Merryweather adopts an opinion diametrically at variance with that which has been usually received by antiquarians; and what he says is so important that we give the passage at length:

"It is supposed that the scarcity of parchment limited the number of books materially, and prevented their increase to any extent; but I am prone to doubt this assertion, for my own observations do not help to prove it. Mr. Hallam says, that in consequence of this, 'an unfortunate practice gained ground of erasing a manuscript in order to substitute another on the same skin. This occasioned, probably, the loss of many ancient authors, who have made way for the legends of saints, or other ecclesiastical rubbish.' But we may reasonably question this opinion, when we consider the value of books in the middle ages, and with what esteem the monks regarded, in spite of all their paganism, those 'heathen dogs' of the ancient world. A doubt has often forced itself upon my mind, when turning over the 'crackling leaves' of many ancient mss., whether the peculiarity mentioned by Montfaucon, and described as parchment from which former writing had been erased, may not be owing, in many cases, to its mode of preparation. It is true, a great proportion of the membrane on which the writings of the middle ages are inscribed, appears rough and uneven, but I could not detect, through many manuscripts of a hundred folios—all of which evinced this roughness—the unobliterated remains of a single letter. And when I have met with instances, they appear to have been short writings—perhaps epistles; for the monks were great correspondents, and, I suspect, kept economy in view, and often carried on an epistolary intercourse, for a considerable time, with a very limited amount of parchment, by erasing the letter to make room for the answer. This, probably, was usual where the matter of their correspondence was of no especial importance; so that what our modern critics, being emboldened by these faint traces of former writing, have declared to possess the classic appearance of hoary antiquity, may be nothing more than a complimentary note, or the worthless accounts of some monastic expenditure. But, careful as they were, what would these monks have thought of 'paper-sparing Pope,' who wrote his Iliad on small pieces of refuse paper? One of the finest passages in that translation, which describes the parting of Hector and Andromache, is written on part of a letter which Addison had franked, and is now preserved in the British Museum. Surely he could afford, these old monks would have said, to expend some few shillings for paper, on which to inscribe that for which he was to receive his thousand pounds.

"But far from the monastic manuscripts displaying a scantiness of parchment,† we almost invariably find an abundant margin, and a space between each line almost amounting to prodigality; and to say that the 'vellum' was considered more precious than the genius of the author is absurd, when we know that, in the thirteenth and four-

\* "In the year 1300 the pay of a common scribe was about one halfpenny a-day. See Stevenson's *Supple. to Bentham's Hist. of the Church of Ely*, p. 51."

† "The Precentor's accounts of the Church of Norwich contain the following items:—1300, 5 dozen parchment, 2s. 6d.; 40 lbs. of ink, 4s. 4d.; 1 gallon of vini decrili, 3s.; 4 lbs. of corporase, 4 lbs. of galls, 2 lbs. of gum arab, 3s. 4d., to make ink. I dismiss these facts with the simple question they naturally excite, That if parchment was so *very scarce*, what on earth did the monk want with all this ink?"



teenth centuries, a dozen skins of parchment could be bought for sixpence; whilst that quantity written upon, if the subject possessed any interest at all, would fetch considerably more, there always being a demand and ready sale for books. The supposition, therefore, that the monastic scribes erased *classical* manuscripts for the sake of the material, seems altogether improbable, and certainly destitute of proof. It is true, many of the classics, as we have them now, are but mere fragments of the original work. For this, however, we have not to blame the monks, but barbarous invaders, ravaging flames, and the petty animosities of civil and religious warfare, for the loss of many valuable works of the classics. By these means, one hundred and five books of Livy have been lost to us, probably for ever. For the thirty which have been preserved,

our thanks are certainly due to the monks. It was from their unpretending and long-forgotten libraries that many such treasures were brought forth at the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, to receive the admiration of the curious and the study of the erudite scholar."

We have not space for longer quotation, nor for any thing more than reference to Mr. Merryweather's biographical notices of the great book-lovers, whose studies and libraries he loves to chronicle. We have already said enough to convince our readers that he has given us a very agreeable and instructive volume.

#### ANGLO-SAXONICA: SOAMES, PALEY, AND CHAMBERS.

1. *Some Account of the Faith and Doctrines of the early English Church; being an Answer to certain Statements in Mr. Soames' recent Work, "The Latin Church during Anglo-Saxon Times."* By F. A. Paley, M.A. London, Dolman.
2. *Anglo-Saxonica; or Animadversions on some Positions Historical and Theological maintained in a Work intituled "The Latin Church during Anglo-Saxon Times, by Henry Soames, M.A."* By J. D. Chambers, M.A. Oxon. London, Masters.

MR. SOAMES has been fortunate, or unfortunate, in meeting with two adversaries, both very much his superiors. As a history, his book on *The Latin Church in Anglo-Saxon Times* is below criticism. It is only the importance of the subject, and the name of the author, which have made it worth while to take any notice of the caricature which he has been so unwise as to give to the world. Mr. Paley has replied to his assertions with considerable ability, and with the natural indignation of a Catholic who feels that his religion, as well as all historic truth, is misrepresented with an almost shameless audacity. His pamphlet is well worth the attention of every one who would look into the subject, whether they care for Mr. Soames or not. At the same time we cannot but dissent when we find him speaking of Gallicanism, or that which resembles it, with a tenderness with which few will now sympathise.

Mr. Chambers attacks his antagonist, or as he becomes in the end, his victim, from another quarter in the theological field. He is a Protestant of the Established Church, holding views as nearly opposed to those of Mr. Soames as is possible, even in so latitudinarian a body as that of which he is a member. Mr. Soames would have it that the Anglo-Saxons were Ultra-Protestants of the most trumpery order, and that could Ælfric return again to life, he would fraternise with the editors of the *Morning Herald* and the *Record* newspapers, and

join in proclaiming Pius the Ninth to be Anti-christ. It is, however, a point of honour with the section of Anglicans to which Mr. Chambers belongs to establish the Anti-Protestant character of the British Church in all ages. *Nationalism* being the essential element of their creed, they are as sensitive about the orthodoxy of England before the Reformation, as they are insensible to the orthodoxy of the Established Church since that event. Men of Mr. Soames' stamp are an unendurable offence in their nostrils, for they would rob them not only of their "Anglo-Catholic" conclusions, but of the very premisses themselves of their ill-constructed syllogisms.

Accordingly, Mr. Chambers has determined to make an example of the would-be historian; and a prettier demolition of an impostor's pretences we never saw. The *Anglo-Saxonica* is quite a *chef-d'œuvre* of smart and cutting criticism, and turns Mr. Soames inside out, again and again, with untiring vigour and spirit. The writer is at home in his subject; he is a very clever reasoner, and he writes very good English. With all his severity, also, he never descends to the coarse vulgarity which is one of Mr. Soames' historical peculiarities. We cannot, however, follow him through the details in which he lays bare the ignorance and false reasoning of Mr. Soames' book, as we have one or two grave exceptions to make to his own statements.

At pp. 33 and 50, Mr. Chambers utters assertions respecting the Catholic practices of invocation and confession which are as groundless as any of those errors which he has exposed in Mr. Soames. We assure him, as being infinitely better acquainted with the real facts of the case than he can possibly be, that he as entirely mistakes the present doctrines and discipline of Rome in the points to which he alludes, as does the ignoble adversary whose follies he has chastised. And, as is natural, the cause of his error is precisely

the same as that of Mr. Soames' delusions. He does not go to the right source for information. He starts with a foregone conclusion, and contents himself with *reports*, and those generally the reports of adversaries, instead of taking the only legitimate means for ascertaining the real truth. We ask Mr. Chambers, as an honest and honourable man, as a man of acute and cultivated reasoning powers, and as, we trust, a man of sincere piety, to reconsider what amount of pains he has bestowed in the investigation of the present faith and practice of Rome, and from whom he got the information on which he depends. To what living Catholic has he applied for an explanation of the real meaning of Catholic devotions and phraseology? What Catholic theological book has he examined, in order to ascertain what the Church actually authorises her clergy to teach to the people? With what Catholics has he personally associated, in order to observe the practical results of the present system of the Roman priesthood? He is well aware, that to judge of the meaning and effect of certain doctrines or phrases from the interpretations of those who condemn them, is iniquitously unjust. The religious section to which he himself belongs are so grossly maligned by their brother Protestants, that they must know well how disgracefully unfair it is to judge of a man's true creed and religious state by his words, when he himself disallows the meaning which his opponents put upon them. Surely he cannot forget that the most monstrous sentiments are attributed to those who call themselves "Anglo-Catholics" by their opponents of every description. They are said to deny the necessity of spiritual regeneration, to make light of the doctrine of the atonement, to make religion consist in forms and ceremonies, to believe that man can do good works without the aid of the Holy Ghost, to substitute fasting and bodily mortifications for the mortifying of the will, and a crowd of other shameful doctrines, which they utterly repudiate and condemn. Nevertheless, the charge is repeated, and almost universally believed, because they who bring it appeal to the writings, the words, and the prayers of the Anglo-Catholic school, and *refuse to allow them to explain their real meaning, or to be expositors of their own creed.*

Yet this is precisely what Mr. Chambers does in regard to the Church of Rome. He picks up fragments of her phraseology; he hears the ridiculous reports of English travellers; he reads the stories of Protestant newspapers; he gets hold of some one or two Catholic books, without the least knowledge of the estimation in which they are held by Catholics; and instead of going, like an honest man, to living Catholics for an explanation of what he hears and sees, he straightway sets himself to see how he can fasten upon these

fragments the worst possible interpretation, in defiance of those very principles of investigation whose violation he so loudly condemns in the person of Mr. Soames. We repeat to him the assurance, that he is entirely in error as to the facts of the faith and practices of Roman Catholics of every country under the sun; and we entreat him, as he values truth, and as he values eternity, to beware how he accepts notions whose truth or falsehood involves interests whose magnitude no tongue can express. And we further remind him, in all Christian regard and sincerity, that there is a day coming when he, and we, and every human being who has been gifted with the gift of reason, will be examined as to the fidelity and candour with which we have employed that awful gift, as rigorously as we shall be examined as to our obedience to any one of the ten commandments.

We shall say no more, but content ourselves with quoting Mr. Chambers' concluding paragraphs, which are among the most unanswerable in his whole pamphlet.

"Of one thing he (Mr. Soames) may rest assured, that the test which he has proposed of the practical result of his (so-called) 'Protestantism' is most fallacious and untrue. 'Protestant Great Britain,' it seems, 'is the most moral, intellectual, religious, and prosperous district in Europe.' (Would that it were so!) 'Ireland is conspicuous for turbulence and social misery;' 'Spain, the most Romish of continental states, lags behind her neighbours;' 'the Protestant cantons in Switzerland are in advance (in what respect is not stated) of their neighbours.' 'A Papal cast of thought' prevents social improvement. Yet 'Romanism seems little or no bar to the progress of art, learning, elegant literature, or refined indulgence.' Tried by this touchstone, then, the ancient Egyptians, and after them the Greeks and Romans, must have possessed the true religion, a purer faith than the Jews; for beyond all doubt they were the most moral, intellectual, religious, and prosperous people of the former age. Yet Mr. Soames must acknowledge that they did not; for he has charged on modern Rome, as the worst of her crimes, her similarity to this obsolete paganism. So Ferdinand and Isabella, and the Emperor Charles V., with their subjects, being bigoted Papists, ought, by parity of reason, to have been the most profligate, imbecile, atheistical, and unfortunate beings in Europe; whereas the fact was just the reverse. And does he mean to assert that the progress of art, learning, and elegant literature is inconsistent with pure and vital Christianity? or that 'refined indulgence' is practised by Roman Catholics more than by Protestants? Such propositions made nakedly would carry with them their own refutation. Why, then, does he make the insinuation? Dare he appeal to the wealth and prosperity of England as a test of the moral state of her population, as if in mockery to verify the Scriptural proverb, 'So long as thou doest well for thyself, men will speak good of thee?' Has he, then, never heard of God's sentence on that city which boasted 'I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing,' and knew not that she was in his eyes 'wretched, miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked?' Did he never read of that rich man who 'in his lifetime received his good things?' of that woe denounced upon the rich by St. James? of that Babylon of St. John, of whom the 'merchants of the earth waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies,' who wept and wailed at her fall, saying, 'Alas! that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, for in one hour so great



riches is come to nought?" and forgets he the exclamation of the Psalmist, 'These are the ungodly, these prosper in the world, these have riches in possession?' Will he refer to the late misfortunes of Ireland and other Roman Catholic countries as a proof of the corruption of their faith, in the face of the fact that Spain and Belgium, we may almost add Rome, have all but escaped these turmoils, and in defiance of our Lord's own declaration, 'Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay?' (St. Luke xiii. 2.) Further, is not rather the luxury and self-indulgence of our richer classes only too deep and notorious a reproach to us, as well as the extreme disparity between them and the poorer? Who knows not how Mammon is the god of our greater cities? How small is the number of the really self-denying and charitable! how numerous the lovers of self! There was but lately one wealthy parish in London, the rental of which alone exceeded 130,000*l.* per annum, yet on the most favourable estimate, the entire amount expended in charity did not exceed a twentieth of that sum. Societies are perpetually clamouring for those alms on behalf of the destitute which wealthy Englishmen as a class, as a habit of their life and part of their religion, forget or refuse to offer to God. Poor-laws are found necessary to compel that relief to the poor which in most other countries is provided by the alms of the Church or private beneficence. All can remember the hatred and contempt with which the attempted revival of the offertory was received by the moneyed class, who would be expected to give, and our feelings are daily scandalised at the way in which the poor are excluded from our churches for the benefit of the wealthy. If charity for Christ's poor be a part of true religion, assuredly England has little right to appeal to that test.

"But is Mr. Soames at all more correct in his other facts? According to undoubted statistical returns, in

England one man in every seven hundred is a convicted thief. Inquire into the opinions and practice of the artisans and manufacturers of our great towns, and we shall be shocked at their infidelity and profligacy. Manchester and Berlin are the two most licentious cities in Europe. In the latter, the illegitimate births are to the legitimate in the proportion of one to two and a half, and in Manchester and Glasgow the ratio is nearly the same. It was among Protestants that the only two nominally Christian sects which made religion to consist in libertinism, arose—the Anabaptists of Munster and the Adamites in Holland, not to mention recent discoveries in Prussia. Is there any wickedness or infidelity on the Continent to match that which prevailed during the latter half of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth century in England, when, as Mr. Gladstone has remarked, the Church of England was in danger of becoming 'one mighty sham?' On the other hand, in Ireland, in the southern and western counties, bastardy and adultery are positively unknown, and till the late famine thieving was scarcely ever heard of, and all are aware of the more temperate habits of the Irish. What, too, is the moral and industrial condition of the Tyrol, Austria Proper, Belgium, Piedmont, and Lombardy, all exclusively Roman Catholic countries, as compared with that of our labouring population? We fear there can be no doubt of the answer. Nor should France or Spain be cited adversely, for there the Church has been all but annihilated by the temporal power, and deprived of all means of exertion. Rather than plume herself on her superior social or religious condition, let England bow herself to the dust in debasement and fear, that, with all her advantages, she has done so little for the cause of God, true religion, and social improvement. At least let her eschew the cavils of writers who would flatter her very deformities, test her religious and social advancement by her temporal prosperity, and measure her nearness to heaven by her distance from Rome!"

## SHORT NOTICES.

*An Historical Inquiry into the true Principles of Beauty in Art, more especially with reference to Architecture.* By J. Fergusson, Esq., Architect. Part the First. Longmans.

THE author of this essay is a bold man; but his courage would have been more profitable to the world had he tempered his energies by the recollection that, in certain cases, "discretion is the better part of valour." He laments the want of the criticism and advice of friends, but is probably hardly aware how great would have been the service of such friendly remarks as he desiderates. For want of such hints he has, we fear, gone far to prevent people from reading a large amount of historico-architectural information, and of original and interesting criticism. In truth, the cumbrous introduction, on all things divine and human, which he has prefixed to his treatise, will deter any but the most determined student from deriving the advantages which may really be obtained from Mr. Fergusson's researches. Vague and wordy, dogmatical in tone and superficial in idea, his attempt at classifying and expounding all things that mortal man ever does or attempts to do, is a most unfortunate preface to the better portions of his labours. Mr. Fergusson is wholly unequal to the task he has undertaken; for nature, while she intended him to do good service as a writer on his professional subject, never designed him for a metaphysician, a theologian, or a literary critic.

We are sorry to say all this of a work which is the product of much labour, zeal, and thought; but as the present volume is but the first instalment of Mr. Fergusson's remarks, we call his attention to the error he has committed, hoping that in the completion of his task he will confine himself strictly to the subject-matter he has taken in hand. He has given us an outline of what he intends his perfect work to be; and we therefore venture to suggest to him that he should give up his *third* part altogether; and more especially, that if he has already written any part of what he terms his *epilogue*, he should straightway commit his lucubrations to the flames. What his promised work on *Fortification* may be like we cannot tell; but we should certainly counsel him to consult one or two experienced military engineers before he gives it to mankind, or we suspect that his theories on the art of war will find no better acceptance in the army than his philosophical theories will find in the republic of letters.

Setting aside the defects we have pointed out, we may safely add, that the handsomely illustrated volume before us conveys a great deal of information, told in an animated style, on the architecture of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Etruria, and Rome. Its author is an enthusiastic lover of his art; and even where we disagree with his opinions, we admire the energy and originality of his thoughts, and the good sense which at times characterises his criticisms.

*The Good Mother of a Family occupied with her Children in the Practice of Christian Piety.*

From the Italian of F. G. M. Ratti, of the Company of Jesus. London, Burns.

THOUGH the title of this excellent and very pleasing little book would seem to confine its use to children alone, its simplicity and fitness for the youthful Christian by no means prevent its use by the more advanced in years. As no man can enter into the kingdom of heaven but by becoming as a little child, so we ever find that there is something peculiarly sweet and child-like in the devotional writings of the greatest saints, and also that what is professedly designed for children is frequently as well fitted to stir up the faith and piety of their fathers and mothers as of themselves. Such are the meditations of Father Ratti, now for the first time translated for the English reader. In the Christian education of children they will be welcomed by many a parent and teacher, and young and old together will share the profit.

The translation is extremely well executed, and an appendix of litanies is added, which much enhances the practical value of the volume.

*The Incarnation: a new Epic Poem.* By J. G. Coope, M.A. London, Jones.

THOSE who have read Mr. Coope's recently published letter to the Bishop of Salisbury will here find the same points and the same defects as in that very characteristic epistle. Any lengthened criticism on Mr. Coope's powers as an epic poet ought of course to be postponed till the undertaking (of which he has as yet brought out only the commencement) is finally completed; for *unity of design* is one of the first essentials of an epic. In the mean time we must recommend the poet, who is trying his newly-fledged wings rather too near the sun, to study the laws of composition a little deeper before he completes his labours.

*A Short History of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre.* London, Richardson.

Is an interesting sketch of the order of Religious now for some time established at New Hall. The account of the migration of the community from Belgium, during the first French Revolution, is a striking exemplification of the troubles which nuns often suffer from the world without. We should have liked the history better, however, if it had been free from one or two sentences of that glorification of Catholic aristocratic piety which has been too common amongst us. When shall we learn that in the service of God *all* are equal; and that if any distinctions are to be made in public worship and in the records of the Church, they ought to be in favour of the poor, and not of the rich and noble?

*Devotions for Confession and Communion.* Edited by E. Caswall, M.A. Burns.

A VERY careful translation of a portion of a highly popular book of French devotions, *Les Délices des Ames pieuses*. It contains two exercises for confession, one shorter than the other; and as many as five complete exercises for communion, besides a manual for the practice of visiting the blessed Sacrament: an appendix contains a selection of hymns. We need not say more in its recommendation.

*Letter to an Italian Lady on the Spiritual and Interior Life.* Burns.

"THIS letter," says the translator's preface, "was the parting memorial of a persecuted and exiled priest, addressed to those in his own land who had been taught by him to live in the world as not of the world." A more touching and thoroughly practical outline of the Christian's daily hidden life it would perhaps be impossible to name. The translation, also, is very well executed.

*The Roman Ritual and its Canto Fermo compared with the Works of Modern Music.* By the Rev. H. Formby. Burns.

LIKE Mr. Formby's previous publications on the subject of Plain Chant, the present essay contains much that is learned, much that is interesting, and much that is fanciful and unreal. We are happy to find, however, that Mr. Formby has now given up the great point of difference which is involved in the discussion, and no longer advocates the *exclusive* use of Gregorian music. When he speaks of modern music, he wishes to be understood as meaning *bad* modern music; that is, modern music of an irreligious character. In this, of course, all sensible people will agree with him, though they may differ as to the particular musical composers who ought to be put into an "Index Expurgatorius."

MR. BOHN has brought out, in his new translation of Humboldt's *Cosmos*, one of the most important of all the valuable books which his cheap "Libraries" comprise. His volume of *Frederick Schlegel's Æsthetic and Miscellaneous Works* abounds with that meditative and often profound criticism which constitutes the great charm of the writings of the illustrious Christian philosopher.

MR. LOMAX'S *Letter on National Education* (Simpkin and Marshall) brings forward many important facts on this great subject, bearing upon his principle, that "the only system of National Education which will give satisfaction in Great Britain and Ireland, is one attached to a religious assembly, presided over by the minister, and supported by the congregation." Wherever further aid is needed, Mr. Lomax would have the Government come forward to help.

MR. DOLMAN has added to his series of Catechisms, a *Catechism of the History of Spain and Portugal*; by a Lady. As an outline of facts it will be useful, but its practical value in education would much depend upon the intelligence of the teacher who employed it.

*The Jewish Missionary*, now just concluded (Nisbet), is a set of curious and not uninteresting speculations on fulfilled and unfulfilled prophecy. We cannot call them any thing better than *speculations*, but they are certainly singular, and sometimes the fruit of much learning. The writer (a Protestant clergyman) considers that Antichrist will be a future Idol-Messiah, set up by the Jews. Among other novelties of idea, he thinks it probable that the Temple copy of the Old Testament is now at Rome, in the Vatican Library!



## Correspondence.

## THE REVOLUTION IN ROME.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Rome, February 14, 1849.

WHEN I wrote last, we were on the eve of our general elections for the members of the *Costituente*, but I can give you no information that can be relied upon as to the real number of those who took part in this, for nobody believes the Government statement, that in Rome alone there were 25,000 votes. I visited most of the polling booths more than once both days, and little or nothing seemed to be going on at any of them; moreover, the clubs published a statement at the end of the first day, in which they said, that a sufficient number had voted to secure a valid election (that is, 500), but not enough for the honour of the Eternal City; and I know that on the second morning every body in the employ of the Government was required, on pain of instant dismissal, to go and record his vote. This does not look like the *empressement* which they would now have us believe was universally manifested on the occasion. It is certain, too, that many of the Government employés, who were thus driven to the poll, put in a blank paper, that others voted for the Pope and Cardinals, for General Zucchi, for Radetzky, and others. However, the Government published the names of the twelve successful candidates, and professed that the number of votes which they had received varied from six to sixteen thousand. Sturbinetti, who was at the head of the list, had received the latter number, and Prince Canino, who was at the bottom, the former. The intermediate names were those of the Provisional Government, and members of former liberal ministries; with two or three only of men hitherto unknown to fame. I was present at the proclamation of the names at the Capitol, and, spite of the display of flags and of troops, the firing of cannon, the most brilliant weather, and a large assembly of people, the whole affair went off very flatly; the cheering was almost entirely confined to the platform and to the ragged boys who had climbed on all the surrounding statues; the great mass of the people came to see a sight, and then went away. And now the proclamation of the Republic has been received in the same manner; the procession going down the Corso on Friday, to assist at this ceremony, was literally a procession of beggars. Some one marched at their head with the flag of the *Circolo Popolare*, and every here and there a man in the dress of a Civic Guardsman tried to marshal his ragged troop; this was no easy task, however, for many of them were drunk,

and all were quite unused to military precision. The last fifty or sixty carried spades on their shoulders; and at the end of the train there followed a cart bearing the tree of liberty, crowned with a red cap; the whole thing looked like a piece of studied burlesque, well calculated to set off the eloquent speeches which had been made in the house, about the glory of their ancestors, the mistress of the world, the immortal Republic, &c., and as such the people seemed to regard it; they came to their shop-windows and gazed, laughed aloud, and then returned to their counters. In fact, I have seen no symptoms of enthusiasm for the new form of government, excepting in the language of the Deputies and the noisy *erriras* of certain midnight brawlers who disturb the slumber of honest citizens.

It cannot be doubted, however, but that the revolutionary party are gaining in strength every day, and making the restoration of the Pontifical rule more and more difficult. At first they knew that they had a strong, though secret, opposition to overcome, and they ruled by intimidation: they even appointed an extraordinary military commission, with powers of life and death, to judge of all offences against the established order of things; and this commission still remains, with the title of the Provisional Committee of Public Safety. But now they can afford to govern in another way; they have had time to displace all functionaries decidedly obnoxious, either with or without a retiring pension, and have substituted creatures of their own. If a man was thought to be only indifferent and of doubtful allegiance, he was immediately offered the simple alternative of promotion or—dismissal; and in this way it is incredible how many political conversions have been made within the last six weeks. Then, again, the uncertain and contradictory reports from Gaeta weaken the Pope's cause most deplorably, by disheartening his few friends. I cannot help thinking that some of the lying reports about him must have been put in circulation for this very purpose by allies of the present Government. And if "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," what must be the state, by this time, of that numerous party, who looked out for the arrival of a French army the moment after the Pope's flight, and whose sanguine expectations have seen the Spaniards, or the Neapolitans, or the Swiss, or some other foreign power, continually coming to the rescue ever since the end of November?

What the Pope has really been doing, and what he intends to do, are unlike unknown to every body here; and as yet there is not much to tell as to what our young Republic has

done, or what it threatens to do. Before the meeting of the *Costituente*, the Provisional Government was most busy legislating on every conceivable subject: the ordinary preamble of their decrees consisted in a few words, "*Vista l'urgenza*;" and on this plea of extreme urgency they published an important decree even on the very morning that the Assembly was to be opened. It is scarcely possible to name a subject with which they did not meddle in some way or other during the one month that they were in power; the printers could not print fast enough for them, working almost day and night; and as to putting all their plans into execution, this was simply impossible: *e. g.* they published a decree for the immediate formation of a military academy, and took possession of the Noviciate-house of the Jesuits for the purpose. Young men rushed into the provinces to procure the necessary documents from their respective colleges and parishes, and then returned to Rome, to wait until the business can be attended to. At the same time it cannot be denied but that their industry was really something out of the common; indeed, it seems to be generally admitted that this has been the only Government that has deserved the name which Rome has seen for the last two years; not that their measures have been good, but that they have been consistent, have had one uniform tendency, and have been carried out with firmness and resolution, spite of every kind of obstacle. Municipalities refused to co-operate for the elections; they were immediately superseded by provisional committees, a decree was issued for their abolition, and a radical reform of the corporations is to come into practice in the middle of next month. Magistrates resigned on the very eve of the elections; the voting was postponed for three days, and a successor appointed. There was a row among the military for the release of General Zamboni; the parties concerned in it were tried by a court-martial, and sentenced, some to hard labour for life, and others to imprisonment for various terms; and the same decision was manifested in other matters. This, however, only makes our prospects the worse; for with such indefatigable perseverance, I fear they will do irreparable mischief before their career is checked.

We are anxiously expecting the first formal decree which may be levelled against the Church, and I suppose we shall not long be kept in suspense. Already soldiers are occupying portions of the *Gesù*, of St. Andrea on the Quirinal, of the Roman College, of St. Callisto, of the Certosa, and other religious houses; and they have now required from all convents and monasteries the exact numbers, the names, and the native places of their occupants. This, of course, is only preparatory

to some legal measure concerning them; and this morning a very significant notice from the Government appears affixed to the walls, in which it is forbidden to all religious establishments to remove, consign to others, or in any way to alienate, pictures, furniture, books, or any other kind of property whatever for the present. Commissioners are appointed to take care that this edict is not evaded; and any act of the kind which they may be able to detect is declared null and void. The ribaldry of the press against ecclesiastics continues as usual, and occasionally insulting language is directed against them in the streets. Domiciliary visits also have been paid to certain monasteries, requesting a contribution of sheets, bed-linen, and other articles for the use of the troops; and expensive repairs or alterations in churches have been made obligatory on several communities; but as yet this is the worst which has been done in Rome. In Velletri, the troops who were despatched towards the Neapolitan frontier broke open the cathedral, and afterwards paraded the streets with the candles which they had carried away from the altars; they also plundered the monastery that is attached to it, and half killed the Father Prior; and we can hardly expect not to have some such scenes enacted here before the tragedy is ended.

The life of the Vicegerent was threatened, because he refused to give faculties to a certain emigrant and suspended priest, whom they wished to say Mass at the opening of the *Costituente*, and he has since retired from Rome; and now there are threats of vengeance against the Canons of St. Peter's, because they would not assist at the *Te Deum* of thanksgiving which was to be sung there on Sunday for the proclamation of the Republic. They tell a good story of Cardinal Castracane, who is the Grand Penitentiary, and (excepting Mezzofante) the only Cardinal now in Rome, but I cannot vouch for its accuracy; it is said that, on the Vicegerent's refusal, application was made to his Eminence in behalf of this suspended ecclesiastic, but that he very gravely assured them they must have made some mistake as to the nature of his office; that his faculties were confined to the absolution of sins past, he had no power to sanction sins future. Eventually the Mass was said by the person in question, who is chaplain to one of the volunteer regiments, without any permission at all; and I am assured that he wore a sword and tricolored scarf under his alb. As to the *Te Deum* in St. Peter's on Sunday, I cannot find that they had the assistance of any priest whatever; certainly it was the impression of many who were present that the performance was altogether confined to the choir and the amateurs; and this is not improbable, for I believe the hero of the Mass is gone off with his regiment.



They have been sending large bodies of troops continually in the direction of Naples, which has made us look out for some helping hand from that quarter; nothing, however, has yet occurred to encourage the hope.

The Republic (which, by the bye, was proclaimed at two o'clock in the morning, *i.e.* in the *night*, of the 9th inst.) has chosen, not a president, but a triumvirate, which is called the Executive Committee of the Roman Republic, and consists of Armellini, and two others hitherto known only in the clubs, Saliceti and Montecchi. A cap of liberty crowns the obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo, as also many a head among "the unwashed" of the population; but in all other respects matters remain *in statu quo*, the former ministry being provisionally confirmed in their posts. The mob took it upon themselves to insult all the carriages which appeared in the Corso on Sunday with servants in livery; but the Government have expressed their grave disapprobation of this act, and threaten to punish it if it is repeated. The Pontifical arms have been removed, by order of the Government, from all palaces and private houses, and are only allowed to remain over the doors of churches, religious establishments, and the residences of foreign ambassadors, who are supposed to have ecclesiastical relations with his Holiness. Meanwhile, the Romans say and do nothing, thereby justifying what is reported to have been the Pope's saying concerning them, "*Sono pochi cattivi, ma tutti vili.*" In the debate upon the question of a change of the form of government in these States, not one voice was raised in behalf of Pio Nono, not one word of acknowledgment for the reforms which he had granted,—not one syllable of gratitude even from those deputies who had been restored to liberty only by his amnesty. Mamiani resisted the proclamation of a Republic, and so did Audinot and a few others, but only upon prudential motives, drawn from the present state of Italy and of Europe. Mamiani's speech was certainly very clever, and shewed an appreciation of the difficulties which would overwhelm the Roman Republic, of which all the other deputies seemed to be in happy ignorance. It is said that he has resigned his seat and left Rome, when he found that only ten members supported his proposition, which was to refer to the Costituente Italiana the settlement of Roman affairs. It was acknowledged, however, in the course of the debate, that there was no prospect of the Costituente Italiana ever being really assembled, so that it is not to be wondered at that the other 120 deputies should have resisted the proposed adjournment.

#### THE USE OF CLASSICAL GREEK AND LATIN IN CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—In Mr. Ward's admirable letter on the necessities of Catholic Education, in the last No. of *The Rambler*, a suggestion is made, to which I am anxious to state one or two apparently important objections. The suggestion refers to the substitution of ecclesiastical for classical Latin from the first commencement of the young Catholic's course of studies. This change Mr. Ward recommends (with much caution, indeed) on two grounds; first, on the ground that a "slight and superficial acquaintance with heathen history and literature" is not a thing which will confer any peculiar advantages; and, secondly, with a view to give a more complete *unity of subject* to their whole education. To such a substitution there would seem to be certain unanswerable objections.

First, I question its practical possibility. It would require the compilation of grammars and books of exercises, in which every example and illustration should be drawn from ecclesiastical writers alone. There does not at present exist an elementary book on the Latin language which could be put into the hands of boys who were not engaged in the study of the classical writers of Rome. The books we use presuppose a constantly increasing acquaintance with the history, mythology, and general literature of the Greeks and Romans, which would render them hopelessly unintelligible to boys who were not occupied in the study of the writers of classical antiquity. Whether or not grammars and other elementary treatises *could* be written upon the new principle, it certainly strikes me that such publications never *would* be written in the present state of Catholic learning and Catholic necessities. I am myself disposed to doubt even the abstract possibility of such a work; and that we have not the means of accomplishing it now, and that the probable exigencies of the Church for the next half century will equally forbid any such employment of the learning of her sons, appears to me almost a self-evident truth.

Secondly, when we pass from the acquisition of the mere verbal portion of the Latin and Greek languages to the study of actual Latin and Greek books, we look in vain for Christian writings which would supply the office now filled by the poets, historians, and philosophers of Pagan antiquity. The first object of a classical education, however limited in its extent, being the training of the intellectual powers, we are driven to employ the writers of Greece and Rome, from the sheer absence of such books as we seek for among the Fathers of the Christian Church. Take, for instance, that one division of study which is pre-eminently adapted to the capacities of boys who have just mastered the first elements of Latin, *viz.* poetry. Too immature for philosophical thought, too volatile even for historical inquiries, the youthful spirit pours itself forth with simple, hearty delight upon the creations of poetry, and in the mastering the *meaning* of the great poets of Greece and Rome, acquires a purity of taste, a justness of observation, a combined accuracy and refinement of expression, and an unostentatious vivacity of style, which are not the least important elements of a solid education, because they are usually attained earlier than that depth, comprehensiveness, and vigour which are the result of the studies of a later period.

Now, unfortunately, if I may so say, Christian antiquity and revived classical Latin are alike destitute of poetry. The presence of one or two exceptions to the assertion only makes the general fact the more palpable. When we have named Prudentius among the ancients, and Vida and one or two others among the moderns, we have exhausted the list of Christian Latin poets. What remains, then, but that we deprive the growing mind of that very sustenance and discipline which it finds in the vast range of Greek and Latin poetry, and from which it derives a culture which can be found in no other writers in any age of the whole world? What will compensate for the loss of the Iliad alone? Where is the work of uninspired man in which the essentials of the purest and the noblest taste are to be found combined in such extraordinary perfection? Where else can the boy learn first to discriminate between the essentials of poetry and its adventitious ornaments; between what is sublime and what is bombastic; between the truth and beauty of natural expression and the cold or flippant sententiousness of those who think what they shall say, rather than say what they think? To what other source shall we lead the imagination in its glowing youth, and teach it how the perfections of art are akin to the perfections of nature; and that man most truly imitates what is divine when he labours with the calmness and unity of aim which characterises the manifestations of divine power and skill? I believe it scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance of an early habitation of the ardent taste and fancy of boyhood to the exquisite purity and refinement, and the correctness and happiness both of thought and language, which are the never-fading charms of the best Greek and Latin poets. No other study can confer it; no modern nation has given birth to works which can fulfil the same end. Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Horace, are to this day unrivalled as instruments for the culture of the youthful intelligence.

Let me here also call attention to a very remarkable feature in the literature of classical Greece and Rome, which it has often struck me has rarely been sufficiently remarked; I mean, the peculiar manner in which the general cast of their sentiments is affected by the moral errors of Paganism. It is often supposed, because these great writers were polytheists, at least in theory, and were ignorant of some of the first principles of Christian morality, that therefore they are universally coarse and anti-Christian, and that their works are literally *imbued* with the poison of a carnal Paganism. The fact is, on the contrary, that in a large number of the best heathen writers the objectionable portion of their writings bears an extremely small proportion to the whole. The ordinary cast of their thoughts and phraseology is at the least as innocent as that of the general run of secular literature of any age. In many instances, indeed, the Pagan poets, historians, and philosophers, are far more *religious* than the most popular writers of modern times, who call themselves Christians. They recognise the existence of a Supreme Being, and his interference in the affairs of men, together with the eternal truth and beauty of certain principles of morality, far more openly, naturally, and practically, than is usual among Christian authors who are not professedly treating on religious subjects. In truth, the vast body of nominally Christian miscellaneous literature, though not positively immoral, is yet infi-

nately more *atheistic* than the corresponding class of heathen literature. The old Pagans recognised the rights and powers of the Divinity to an extent which we scarcely ever perceive in modern authors; and their writings impress the youthful mind with the feeling that there is such a thing as a God, and a superintending Providence, and that we are all actually living in contact with an invisible supernatural power, with a vividness which we seek in vain in the secular works of the professedly Christian world. Which is the more practically *religious* historian, Herodotus, or Hume, Gibbon, Mitford, Thirlwall, or Macaulay? Which the more religious poets, Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles, or Milton, Dryden, Pope, Coleridge, Campbell, and Scott? Which is the more disgusting, Anacreon himself, or Moore's translation of his writings? When a few isolated compositions or passages are taken out from the Pagan authors, what remains is less calculated to exercise an influence *adverse* to Christianity, than any possible selection from the secular literature of modern times. This circumstance, it is true, is not one of the points directly connected with the question in hand, but it should surely be borne in mind when we are looking around for authors, by the study of whose works we may form the taste and cultivate the general faculties of the youthful mind.

I confess, then, that there seems to me to be no instrument so well adapted to the culture of a boy's powers, from the age of eight or ten to that of fifteen or sixteen years, as the critical study of the historians, poets, and miscellaneous writers of Greece and Rome, combined with mathematics and the other branches of knowledge to which Mr. Ward refers. Christian writings in Latin and Greek are almost exclusively on theological and philosophical subjects, and consequently are beyond the powers of the mere boy. Nor, of the few early Christian historians which remain to us, is there one whose works could form the textbook for a boy's study of the Latin and Greek languages.

A still further objection to the suggested change is to be found in the circumstance, that ecclesiastical Latin is not the Latin of the primitive Christian Fathers. They wrote inferior classical Latin. That really new language which has become the language of Catholic theology, the Latin of the Missal and Breviary, the Latin of dogmatic treatises, which is so admirably adapted to the expression and definition of doctrinal and moral truths, was the gradual work of many centuries. I am perhaps hardly understating its antiquity, if I say that we must look to the thirteenth century—that wonderful epoch of intellectual development—as the period when it was finally brought to perfection; and to St. Thomas Aquinas as one of the first writers who used ecclesiastical Latin, as Cicero used classical Latin and Demosthenes used Greek. But whatever be the precise date of its formation, it is certain that the Latin of the primitive Fathers is not that language which has become the vehicle of Christian thought in later days. A selection from their writings, put into the hands of the student, would only teach them second-rate classical Latin and Greek, even if it did not habituate them to the worst corruptions of style which ultimately destroyed the tongues in which Plato wrote and Virgil sung.

Again, a distinction must be drawn between the power of *reading* ecclesiastical Latin and of *writing* it. The power of writing is manifestly need-



less in the case of the commercial class of Catholics, whose school-education will usually be terminated at from fourteen to sixteen years of age, and in whose case Mr. Ward especially recommends the substitution we are discussing. In an age of restless intellectual activity like our own, if on no higher grounds, it is clearly desirable that as large a number of English Catholics as possible should be able to read the Office-books of the Church with facility and pleasure; and consequently, the education of the commercial as well as professional classes should be directed to the attainment of this most valuable power. Observe, however, that all they need is the faculty of *reading* ecclesiastical Latin. Actual Latin composition they may well leave to the clergy, and to those whose studies can be carried on to a much further limit. Now, the power of reading the Church offices with perfect ease is amply conferred by the study of classical Latin. A young man who can read Cicero will find no difficulty in reading the Missal; and a choir of amateurs singing the *Tenebræ* in Holy Week will comprehend and enjoy every word they utter, if they have acquired a thoroughly grammatical knowledge of classical Latin in their boyhood. This object, therefore, would be as fully accomplished by the present system, if it were fairly applied, as by the banishment of every heathen author from the whole range of our studies.

To those boys who are ultimately to become divines and priests, the knowledge of the authors of antiquity appears to me to be an absolute necessity. If their reading is in the end to extend to the early Fathers of the Church, I cannot conceive how they are to comprehend the true spirit and modes of thought of the early Christian Church, without that familiarity with the spirit and modes of thought of Heathenism which the study of the classical writers can alone confer. There are peculiarities in the views and arguments of the primitive times which would be totally incomprehensible to one who was not master of the practical bearings of that idolatry in the midst of which the ancient Christians lived, and against which they struggled with all the energies of their souls. What strange, unaccountable things will the young divine meet with in Origen, Tertullian, Cyprian, or Clement of Alexandria, if he is a stranger to the customs and literature of Paganism! Who can thoroughly master St. Augustine or St. Athanasius without some real acquaintance with the dialectics and philosophy of his day, and of the schools on which they were founded?

Or, again, to view the Christian Fathers as models of writing, to be in any degree imitated in our own day. Granting all their well-known excellences, I cannot but think that the modern orator or writer who formed his style upon that of the Greek or Latin Fathers would speak and write something either very bombastic or very pedantic. Glorious as was the eloquence of St. Chrysostom, for example, who could venture to hold him up as a master to be imitated, and not rather point to him as a man of rare genius, in whom the corruptions of the language of his day are compensated by the splendour of his thoughts, and the pure and simple earnestness of his personal feelings? In the present condition of English Catholic education, and the tendency too often found in Catholic writers to aim at empty, frothy rhetoric, as the most powerful means for expressing their thoughts, it would seem to be of the

very highest importance to purify and chasten the taste, and to cultivate simplicity, grace, exactness, and earnest vigour of style, from the earliest period of study, and in every class of life. A school of preachers formed upon the writings of the Fathers alone would bid fair to be a school of rhetoricians as unreal and ineffective as a club of beardless orators and self-appointed statesmen. They would no more preach like Chrysostom than they would write like Plato. And why? Because their teachers mistook the end for the means, and imagined that the way to enable a person to rival a great master in any art is to study the works of that master himself, instead of studying what he studied. Here, in truth, lies the root of our failure in a thousand similar cases. We attempt to equal the works of those whom we admire, without going through that identical course of preparation by which they themselves attained their high eminence. We mistake the contemplation of the result for the acquisition of that power which originally produced it. A parliamentary orator tries to emulate the oratory of Burke and Chatham, by poring over their speeches, in place of disciplining his mind as Burke and Chatham were disciplined. A preacher would fain be as eloquent as Bossuet or Massillon, forgetting how Bossuet and Massillon learned to preach. A sculptor copies scores of antique statues, heedless of the fact that the ancient sculptors learned to model, not from statues, but from living men. The musician would compose like Beethoven, but neglects to remember that Beethoven studied Palestrina and Handel with all the ardour of his soul. So, too, the glories of Christian oratory and composition will never be revived amongst us by the examination of any models except those by which the most illustrious writers and speakers of the Christian Church have ever purified and elevated their natural powers.

In place, therefore, of the substitution of Christian for Pagan authors in the study of Latin or of Greek, I would venture to suggest the addition of a course both of the purely ecclesiastical Latin, and of that inferior species of classical Greek and Latin which was employed by the primitive Christian writers, at some advanced period in the general education of the young divine. When he has really mastered the languages of classical antiquity, a very short time will enable him to distinguish between the style of the authors he must merely read and understand, and that which he ought to take as in some degree the model of his own style; and further, to perceive both what are those special laws of construction which distinguish ecclesiastical from classical Latin, and also the peculiar adaptation of ecclesiastical Latin to the necessities of Christian doctrine, Christian morals, and Christian devotion. That no man can enter upon the critical study of the New Testament and of the Septuagint without a knowledge of both the classical and the later Greek, is, I believe, admitted by every competent biblical philologist; whilst every day the advance of biblical criticism in the German and English rationalistic schools renders it more and more imperative upon the Catholic Church to wrest from her adversaries that weapon which they now use with such fatal success in deceiving the unstable and the unlearned.

In offering the above remarks on what appears to be the questionable suggestions of Mr. Ward's letter, I cannot forbear expressing a most hearty concurrence in its general purport, and a confi-

dence that it will bear much good fruit in its due season. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

C.

### PÈRE LAMBILLOTTE'S QUERIES ON ECCLESIASTICAL MUSIC.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—Induced by the desire you have expressed to collect and make known the sentiments that are entertained on the subject of music, I forward to you a list of questions which Père Lambillotte, a distinguished composer, addressed, some time ago, to a learned friend and musician on the continent. Perhaps some of your correspondents may be disposed to favour the public with their views on some of the questions which he has proposed for solution.—I am, &c.

PHILHARMONICUS.

1. What is to be thought of the use of the sensible note in the accompaniment of Gregorian music, and how is it treated at Rome?
2. Is it possible to recover the true song of St. Gregory?
3. Who is most advanced in the art of deciphering the ancient musical notations or neumes?

4. What will be the issue of the conflict between figured music and the plain chant?
5. Is religious music subject, like literature, to the influence of character and climate?
6. What is the cause why it is not the same thing in Germany that it is in Italy?
7. What is the reason why the same kind of difference may be remarked in architecture?
8. Our religious music,—has it improved as an art since the time of St. Gregory?
9. Ought the Catholic Church to reject from her worship all the improvements which have been introduced into the arts?
10. The Gregorian melodies,—are they essentially inherent in the Catholic worship?
11. In what countries are the people in the habit of uniting their voices to those of the singers in the songs of the Liturgy?
12. Are the people who do this better than those who do not do it?
13. Does the tonality of the plain chant admit our modern harmony?
14. Would it not be better to sing in unison, as in the middle ages?
15. What are the principles which ought to direct the composers of Church-music?
16. Is Church-music never any thing else but a prayer?
17. Is the orchestra radically bad for the Church?

## Ecclesiastical Register.

### LETTERS ON LEBANON.

BY M. EUGENE BORÉ.

[Continued from p. 459.]

#### LETTER XII.

The Missions and Schools.

THE natural auxiliary to the Patriarch's initiative will be the Latin mission, which is even now preparing the way. The inhabitants of the Mountain, as truly privileged sons of the Church, have never ceased, for five centuries, to have among them active and vigilant apostolic labourers. To this signal favour we attribute the constancy and zeal of their affection towards the Holy See, still unbroken after so many revolutions that might have severed the tie, as in the case of other nations of the East. The kind and upright character of the Maronite is the consolation of the Missioner, and his support against the zealous opposition called forth by his superiority, and by the indelible blot of being a foreigner; for all the clergy do not welcome his influence with the same good-will. Paroxysms of self-interest disturb such as are not lovers of what is good in pureness and singleness, from whatever hand it may come; and some are unwilling that any thing should be done which happens to be impossible for themselves,—motives displeasing to God, and disastrous for the people that suffers by them.

Four orders of Missioners labour in this spiritual field. The most ancient are the Franciscan Minors, who, as charged with the preservation of the Holy Places, had first occasion to become acquainted with the Lebanon. Father Griffon, a Belgian, began to preach there in 1450, and to strengthen the link that united the Mountain with the Western Church. The Ca-

puchins afterwards established themselves at Beyrout, Abbei, and Solyma, where they discharged the functions of the ministry, watching also with hitherto unknown care over the education of the young, a duty now the most urgent and the most solid in its results. The faithful frequenting their churches and those of the other Missioners, are distinguished for their piety and consistent conduct: it may be seen that the Word of God has been impressed on them, and that they have been instructed in their duties. That branch of the Franciscans to which is assigned the care of the Holy Places, has at Arissa, in the Kesrouan, a house set apart for such religious as desire to devote themselves to the study of Arabic. They have confided their school at Sidon to M. Fauqué, a Frenchman, one of the forty mountaineers who repaired to the East in 1846. This young man teaches his language and the chant with method and perseverance, and has succeeded already in getting together a considerable number of pupils, whose progress, behaviour, and Christian conduct, are a subject of astonishment and joy to their connexions. Too much encouragement cannot be given to labours of this kind, so indispensable to every mission, and one of its most efficacious means of action, when, as here, under high surveillance and direction.

The Jesuits, who in 1831 resumed the Lebanon missions, already sanctified and fertilised by the efforts of the Society in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, have perfectly understood the value of this part of their ministry, which is indeed their specialty. At first, obstacles prevented their organising schools as they wished; but perseverance triumphed over every difficulty. The school at Beyrout counts a large number of children, of whom several are successfully pur-



suings the study of the French language. At Gazir, in the Kesrouan, they have opened a seminary which is recognised by the Propaganda at Rome, and is well deserving that honour, as far as we could judge of the capacity and zeal of the masters, and the advancement of the pupils in piety, and in a knowledge of Arabic, Greek, Latin, and Italian literature. The excellent and altogether Catholic notion of the directors is to take clerics of divers countries and rituals, and still more divided and separated by differences of language and rivalries of race, and to ground them in the exercises of a common life and study, uniting therewith a discipline in which the Oriental clergy are deficient. We have beheld with pleasure the Maronite, the United Greek, the Syrian, the Chaldean, and the Latin, seated on the same benches. Several monasteries have furnished pupils who will return to them capable professors of the humanities, philosophy, dogma, and morals. It is from this establishment in particular that we look for the impulse and progress necessary for the renovation of the clergy of the Mountain. The Propagation of the Faith will continue to second efforts already so productive, since they are restricted by the means at the disposal of the Missioners; for the want of local resources leaves the maintenance of the seminaries entirely to their charge.

One of the Missioners has founded primary schools, no less worthy of mention and support, on the opposite declivity, looking towards Damascus and Baalbeck. Zaklé, the refuge of the Christians driven by oppression from the plain and the villages near Palmyra, was totally destitute of opportunities of instruction. Its population, exclusively composed of Greek Catholics, is distinguished by a warmth of patriotism and courage that we could wish less singular among that class. During the first war, the Druses, having conquered the Maronites, advanced with all their force against this small city, scarcely numbering ten thousand inhabitants. But they all went out to meet the enemy with a union and enthusiasm that insured victory, and they achieved a triumph such as the rest of the Mountain had never so brilliantly won. They repulsed the Druses, killing large numbers of them; and, arresting their victorious march by this success, were the saviours of the other Christians. The women, worthy of their husbands, shared the honours and the perils of the day. Just now this fund of energy is pacifically expended on the cares of trade, agriculture, and the education of their children. We were delighted to see the little lads and their sisters running at sunrise to the house of the Missioners, and reverently taking their places in the school, which was partitioned off, or transformed into a chapel, by the aid of folding-doors opening on the sanctuary where the holy sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated. The graces and blessings drawn on their innocent heads by their prayers and Arabic chants, translated from our canticles and eucologues, are a favourable entrance to the labours of the day, and their progress is rapid and perceptible. The steadiest and most advanced form a sort of confraternity of catechists, who on the Sunday spread themselves over the plain of Baalbeck to distribute the light and consolation of religious instruction among the poor Christians residing there, who are deprived of priests and churches, and groan under the oppression of Mussulman fanatics. We say no-

thing as to the melancholy state, both spiritual and social, of the Christian population sparsely scattered throughout the Anti-Lebanon, and the vallies of the Hauran, that we may not depart from the subject we addressed ourselves to; for that district is detached from the Lebanon, and belongs to the pashalik of Damascus.

The Jesuits have another house at Bikfaia, where a school, preaching, ecclesiastical retreats, and other active duties of the ministry, advantageously assist the functions of the indigenous clergy. A growth in faith, in piety, and in knowledge, is communicated to those Catholics who come from far to attend the offices, which are recommended by order, brilliancy of worship, and the unction of the word of God. The chapel not being capacious enough, the foundations of another are to be laid. He to whose glory will redound the erection of this edifice, which is to be of a more ecclesiastical and worthy architecture than the simple masses of stone in this country honoured by the name of churches, will, we trust, know how to furnish the resources necessary to its completion. The general poverty of the mountaineers, the rarity of a spirit of disinterestedness and sacrifice among the Orientals, added to the prodigality of the rival propagandism of the Protestants, reduce the Catholic Missioner to means necessarily very limited in comparison to all the claims that beset his zeal. Thus he looks chiefly to the charity of the West, its power, its support, and its hope.

The same observation is applicable to the establishment at Antoura, possessed by the Lazarists, situated in the Kesrouan, some leagues from the other, to the northward. This house, formerly a mere residence for the Missioners, has been enlarged and appropriated for a college. The Lazarists have the merit of understanding there, as at Constantinople and Smyrna, the necessity and advantages of Christian education and instruction for the young. The contact of European civilisation, and its introduction into the East, have created intellectual wants and tastes scarcely perceptible twenty years ago, but more imperious and exigent day by day. The preference given by the Turks to the French language, and the brilliant career that study has opened to the young Christians employed in the embassies and public offices, must naturally excite emulation in a society where the worth of knowledge is principally tested by what it will bring in return. Thus the number of pupils increases annually. The few exhibitions created by the generosity of the French government, and for which there were scarcely candidates at first, are now the objects of eager solicitation. However, were it not for the disinterested devotedness of a congregation whose members, following the rule of St. Paul, reserve for themselves only food and clothing, similar establishments would be impossible, and numerous children would grow up deprived of the benefit of an education that will singularly improve their fortunes. The ingenious devices of Catholic charity can alone furnish the secret and the boldness of congregating pupils beyond its means, and of, as it were, tempting Providence. Our speculators in Greek and Latin might there find useful and honourable lessons.

The Lazarists have prudently avoided at Antoura too high a scale of education, loading the memory with dead languages useless in a country destitute of so-called classical studies, and of the

pecuniary resources supposed by the time necessary for their acquisition; parents in most comfortable circumstances consenting with difficulty to the sacrifice of three or four years' schooling for their sons. Attention has been altogether given, therefore, to the needful. Thence the course, arranged as for a good secondary school, is limited to French and the national tongue, the Arabic. The Italian, in great use in the Levant, as is well known, is permitted those who are tolerably advanced in the other two languages. We can vouch for the suitableness and excellent results of this system, which time and experience will perfect. It is sufficiently on a par with the demands of the country, which does not yet ask for the diploma of bachelor or doctor.

These apostolic labours, directed to the common object of education, received their crowning stroke last year. Schoolmistresses were still wanting. Such as have beheld with their own eyes the degradation and wretchedness of woman in Mussulman societies, even among Christians, and know the degree of nothingness to which prejudice and the abuse of strength have reduced her, will alone be able to appreciate all the importance of this innovation, and the happy fruits to be expected from it. The establishments of the same kind founded at Constantinople and Smyrna, in Greece and Egypt, have already solved the question, and proved that this new co-operation will powerfully second the progress of faith and civilisation. At the end of a few months' residence at Beyrout, the Sisters of Charity had assembled in their classes the *élite* of the female youth. A taste for information had been kindled in minds hitherto condemned to the ignorance of a frivolous idleness; their manners and bearing indicated already true notions of modesty and decency: what may we hope for when religious instruction shall have strengthened the soul, and implanted principles of solid piety! The Sisters of St. Joseph are going to work the same good in the interior of the Mountain. Some of them, from their Maltese origin, would already be three parts acquainted with Arabic, of which their island *patois* is a degenerate dialect.

The virtue, zeal, and long experience of the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Villardel, are a guarantee for the success and development of these labours. The humble and retired life he leads in his episcopal dignity, as though he were still the mere Father Minor of a convent of the Holy Land, enables him to devote both more time and more means to the demands of the vast and arduous diocese of which he is the overseer.

Such is the pious and peaceful co-operation that may give repose and prosperity to the Mountain, if the minds of men there have the good sense to perceive that the agitation of civil war, or a resistance to the progressive movement of the rest of the empire can but aggravate former evils; that the actual remedy must come from within, and not from violent and foreign intervention, of which the mere suggestion, an insult to the local government, would moreover paralyse national energy, and throw suspicion on good intentions; that this internal action would be wholesomely exercised in drawing tighter the bonds of union and concord between all races, and in defending with calmness and courage those political rights that cannot be disowned by a government anxious for improvement. But true patriotism is nothing more than charity

directed to political order; and education is the revelation to the individual of his worth, his rights, and his interests. This brings us back to the two instruments elsewhere proposed to the French government as most efficacious to the well-being of Turkey, and most advantageous, in particular, to the Lebanon—Missions and Schools.

EUGÈNE BORÉ.

Jerusalem, 21st February, 1848.

NOTE.—The foregoing Letters have, as might be expected, drawn forth considerable animadversion from a portion of the Parisian press, opposed as they are to the view of the Syrian question generally in vogue among our neighbours. M. Bonnetty, replying in the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, to an article that has appeared in the *Correspondant*, gives the following personal details of their author, who, we feel confident, has by this time become an object of interest to our own readers:

"The *Correspondant* will permit us to protest against the form of an article aimed at our friend and colleague M. Eugène Boré, now absent from Paris and residing at Constantinople. M. Boré is one of the most fervent and devoted Catholics of our time. Influenced by piety he has forsaken the pleasures of the capital to go, as a lay Missioner, and spread our faith in Armenia and Persia. For three years, with a perseverance and courage truly heroic, he assumed the condition of a mere schoolmaster, and founded Christian schools in several towns of Persia and Armenia, every where raising the fallen courage of the Catholics and confirming them in their faith. He has been the cause of the movement now making towards the centre of unity. His services have been recognised in the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, which published his *Letters* as those of a true Missioner; and still more by the Catholic Head, who addressed to him this marked eulogium, by the pen of Cardinal Fransoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, on the 23d April, 1842:

"It is difficult to imagine how much the Sacred Congregation admire the zeal with which you unceasingly labour in the Mossoul mission for the propagation of the Catholic faith, nor what interest they attach to your person on that account. If the Catholic name has of late years extended in Persia, and a hope be kindled that more abundant fruits will reward the labours of the Missioners, they are well aware that it is in a great measure to be ascribed to your solicitude and efforts."

"As a consequence of this letter, and at the instigation of Cardinal Fransoni, the Holy Father named him a Chevalier of the Order of St. Silvester. The Government bestowed on him the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres appointed him their correspondent. There was a talk at one time of nominating M. Boré as Consul for France at Jerusalem. From these various circumstances M. Boré came to pass some time at Paris, where all his friends, and they are numerous, witnessed that he spoke the language and led the life of a saint. That word, taken in its just limits, alone conveys the impression produced on those who were acquainted with his more private life. M. Guizot not daring to name him for the consulship at Jerusalem, on account of his excessive zeal, the heroic Christian returned to Constantinople, where, in the Lazarist college, he has devoted himself to the instruction of the children of the Christians and schismatics of the East, in the catechism and the elements of the tongues. There the French Government sought him out, and commissioned him to traverse the Lebanon for the purpose of reporting on the state of the Catholic population, which report has been published."

#### THE HOLY SEE.

THE Pope is still at Gaeta, administering the affairs of the Church, and dependent for his sup-



port, and for all the expenses of his spiritual government, upon the gifts of the faithful. Some countries are coming forward gladly and bountifully to his aid. The "Peter's penny" is poured into his treasury from all quarters of France, and other Catholic nations are following the example.

Reports, often self-contradictory, are spread, of some sort of military movement in the Pontiff's favour; but it is difficult to say how far they are true, or whether they are not wholly fictitious.

Early in January, General Zucchi, in an address to the troops under his command, communicated to them the following letter, which he had just received from the Pope. It will be read with great interest, as an example of the mode in which his Holiness, once himself a soldier, addresses himself to the honour and feelings of soldiers.

"M. Lieutenant-General Zucchi:

"When you were called by us to the service of the Holy See, with the high mission of directing and organising the Pontifical troops, we were perfectly satisfied with your loyalty, and with the sentiments of profound attachment to order and to our person which you manifested; and in so soon placing your hand to the good work, you have confirmed by your acts the expression of your lips. But the tempest excited by the foes of society suspended your operations and your hopes. The conduct observed by the troops in garrison at Rome during the month of last November, whilst you were detained at Bologna by an important mission which had been confided to you, has been to us a source of extreme affliction. Military honour haughtily sullied—the duties of obedience hatefully betrayed—contempt in the State, in Italy, in the world, have been, and are, the fruits that have been gathered by the troops, on the unhappy day of the 16th of November, in quitting the palace of the Quirinal covered with the odious mantle of treason. We have always endeavoured to distinguish the guilty soldiers from those they have seduced; and we charge you, therefore, to make known to all the troops without exception, but especially to those who have preserved their honour and military faith, that we expect an act of obedience and devotion from them, in co-operating to maintain, in faithfulness towards their Sovereign, those provinces which yet remain tranquil—in sustaining the legitimate representatives of Government which have been freely chosen by us, and in refusing to lend obedience to the orders of the self-constituted Government of Rome—in applying themselves to preserve throughout order and tranquillity, re-establishing them where they do not now prevail, and holding themselves ready to execute whatever shall be commanded by the lawful authority. As it is most agreeable to us to bestow upon those troops the tribute of merited eulogy—particularly to the garrison of Bologna, which preserved the tranquillity of its peaceful citizens—we exhort at the same time, by your interposition, those troops that have been seduced, to repair the great crime they have committed; and we pray the Lord to work this great miracle—to lead the traitors back to repentance. Receive, General, the Apostolic Benediction, which we give you with all our heart.—Given at Gaeta, the 5th January, 1849.

"PIUS P.P. IX."

The *Tempo* of Naples has the following from Rome; but there is so little reliance to be placed on newspaper reports, in the present state of Italy, that we cannot vouch in any degree for the truth of the statements.

"The assassin of Count Rossi has been poisoned at Perugia, by the same hand which counted out to him 12,000 crowns as the price of blood. This was done in order to get rid of a wretch whose revelations might have unmasked those who placed the poniard in his

hands. The death of the murderer of Mgr. Palma, the Latin Secretary to his Holiness, is also stated. This unhappy man, in the midst of the most agonising pains and the deepest remorse, had the good fortune at last to hear the succouring voice of religion, and to expire in the arms of one of those pious men whose abode he violated in order to commit his atrocious and sacrilegious crime. All the details are related here, but in whispers; for all are afraid of the *sbirri*, who form the only power of our rulers. The Roman revolution, inaugurated by the poniard, places its sole reliance in the poniard, and every one knows that a single word may involve a sentence of death."

A letter in the *Journal des Débats* gives the following analysis of the recent electioneering farce at Rome:

"Of the voters, three thousand belong to the regular troops of the garrison, about as many to the workmen of the *ateliers nationaux*, one thousand to foreigners of all nations, who have come to help the Roman revolutionaries; besides which, there is no kind of intimidation which has not been resorted to, in order to bring about this result—visits of ministers to the different administrations; threats of deprivation to *employés*; proscription lists against those who refuse; written or verbal summonses; votes collected at the bedsides of sick people in the hospitals, without any sort of control. Many individuals have voted several times over, both in the same and in different electoral colleges; amongst these, many had none of the required conditions either of age or legal capacity. In short, the whole proceedings have been characterised throughout by fraud and trickery."

The *Vox de la Vérité* gives the following picture of the affair:

"Towards noon, the entry of the electoral hall was nearly deserted, and the partisans of the Constituent Assembly complained of the black and retrograde indifference of the Romans. The Romans, however, did not move, even at the cries of 'Down with the enemies of the Constituent Assembly! Down with the priests! Down with the Obscurantists!' However, a rumour began to spread, that those in the employ of the Government must vote, on pain of losing their work. Then a certain number of voters approached the ballot-boxes. At seven o'clock in the evening, a few miserable cabs, accompanied by Civic Guards, bearing links, and preceded by drums and trumpets, traversed the deserted streets of Rome. Some one who asked what this conveyance meant, was answered: 'It is not a funeral, sir; they are taking the votes of the day to the Capitol.' The square of the Capitol was entirely empty, but was soon half filled by emissaries of Sterbini, who followed the last cab with Ciceruacchio, and kept screaming at the top of their voice, 'Death to Pio Nono! Death to the Cardinals! Death to the priests! Death to the friars!' These gentry received ten *pauls* a-piece for their work. On the examination of the ballot-cards next day, it was discovered that a great number of them were blank, or marked with rows of ciphers. Many were inscribed with the name of *Pio Nono*, *Pius sanctissimus*, St. Peter, Father Roothan, General of the Jesuits, the Seven Commissioners appointed by the Pope, &c. &c. On the whole, it appears that the third part only of the electors have voted at all.

"The rebel ministers are making good use of their time. Mamiani has deposited 100,000 Roman *scudi* at an English banker's. But the other day, he had not 500 in his coffers. The Ministry only pay in paper, but refuse to receive any thing but coin.

"The Club de la Rocca, of Turin, having charged a deputation to demand of the Ministry a prompt and full adhesion to the Italian Costituente, M. Gioberti is said to have replied, that so long as he should be Minister, Piedmont should not send deputies to the Costituente of Rome."

An Antwerp paper thus describes the progress of reaction in Rome itself:—

"The Papal troops are gradually withdrawing from Rome to Gaeta; the desertion is individual, but it becomes total and effectual. It is in vain that watch is kept, and also vain guarding the direct road to Gaeta; nothing prevents it. The dragoons especially exhibit an excess of ardour and devotion. The most circuitous routes and the most impracticable roads do not check them. All they desire is to reach it—and in this they succeed; for they have already collected there in sufficient numbers to form a guard for the Holy Father.

"The populace of Rome, who are so excessively susceptible, did not hear without deep emotion of the death of Mgr. Curioli, Bishop of Rieti. It is well known what efforts the exiled have made to determine the Bishops to vote on the 21st January in opposition to the express prohibition of the Holy Father. Threats, entreaties, violence of all kinds, have been put in force. The Bishops were firm: one only relaxed; and this was the Bishop of Rieti, a gentle and kind man, and of a character susceptible of alarm and terror. On the 21st, on his return, he fell down dead upon the threshold of his dwelling. We Romans could not see in that an ordinary event, nor could we perceive in it the violent effects of the various agitating emotions which had convulsed the poor prelate, or the possibility of their being mortal, but instantly a miracle is proclaimed! Whatever may have been its cause, it has produced an immense sensation. The constituents, who at first wished to turn it to ridicule, now seeing how it is received by the populace, are dreadfully alarmed."

On the 5th ult. the Roman Constituent Assembly was opened with great pomp. Armellini led the procession of the Ministers, and made a speech against the union of the temporal and spiritual power in the Pope.

Letters from Bologna, of the 6th, state that the *fête* which took place in that city on the previous day, in honour of the meeting of the Roman Constituent Assembly, went off very heavily. The reactionary party, which disapproves of the Constituent Assembly, is very strong in that legation, and is daily becoming more numerous.

Two clergymen of Ravenna, who were said to have voted for the Constituent, have been precluded from celebrating Mass by the Cardinal Archbishop Falconieri until they shall have proved that they had not so voted.

At the sitting of the Roman Constituent Assembly on the night of Feb. 8th, M. Savini moved the following decree:

"CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.—FUNDAMENTAL DECREE.

"Art. 1. The Popedom has fallen, in fact as well as in law, from the temporal government of the Roman States.

"Art. 2. The Roman Pontiff will enjoy all the guarantees necessary to the independence of the exercise of his spiritual power.

"Art. 3. The form of government of the Roman State will be pure democracy, and will take the glorious name of Roman Republic.

"Art. 4. The Roman Republic will have with the rest of Italy the relations which a common nationality require.

"The President, G. GALLETTI.

"Rome, Feb. 9, 1849, one o'clock, A.M.

"GIOVANNI PENNACHI,

"ARRODANTE FABRELLI,

"ANTONIO ZUMBIANCHI,

"QUIRICO FILOPANTI BARILLI,

} Secretaries."

M. Mamiani made a long speech on this occasion, the object of which appeared to be to gain time. He declared that the temporal domination of the Popes had always been a misfortune to Italy, and that Rome was in such a state that she could not have any government but either that of the Pope's or that of Rienzi. He gave a

historical sketch of the present state of Europe, which he examined at great length; and having come to the conclusion that it would be extremely difficult to maintain the Republic at Rome, he declared that, in his opinion, the best thing the Assembly could do would be to postpone the settlement of the form of government for the present, and to leave that question to the decision of the Italian Constituent Assembly. This speech was very impatiently listened to, and when he sat down, M. Mamiani was saluted with groans and murmurs of disapprobation. M. Mari replied to him; after which, M. Filopanti warmly supported the adoption of the Republican form of government, and insisted that the decree should be at once adopted. M. Agostini followed, and also opposed the postponement of the question as proposed by M. Mamiani. At six o'clock the Assembly adjourned the debate for two hours. On the resumption of the sitting, M. Audinot proposed that the Assembly should at once decree the deposition of the Pope, but that it should be left to the Italian Constituent Assembly to determine the form of government to be adopted. A long debate on this proposition followed, but ultimately the Assembly resolved, almost unanimously, that the entire decree should be adopted, and not only should the Pope be deposed, but the Republic established. Of 144 members who voted, five only opposed the adoption of a Republican form of government. The proceedings were not closed till past two in the morning. Another account of the manner in which the votes in the Roman Constituent Assembly were divided, says that 136 representatives voted for the deposition of the Pope, and 120 for the immediate proclamation of the Republic. The third article of the decree, with respect to the proclamation of the Republic, was adopted without discussion of any kind. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th, the flag of the Republic was hoisted on the tower of the Capitol, and the Republic was saluted by the firing of 101 guns from the Castle of St. Angelo.

The Ministry issued the following proclamation:—

"Romans!—A great act has been completed. The National Assembly of your legitimate representatives having assembled, the sovereignty of the people being recognised, the only form of government that could be proper for us was that which made our fathers great and glorious. This the Assembly has decreed; and the Roman Republic has been this day proclaimed from the Capitol. Every citizen who is not an enemy to his country, must immediately and loyally adhere to this Government, which, originating in the free and universal vote of the representatives of the nation, will follow the paths of order and justice. After so many ages, we again possess a country and liberty; let us prove ourselves worthy of the gift which God has sent us, and the Roman Republic will be eternal and happy.—The Ministers of the Republican Government, C. E. Muzzarelli, C. Armellini, F. Galletti, L. Mariani, P. Sterbini, P. di Campello."

The Assembly further voted the following address to the Tuscan people:—

"The Roman Republic to the Tuscan people.—At the moment of pronouncing the great word of liberty, we have looked about us to ascertain from what side would first arrive a generous response. We doubted not that you would cause the voice of affection and concord to be heard. At the same moment, you have accomplished a great work, turning towards Rome an expectation of hope. The two revolutions have shewn



that the Italians are brothers by their desires and destinies. The ancient calumny is effaced. Italy supports her children by the same sentiment."

"Next day," says the correspondent of the *Daily News*, "there appeared an order from the head of the municipality for the removal, within three days, of every emblem connected with the Pontifical reign; and the arms of the Pontiff, surmounted with triple tiara, are only allowed to figure on church-porticoes, and over the residences of ambassadors who are supposed to hold merely spiritual intercourse with the head of the Church in reference to their various territories." The same authority observes:—"There are no Russian, or indeed European, dilettanti of any sort here to signify; but there were never so many Americans. The American Consul-General was, as in Paris, the first to recognise the new-born Republic here. His general orders were to that effect."

Advices from Rome to the 12th announce that the Assembly had named an executive commission of three members—MM. Armellini, Saliceti (of Naples), and Montecchi. It was said that the Roman Republic would have no president, but that the functions of that magistrate would be exercised by three consuls. All was tranquil at Rome.

Spain is taking the lead in maturing a plan for the restoration of his Holiness. M. Lesseps communicated to Senor Pidal, at Madrid, on the 7th instant, the answer of the French Government to the Spanish note inviting the Catholic Powers to interfere jointly on behalf of the Pope. The French Government reply, that they agree in the general views put forth by the Spanish Government; but they suggest that the other great Powers should be invited to attend the conferences, specifying England, Prussia, and Russia; and further, that the conferences should be held at Gaeta, as the site most convenient and most agreeable to his Holiness. There was a Council of Ministers on the subject the same night, M. Lesseps having pressed Senor Pidal for a speedy reply; and it was said that the determination of the Cabinet was to accept the French suggestions; and that, as Spain has no relations with two of the three Powers to be invited, the Governments of England and Russia will be appealed to through the medium of France. In the French Assembly M. Coquerel, a Protestant minister and representative of the people, spoke in favour of intervention for the Pope's restoration.

#### THE LATE FATHER DE VICO, OF THE COMPANY OF JESUS.

FATHER FRANCIS DE VICO was born at Macerata, a town of the Roman States, on the 19th May, 1805. His family was one of the most distinguished in the province. Mgr. Strambi, Bishop of Macerata, who died in the odour of sanctity, and whose canonisation is now in process, remarked the extraordinary abilities of the young De Vico, often gave him his blessing, assisted him with his advice, and bestowed on him many marks of his affection.

De Vico went early to school, under the care of the Jesuits, at Urbino. After a time, manifesting some desire of entering the Society, his parents, who had other views for him, removed him from their care, and placed him in a college at Sienna, not under the direction of the Jesuits,

for the completion of his studies. There he was taught mathematics by the well-known Father Inghirami.

The time was now come for the young De Vico to choose his occupation, and to consider his special vocation. Faithful to the inspirations of divine grace, he made no hesitation in his decision, and determined upon renouncing in favour of his next brother all the property, which was considerable, which he was to inherit from his parents. This being decided, he immediately requested admission into the Company of Jesus. His father, however, who disliked the idea, when dying, expressly enjoined the young man's tutor to make him travel in various parts of Italy, as soon as his stricter studies were concluded, with the view of dissipating his thoughts. The father's wishes were complied with, but the result was far from what he had anticipated, for Francis de Vico returned from his travels with his education improved, and his ecclesiastical vocation uninjured; and on the 23d December, 1823, he entered the novitiate of the Jesuits at Rome.

The interval which divided his novitiate from his course of theological study was devoted to teaching, according to the custom of the Company of Jesus, and he taught various classes in the Roman College. It was at this time that he commenced his astronomical observations. He often rose after three or four hours of sleep, or he continued his observations far into the night. These labours he prosecuted during all the four years of his theological course.

When his theological studies were ended, he applied himself exclusively to mathematics and astronomy. He became coadjutor of F. Dumouchel, a French Jesuit, originally a pupil of Monge at the Polytechnic School, in the direction of the observatory at the Roman College. This learned and humble philosopher took delight in speaking of the talents and success of his young colleague; he put him into communication with the most celebrated astronomers in Europe; and more than once, at the end of his own career, he expressed his satisfaction at leaving behind him a successor more accomplished than himself, to ennoble the capital of the Christian world by the prosecution of his sublime science. The anticipations of the aged Father were not disappointed. Under the direction of De Vico, the observatory of the Roman College obtained a European celebrity. His many and important discoveries are well known to the whole scientific world. In a few years they included the following additions to our astronomical knowledge:—

On the 28th November, 1832, he discovered Bieler's comet, on its return to its perihelion, on the same night on which Herschell was the first to discover it in England.

On the 5th August, 1835, he discovered Halley's comet, which was nowhere else perceived until a fortnight later.

In 1838, he made various discoveries relating to the atmosphere of the planet Saturn.

In 1838-39, he discovered the two nearest satellites of Saturn, which Herschell alone had hitherto seen. This discovery he accomplished by means of a new method, which rendered them visible with glasses smaller than Herschell's great reflector. The new method of De Vico, which Arago termed *precious* in his report to the French Academy, enabled Arago himself to make another discovery on the dispersion of luminous rays in the human eye.

In 1838-39, he determined the periodical time of the revolution of the two satellites of Saturn before mentioned.

In 1839-40-41, he determined the rotation of the planet Venus on its axis, by a series of observations which again called forth the eulogies of Arago, who considered that the problem which astronomers had long attempted in vain was now most satisfactorily solved.

In 1840-41-42, he made the first approximate determination of the position in space of the axis of rotation of the planet Venus.

In 1841-42-43-44, he discovered several fixed stars.

On the 23d August, 1844, he discovered a new comet, which was called De Vico's comet, or the periodical comet of the Roman College.

On the 25th February, 1845, he discovered another comet, of an undetermined period of return.

On the 9th July, 1845, he discovered Encke's comet, on its return to its perihelion.

During the whole course of his direction, he enjoyed the pleasure of forming many pupils, whose abilities will probably hereafter serve to add to the distinction of their master's name.

When De Vico was driven from Rome, in company with the remainder of his brethren, by revolutionary fury, he directed his course towards the United States, to George Town, where an observatory awaited him, as rich in instruments as that which he was leaving. He passed through Paris, and was pressed to take up his residence there by M. Arago, who was at that time a member of the Provisional Government of France. In London also he was warmly welcomed by many scientific men. His destination was, however, fixed for America, from whence the most pressing invitations came, both to himself and to all the Italian Jesuits whom he should be able to associate with him. Subscriptions were entered into, both to pay the expenses of their voyage, and also for their establishment in their adopted country. After a brief stay in America, De Vico returned to England to complete the arrangements for the departure of his companions, and superintended the embarkation of twenty of the exiled Jesuits at Liverpool; and he was preparing an additional party, when a sudden illness seized him. He came up to London, and on the 15th of last October left this world for those regions to whose glories the brightest discoveries of earthly science are but as the toys of a child.

The attainments of Father de Vico were as varied as they were profound. In his philosophical and theological studies he had attained a distinguished success. He was also a musician of great skill and genius, and found delight in superintending the choir of the pupils of the Roman College. Many of his compositions attained considerable popularity in Rome, among which his music for the *Lamentations* in Holy Week is the most celebrated.

To the stranger in Rome, Father de Vico was known as the man of deep science, and the fortunate astronomical discoverer. To his brethren in the Society, he was known as the priest of piety, modesty, and sweetness of disposition, ever equable in spirit, ever practising the strictest obedience. He was charged with the direction of an association of youths selected from the pupils of the College, with whom he was accustomed to frequent a neighbouring garden, on Sundays, after the sacred offices of the day, where

he displayed the same ardour in joining in their joyous sports, as he shewed in the prosecution of his astronomical labours. He died at the age of forty-three years, a rare example of the union of the love of God with the love of science; and a confessor—if not in some sense a martyr—to that faith for which he was driven from the land of his birth, and in whose service he gladly gave up his life.

#### REPORTED MIRACULOUS APPEARANCE IN THE RELICS OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Univers* gives the following remarkable narrative:—

“Here is the account of an event which I must not permit myself to discuss, for the arm of God is never shortened. I have perhaps neglected to inform you that since the departure of his Holiness the sacred relics of the Passion of the Saviour, the lance, the piece of the true cross, and the *volto santo* (the holy countenance on the cloth of St. Veronica) have been exposed to the veneration of the faithful in the Basilica of St. Peter. Sunday evening, the canon of this Basilica, stationed to guard these precious relics, remarked upon the *volto santo*, of which the impression is very slight, a striking change; the Divine countenance displayed itself in relief with a cadaverous colour, the eyes sunk, and animated with a deep expression of severity. The canons Lucidi, Castagnetti, and San Pierri, hastened to join their colleague upon receiving his pressing invitation. They were witnesses to this supernatural fact; other canons, and several persons connected with the Basilica, also hastened thither to venerate the wonderful relic, and became witnesses of the prodigy, admiring the miraculous change which had taken place in the features of the Saviour imprinted upon the *volto santo*. The chapter of St. Peter has ordered an inquiry, and an authentic *procès verbal* has been sent to the Sovereign Pontiff at Gaeta.”

#### DEVOTION OF THE “FORTY HOURS” IN LONDON.

OUR readers will learn with great satisfaction that the devotion in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, in the form of “The Forty Hours’ Prayer,” has been instituted in London for the present Lent, by the late Vicar Apostolic and his coadjutor. No more welcome or touching legacy could have been left by the revered Dr. Walsh, as his parting gift to the Catholics of this great metropolis. We subjoin a portion of the very interesting Indult which appoints the celebration, and a list of the churches and chapels at which the Blessed Sacrament will be exposed.

“As this devotion, called the Forty Hours’ Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, is as yet but little known in this country, we will proceed, in a few words, to explain it; premising no more of its history than to say, that it was first instituted at Milan, in 1534; that it was thence introduced into Rome, through the instrumentality of its great modern apostle, the holy St. Philip Neri; and was formally sanctioned by Pope Clement VIII. in 1592, in consequence, as he says, of the troubled state of Christendom, and the sufferings of the Church.\*

“As a condition of the Incarnation of the Word, an exchange was made, not unequal, between earth and

\* *Raccolta di Orazioni*, &c. Rome, 1841, p. 181.



heaven. We gave to it, not only the spirits of the just made perfect, in the glorious choir of Saints who fill the seats of fallen angels; but, in anticipation of the resurrection, one precious instalment of humanity glorified, in her the spotless, who rules, in the very body, over the hosts of angels, as their Queen. But even higher this our flesh has penetrated—yea, into the very sanctuary of God's light inaccessible; for in the very midst and centre of that dazzling radiance, towards which blissful spirits bend gazing and adoring, is to be seen the gentle 'likeness of the Son of Man,' in all things resembling us. And in return, heaven has bestowed on earth, not merely communion between us and its happy citizens, but the permanent dwelling of God amongst us, who, under the name of Emmanuel, or 'God with us,' lives ever in the midst of his Church, to be the direct object of our adoration and love.

"And so it comes, dearly beloved, that heaven worships now the nature of man indivisibly united with the Godhead; and earth adores the Deity, joined inseparably to our humanity, in the person of the incarnate Word. Hence is our worship and theirs but one—one in object, one in value, one in sentiment, one, if possible, in form; for so identical, throughout this communion of Saints, is the essence of divine worship, that the very mode of its performance necessarily becomes similar, not to say one. So that in reading the glorious visions of heaven's sanctuary thrown open to St. John, it becomes difficult to determine, whether he there beheld counterparts to what the Church had already instituted upon earth, or types which served her, under apostolic guidance, for the framing of her ritual. But rather would we say that the same divine instinct guided both; and taught angels in heaven and saints on earth to adore and to love with the same outward expression. And so the whole forms but one Church and one worship. There is one altar in both, beneath which the slain for Christ rest, and on which the same Victim-Lamb reposes; one censer from which prayer rises fragrant, from minister's to angel's hand; one bench of venerable elders, that sit or fall prostrate in rich array around; one choir, one song, one voice, one heart, one life.

"In one only respect would these services appear to differ: that theirs is perpetual, uninterrupted, unceasing; that the thrice-repeated 'Holy' echoes ever through all those golden vaults, while we, only at brief and distant periods, can unite in formal worship. But even here the Spouse of Christ on earth would not be outdone; and wishful to rival the very deathless and sleepless watchfulness of those eyes that sparkle all over the cherubim round the throne of God, she has instituted, at different periods, modes of imitating the unfailling worship of heaven. In early ages, she taught her religious, in desert and in monastery, to divide themselves into choirs, that day and night kept up the praises of God in uninterrupted psalmody; and in our days—oh, happy and heavenly thought!—she has instituted this perpetual adoration of the blessed Eucharist—of Him whom in heaven they so worship, with us present as truly as with them. This it is, dearly beloved, that we are going to introduce among you.

"But it is not your Saviour, 'as the hidden manna' of which you partake, that you have here to reverence and love; it is your Lord, your God, triumphant over death for you, yet shrouding from you his overpowering glory, to whom you have to pay your open and solemn homage—not enshrined in his poor tabernacle, where, because unseen, He is often unhonoured; but enthroned, as in heaven, above his own altar, Lord of his own sanctuary, centre of all surrounding splendour, challenging, with love, deep adoration. Around Him shall flame the hallowed tapers by whose pure ray the Church symbolises, however feebly, the bright spirits that shine around his heavenly throne. At his feet earth shall scatter its choicest flowers, as its graceful tribute to Him that bloomed so fair from Jesse's root. On all sides shall be arrayed whatever of richness and splendour our poverty can collect, to adorn the chosen abode of Him who hath said, 'The silver is mine, and the

gold is mine,' and does not disdain any manifestation of our reverence. Hasten, then, dearly beloved, to bring whatever may be necessary to enrich the solemnity of that happy day, when your Lord, in his kingly progress, shall visit your own temple, saying, 'I will fill *this* house with glory;' and, whether it be splendid or lowly, shall there abide in special state. Give proof to all that come there to visit Him that you prize, you cherish, you love this privilege which He bestows; and that, like Solomon and the people of Israel, you have 'gladly offered all those things' which are requisite to its becoming, and even splendid, enjoyment. And 'presently the Lord whom ye seek, and the angel of the testament whom you desire, shall come to his temple.' \* \* \*

"Now it is that you will practise that angelic worship, lost and unknown out of the Catholic Church, the worship of pure adoration. For beyond her pale, men may praise God, or address Him, or perform other religious acts, but they cannot know nor make that special homage which his presence, as we possess it, inspires; when, without word spoken, or sound uttered, or act performed, the soul sinks prostrate, and annihilates itself, before Him; casts all its powers, and gifts, and brightest ornaments, as worthless oblations before his altar, and subjects its entire being, as a victim, to his sole adorable will. When first, then, you approach the place where He is solemnly worshipped, as you humbly bend your knees, and bow your heads, let this deep and silent adoration be your first act. Speak not in words, forget all selfish thoughts, repress even all eager longings of your hearts, and receive the benediction of your mighty Lord in solemn stillness; while you, replying yourselves but dust and ashes at his feet, a nothingness before Him, tender Him the homage of loyal vassals, humbled as the clay before the potter, as the creature before its God. Then raise up your eyes, those keen eyes of Faith, which, through the veil of sacramental elements, see, as John did, 'in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, one like to the Son of Man;' yea, the adorable Jesus, the king of your souls, and there feast long your sight upon that sacred Humanity, which love hath given Him, and with it kindred and brotherhood, and ties of tenderest affection with you. And now speak to Him, but with out-poured souls, with the unrestrained familiarity of warmest friendship, face to face—no longer with the awful Lord, like Moses or Elias, on Horeb, but with them, and Peter, and John, on Thabor, where you see Him radiant with his own light, but mild, and inviting love.

"Pray to Him now for your own salvation and for that of all mankind. Pray for the exaltation of his holy Church, for the happiness and prosperity of its supreme Pastor, our dear and afflicted Pontiff. Pray for the propagation of the true Faith, and the conversion of all in error, and especially of our own dear country. Pray that God will mercifully remove from us the scourges and judgments which we have deserved by our sins, and remember no longer our offences, nor those of our parents, but rather shew us mercy, and give to us his good gifts, but principally, his grace, holiness of life, and perseverance in his holy service.

"And then, oh! never think of rising from before Him without thanking Him from your hearts for this miraculous institution of his power and goodness, this sweetest pledge of his love. Adore Him now again, as the Treasure of your souls, the Food of life, the living Bread that cometh down from heaven, your Consoler, your Strengtheners, your surest Hope in life and death. Speak to Him of the kindness, of the self-abasement, of the immense condescension which He here exhibits; of the untiring affection for poor man which He displays, in bearing with so much coldness, ingratitude, and even sacrilege, as this blessed memorial of his death exposes Him to; of the still more incomprehensible excess of love, which makes Him communicate Himself daily to us, frail and sinful creatures, as our food, and thus brings our very hearts and souls in contact with his! And offer Him your humble tribute of reverence and love, in reparation and atonement for those scoffs, con-

traditions, and blasphemies to which He has long been and is daily subject in his adorable Sacrament, and nowhere so much as in this unbelieving land.

"But, dearly beloved in Christ, confine not your devotion to the time when the opportunity for this heavenly act of worship shall come to your very doors. Say rather, 'We will go into his tabernacle, we will adore in the place where His feet have stood.' Make this, if possible, a daily devotion throughout the Lent—this daily worship of your divine Saviour in his blessed Eucharist. Fear not to penetrate where his humbler temples stand in the midst of his poor; let your faith guide you beyond the range of your ordinary occupations, and the beat of worldly recreations, holding that spot to be the most noble, the most sacred, and the most highly privileged for the time, in which He is manifested, to be publicly adored.

"And the further to encourage you to this devotion, we not only remind you of the many spiritual favours bestowed upon such as practise it; but we exercise the power conferred upon us by the Sovereign Pontiff, of communicating a plenary indulgence, which may be gained by each one, twice in the course of the Lent, with the usual conditions of confession and communion, by visiting the Forty Hours.

"And beyond the places set down in the Table published by us, of the Exposition of the blessed Sacrament in London, we leave it to the discretion of the pastor of each other place in this district, should he deem it conducive to the piety of his flock, to have it in his church or chapel on such days as he shall think fit, in the form also published by our authority, and with the above conditions and privileges."

#### ORDER OF THE EXPOSITION.

*The Exposition at each place closes on the day on which it commences at the next place, except that of Thursday, which closes on Saturday.*

Day of the Week.	Day of the Month.	Place where the Exposition begins.
Ash-Wednesday,	Feb. 21—	St. Mary's, Moorfields.
Friday,	" 23—	Fulham.
1st Sunday,	" 25—	St. George's.
Tuesday,	" 27—	Warwick Street.
Thursday,	March 1—	Kensington.
2nd Sunday,	" 4—	St. John's Wood and Clapham.
Tuesday,	" 6—	French Chapel.
Thursday,	" 8—	Islington.
3rd Sunday,	" 11—	Spanish Place and Lincoln's Inn Fields.
Tuesday,	" 13—	Virginia Street.
Thursday,	" 15—	Hammersmith.
4th Sunday,	" 18—	St. Patrick's and Hampstead.
Tuesday,	" 20—	Poplar and Westminster.
Thursday,	" 22—	Rosamon Street, Clerkenwell.
Passion Sunday,	" 25—	Chelsea.
Tuesday,	" 27—	Hackney.
Thursday,	" 29—	Somerstown.
Palm Sunday,	April 1—	Bermondsey.

#### PETER PENCE, AND ADDRESSES TO THE POPE.

COLLECTIONS have been extensively made in the London District, and in other parts of the country, to be forwarded to the Pope, to aid him in his pecuniary difficulties. The following is the Address of the London clergy to his Holiness. An Address, couched in a similar spirit, has been signed by the laity.

Most Holy Father,—We, the clergy of the London District, with sentiments of deep veneration, approach that throne, which, whether it be raised glorious on the Vatican, or lowly in the Catacombs, or exiled upon a foreign coast, is always to us the See of Peter, and the

centre of Catholic unity; and there, prostrate at your sacred feet, we beg to express our feelings of devotion, affection, and sincere attachment.

No sooner had the calamitous news of those outrages which disgraced the city of Rome reached us; no sooner had we heard of the ungrateful insults with which your sacred person had been assailed, and of the necessity to which you felt yourself driven of abandoning for a time that infatuated people; than we gathered our flocks round the altar of God, and there, in the presence of the Divine Word in his adorable Eucharist, we united in prayer and humble entreaty to the almighty Disposer of events, that He would mercifully shorten the days of this chastisement and affliction to his spouse the Church.

For never, Most Holy Father, never have we feared that his visitation would be lasting. Never has our faith wavered in his unfailing promises. Well do we know, that the host of martyrs, and of your sainted predecessors, whose ashes hallow the very dust of Rome, are lifting up their hands in supplication round that altar of the Lamb in heaven, whereof ours is the symbol; that those glorious Apostles, whose very bones cry out from beneath the altar of the Vatican Confession, claim to exercise the right of protection over your august person, as they did over your holy predecessor, St. Leo, before Attila: and that the ever-glorious Virgin, to whose patronage your Holiness has ever so devoutly and confidently clung, appeals to her Son, to vindicate his own honour in the person of his vicar and vicergerent upon earth. In these powerful suffrages, to which the Church militant joins her voice, we place our certain trust, that a speedy end will be put to the calamities which now afflict the Church, through the separation of your Holiness from the Eternal City.

And if our confidence has not for one moment faltered, how much less, if possible, our veneration and affection for your Holiness's sacred person. For, on the contrary, these have been rather increased by witnessing the noble example of resignation, of patience, of forbearance, and of meekness, which your trials have called forth; so that while in the former part of your Pontificate we admired the wisdom and generosity which guided your counsels, now we are edified by the apostolic virtues, which prove how truly and how fully you have inherited every privilege bestowed upon the Prince of the Apostles.

Accept, then, Most Holy Father, this our filial homage and assurance of our devout attachment to the See of Peter and to your Holiness's person. In here tendering it, we feel assured that we are also giving utterance to the unanimous sentiments which animate our flocks. We will not desist from addressing our humble and earnest entreaties to Heaven, that it will deign to shed its choicest blessings on your sacred head, wherever the hand of Divine Providence shall guide you, and that soon you may be consoled, to the joy of Christendom, by offering up your prayer of thanks at the tomb of the Apostles.

And now once more prostrate before your sacred feet, we implore your paternal and Apostolical Benediction upon ourselves and our missionary labours, and upon the flocks committed to our care. Your Holiness's obedient and devoted servants and children.

London, Feb. 6, 1849.

#### SPANISH-PLACE MEDICAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

THIS excellent institution has just published its first report. It is short, and we give it at length, in hope of inducing some of our readers to render it whatever aid may be in their power.

The harrowing scenes which it is the lot of Catholic clergymen to find themselves constantly thrown amongst in the performance of their duties when visiting the abodes of the sick and dying poor, became so terribly



increased in intensity as well as number during the years 1846 and 1847 in this district, that the parochial clergy, incited strongly by the extreme urgency of the cases, ventured upon the establishment, in the month of July last year, of a "Medical Benevolent Institution," for the purpose of giving at least some properly qualified medical assistance to those suffering members of their flock who must otherwise have perished. They were aided in this good work by a few charitable individuals, whose subscriptions enabled them to procure some of those necessaries for the destitute, which, with the medical aid of Mr. O'Connor, have, by the blessing of Divine Providence, been the means of restoring to health and the ability of again earning a livelihood, and attending to their helpless families, a large number of poor.

Nearly 300 poor persons have been, through the instrumentality of this humble institution, within one year restored to health from various diseases; and, in appealing to the public for aid, the founders beg to point out one feature which they trust will entitle it to energetic support. It is, that by the restoration of the poor to health, from fevers, dysenteric and incipient pulmonary diseases, or the many other complaints to which those living in badly ventilated and crowded neighbourhoods are subject, there is not only a greater saving of human life, but their families are prevented from being scattered and thrown either upon the already too crowded orphan asylums or workhouses, or into the more dangerous haunts of the dissolute and impious.

A contribution of one guinea annually constitutes an annual subscriber, who is entitled to the privilege of recommending three patients to the benefits of the institution. Donors of ten guineas are life subscribers, and entitled to the privileges of annual subscribers.

T. J. REARDON. WM. HUNT.  
F. RING. J. BAMBER.

6 Spanish Place, July 1, 1848.

Donations and Subscriptions are received by the Revs. Messrs. Reardon, Hunt, Ring, and Bamber, Spanish Chapel, 6 Spanish Place, Manchester Square; the Rev. E. Hearn, 24 Foley Place; the Rev. J. Brownbill, 9 Hill Street, Berkeley Square; the Rev. Messrs. O'Neal and Mc Neal, St. John's Wood; Thomas Barnewall, Esq., Commercial Bank, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; E. Jerningham, Esq., London Joint-Stock Bank, 69 Pall Mall; by the Medical Attendant, W. O'Connor, Esq., 21 George Street, Portman Square; and Mr. Burns, Publisher, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square.

#### PROPOSED CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY FOR IRELAND.

THE Prelates assembled at the Synod of the province of Tuam have issued the following important announcement:

We, the undersigned Prelates of the Province of Tuam, after having concluded our synodical meeting, of which the decrees are reserved for their proper time, feel that nothing can be more desirable than to express our full concurrence in the recommendation of his Holiness to found a Catholic University, and to proffer our cheerful co-operation towards its establishment.

Aware of the magnitude, as well as of the importance to religion and to science, of this undertaking, we would not venture to take any initiative in forming its plan, much less in carrying it into execution. These are matters which must, in the first instance, be submitted at their next general meeting to the counsels of the assembled Bishops of Ireland. But as the time of their meeting is yet distant, and as many are anxious to offer their aid towards this object, and thereby facilitate its accomplishment, we hereby declare our readiness to concur in carrying out the recommendation of his Holiness—so worthy of his great character, and so illustrative of the zeal for promoting the interests of learning and of education that has ever distinguished the Catholic Church. We are prepared to offer our own indi-

vidual subscriptions, as ample as the circumstances of the times will permit us; as also to use our influence in whatever manner it may be most effective.

We hereby request of the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, the secretary of the late meetings of the Bishops of Ireland, to correspond with any persons or committees that may be disposed to unite in the same laudable project, distinctly putting forward that for its success it must have the entire nation's hearty concurrence; and that therefore all discussion on the site of the University, its plan, extent of its object, as well as its constitution, be reserved for the forthcoming national meeting, in October, of the Catholic Prelates of Ireland.

It is hoped that notwithstanding the poverty of the country, there will be in that interval such a manifestation of zeal in its favour, and such an array of provisional subscriptions in its support, as to give to the most desponding confidence to realise this great national blessing.

Tuam, January 26, 1849.

- ✠ JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.
- ✠ EDMUND FRENCH, Bishop of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora.
- ✠ GEORGE J. P. BROWNE, Bishop of Elphin.
- ✠ THOMAS FEENY, Bishop of Killala.
- ✠ LAURENCE O'DONNELL, Bishop of Galway.
- ✠ JOHN DERRY, Bishop of Clonfert.

#### ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE, DRUMCONDRA, DUBLIN.

THE first report of this invaluable seminary is now published, and details the history of its foundation, and the success with which the institution has been crowned. It has been founded for six years, and has already sent out forty-nine missionary priests to Scotland and to the Colonies.

"The College was established by the Rev. John Hand, a native of the Diocese of Meath, and priest of the Archdiocese of Dublin, who, while residing in St. Vincent's Seminary, Castleknock, conceived the idea of founding in Dublin a college for the foreign missions. It was obvious to him, and to those who joined in his undertaking, that upon this country the obligation devolved in a most special manner of preaching the Gospel to the many millions who acknowledge the rule, or who speak the language, of Great Britain. The fact that the Catholic inhabitants of the British Colonies and dependencies, and of the United States of America, are in a great part descended from Irish emigrants, while it rendered this obligation more stringent, made the fulfilment of it truly a labour of love.

"It was also obvious that in this country there were numbers of young men eminently qualified for the foreign missions, whose zeal and talents would remain for ever useless to the Church, if this field of apostolic labour was not opened to them. Nothing was wanted but the charity of the faithful to give them the education necessary for the sacred ministry; and where this was the only condition to be supplied, one acquainted, as was Father Hand, with the unbounded generosity and true Catholic spirit of the Irish people could no longer hesitate. Hence, after having matured his plan by many years' meditation, he left Ireland in February 1841 with a twofold object, viz. to visit establishments on the Continent similar to that which he intended to found, and to procure the approbation of the Holy See for his design.

"In order to gain the former of these two objects, he visited several colleges in France and Italy, and made himself acquainted with their rules, &c. Towards the end of the year he went to Rome, where he obtained for his work the approbation and blessing of his late Holiness Pope Gregory the Sixteenth.

"This approval was followed soon after by a donation

from the Sacred Congregation of 200 Roman crowns, and of a large number of valuable books printed in the Propaganda press.

"A few days after Mr. Hand had received the foregoing approbation of His Holiness and of the Sacred Congregation, he received a letter from the Most Rev. Doctor Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, in which his Grace expressed his warmest wishes for the success of the undertaking.

"Mr. Hand returned to Dublin in June, and immediately began to collect subscriptions for the College, as he had previously done in Rome and on his way homewards. His Grace the Archbishop gave as a donation the sum of 25*l.*, and has since given an annual subscription of 10*l.* to the College. In October of this year, the Rev. Mr. Hand took Drumcondra House and the lands attached to it on lease from the Corporation of Dublin. We should perhaps mention, that the Liberator was at that time Lord Mayor, and took a lively interest in the College, to which, until his last illness, he subscribed annually 20*l.* The new college was by the direction of the Archbishop called 'The College of All Hallows,' from the fact of the lands on which it was situated having formerly belonged to the Priory of All Hallows, Dublin.

"The house and demesne, when Mr. Hand came into possession, were in a very neglected state. Much trouble and expense were required to fit them for their new destination. Mr. Hand immediately commenced furnishing the house, and making the necessary improvements; and although he had then collected only about 800*l.*, he was not daunted by the magnitude of an enterprise, whose success with means so inadequate many thought impossible. Mr. Hand relied on that God for whose glory he laboured, and who abundantly supplies all things necessary to those who are engaged in his divine service.

"On the 1st of November, 1842, Mr. Hand, with two clergymen and one student, celebrated at the College the Feast of All Saints, and from this day is dated the foundation of the institution.

"Early in this month a few students entered; and in the October following the number was thirty-eight, destined severally for the missions of Vincennes and New York (U. S.), British Guiana, Trinidad, Scotland, Calcutta, Agra, Madras, Cape of Good Hope, and Sydney (Australia).

"From this time forward, the rapid development of the institution was most consoling to all who felt an interest in its success; but the good work could flourish only under trials and difficulties. In the spring of 1846 it pleased God to take to Himself one of Father Hand's first and most zealous associates—the Rev. James O'Ryan. His death was a severe loss to the young establishment; but it was only the prelude to a much greater trial, with which God visited All Hallows in the following May. This was the death of its venerated founder, the pious and zealous Father Hand. He died on Ascension-eve, the 20th of May, being then thirty-seven years old, and only three years and a half after he had founded All Hallows. Short as was this period, and although his undertaking was subjected to many and grievous trials, still he lived to see eight clergymen united with him in the direction of the college; and at the moment of his departure, sixty-five students were recommending his soul to his Creator. Within a few months after his death, missionaries were sent out from the house which he had founded, to Scotland, to South and North America, and to Australia, and others were preparing to start for the East Indies, did not circumstances cause them to delay their departure. So much was the zeal of one man enabled by God's grace to effect."

The College has gone on and prospered until the present time, fostered by the Irish prelates at home, and most anxiously looked to by the Bishops on the foreign missions. There are now seventy-five students at All Hallows, where, it is needless to say, a spirit of rare fervour and of

devotion to the glory of God and the salvation of souls is the ruling principle of all.

Two of its clergy, the Rev. Dr. Woodlock and the Rev. M. Flannery, are now in England, seeking help from those who have the means; and we shall rejoice to learn that their success has equalled their utmost hopes. English Catholics are bound to remember that, as we have no similar missionary college in Great Britain, it is our duty to give all possible help to that which exists and flourishes in Ireland.

#### PIUS IX. AND THE BISHOP OF LAUSANNE AND GENEVA.

THE *Observateur de Genève* publishes the following correspondence between his Holiness and the persecuted Bishop Marilley:

To his Holiness Pope Pius IX.

Most Holy Father,—In the midst of the tribulations which the Lord dispenses to his Church in these evil days, it is sweet to me to take advantage of the liberty recently restored to me, to come, in the name of the clergy and of the faithful of my diocese, to lay before the feet of your Holiness a just tribute of profound veneration and of filial devotion.

The evils under which we are labouring in Switzerland are doubtless great; but we feel yet more acutely for those which are afflicting your Holiness, and we accordingly pray heartily to the Author of every perfect gift to sweeten the bitterness thereof, and to abridge the duration. We are besides supported in our immovable confidence both by the heroic example of your Holiness, and by the certainty that the new attacks directed against the holy Catholic Church will procure for her new triumphs. This thought tempers our affliction, sustains our courage, and imparts a yet greater strength, if that be possible, to the precious bonds which attach us to the chair of St. Peter.

Whilst waiting for the publication of a detailed report on my captivity in the Castle of Chillon, where I was kept in close ward for seven weeks, I content myself at this moment with informing your Holiness that the gates of my prison were only opened for me to be conducted into exile, and interdicted a return to my diocese. I am now at Divonne, in the noble country of France, on the frontier of the cantons of Vaud and Geneva.

Humbly prostrated before the feet of your Holiness, I implore your Apostolical Benediction for myself, for my venerable clergy, and for the faithful people committed to my care.

Deign to receive, Most Holy Father, the poor homage of my profound veneration, of my filial submission, and of my entire devotedness.

✠ STEPHEN MARILLEY,

Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva.

At the Chateau of Divonne (Dép. de l'Ain, en France), Dec. 29, 1848.

To our Venerable Brother, Stephen, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva.

Pius PP. IX.

Venerable Brother, health and Apostolical Benediction. We exulted with joy, Venerable Brother, when we read your letter, dated the 29th of December last, from which we understood that you, after languishing for a long time in prison, were at length in exile beyond the bounds of your diocese and of Switzerland itself. For we felt compassion for you, suffering persecution for the sake of justice, and we looked upon your sufferings as our own, and mingled our tears with yours. But now we congratulate you yet more earnestly, in that you have exhibited a glorious monument of episcopal constancy, by firmly persevering in your abhorrence of innovations. And you yourself, to whom it has been given to suffer such things on behalf of the apostolical faith and Catholic unity, do we embrace as a worthy athlete



of Christ, with special charity and affection. But, Venerable Brother, have a great heart, and, like a good soldier of Jesus Christ, in the midst of the afflictions and tribulations which you will still have to endure, call to mind the glory which the Lord has prepared for those who strenuously fight and persevere even unto the end. We never omit, in the humility of our heart, to offer up our prayers and supplications with thanksgiving to Almighty God, that you may shine more and more with the glory of constancy, and that the day of consolation may soon dawn, and a time of peace descend upon us. Great is our confidence in the zealous and fervent prayers and vows wherewith all the faithful day and night entreat of God himself, that the mercies of Heaven may hasten to come upon his people, and that these days of most bitter tribulation may be shortened. May the same most merciful Lord answer the prayers with which we suppliantly invoke Him, that He may console with abundance of heavenly graces, and defend with his holy arm, all the clergy of your diocese, and the faithful people, grieving, as they ought to do, for the absence of their pastor. Lastly, as a sign of our most zealous affection towards you, and a pledge of the Divine assistance, we most lovingly impart the Apostolical Benediction, drawn from our inmost soul, to yourself, Venerable Brother, and to the sheep entrusted to your fidelity.

Given at Gaeta, Jan. 21, 1849, in the third year of our Pontificate.

Pius PP. IX.

#### THE DOCTRINE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MAINTAINED BY THE PARLIAMENT OF SICILY.

IN the midst of all the impieties which the Italians are committing, it is a gratification to meet with acts of faith such as those of which Venice and Sicily are furnishing examples. From the earliest days of her revolution, we have seen Venice, instead of driving away the Bishops, like the other cities of the peninsula, hastening to secure to the clergy that liberty for which they so vainly appeal elsewhere. We have seen her, since the 16th of November, refusing to associate herself with the anti-papal movement. In Sicily, the following are the terms of a decree recently adopted by the Parliament at Palermo:—

"Art. 1st. The president of the government of the kingdom is authorised to approve and ratify the vow made annually in honour of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. This vow shall be pronounced on the 8th of December, in the church of St. Francis at Palermo, in presence of the Chambers.

"Art. 2d. The form of the vow shall be modified as follows:—

"Most glorious Virgin, in presence of the august Trinity, of the Angels and Saints of Heaven, of all persons here assembled, and of the Legislative Chambers, we venerate thee, and acknowledge that thou wert preserved by the merits of thy divine Son from original sin from the very first moment of thy blessed conception, conformably to the apostolical decrees hereunto relating.

"We firmly believe that thy soul was pure and immaculate from the first moment that it pleased God to create it, and unite it to thy body.

"By special order of the Parliament, we approve, ratify, and renew, in the name of this capital and of the whole kingdom, the promise which the supreme authority has always given, of concurring in maintaining and defending thy Immaculate Conception, ardently desiring that all may happen for the greater glory of thy Immaculate Conception, for the welfare and exaltation of the Church, for the extirpation of here-

sies, for the peace and happiness of all Christian people, specially for the liberty and independence of Sicily, and finally, for the general good of this illustrious capital.

"We exhort the other cities and places in the kingdom to follow the example of this capital, and pay the same homage to the most holy Virgin.

"Immaculata Mariæ Virginis Conceptio.  
Sit nobis semper salus et protectio.

"Executed and deliberated at Palermo.

"The president of the Chamber of Commons,  
"MARIEN STABILE."

#### DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. WALSH, VICAR APOSTOLIC OF THE LONDON DISTRICT.

ON Sunday, the 18th of February, the Right Rev. Dr. Thomas Walsh, Bishop of Cambysopolis, and Vicar Apostolic of the London district, expired at his residence in Golden Square. For some time his health had been gradually giving way, and on the Saturday afternoon previous to his death he received the holy viaticum. His thoughts were entirely occupied with God, so far as the torpor caused by the disease permitted it. Every now and then he could be heard making acts of resignation to the holy will of God. On Sunday the pulse was much feebler, and the general strength much diminished. Still there was but little suffering, and that little not perceptible through its patient endurance. In the afternoon the symptoms became more aggravated, and about half-past six it became evident that the last hour was fast approaching. The Recommendation of a parting soul was read, and every other pious practice enjoined by the Ritual observed. Throughout consciousness remained; and one of the last successful efforts of the good Bishop's right hand was to sign himself with the cross of Christ, the dying Christian's shield. Again and again he fervently kissed the crucifix presented to his lips. At length, amidst the prayers and tears of his attendants, he breathed forth calmly his pure soul into the hands of God, at twenty minutes to nine, P.M., without a struggle or a pang.

The corpse was arrayed in pontificals and laid out in an apartment of the Bishop's residence, where many of the clergy and faithful came to say a prayer beside the venerable remains, and to witness the calm and placid expression of the countenance, more resembling that of slumber than of death. The body was afterwards, according to the prescriptions of the "Episcopal ceremonial," vested, "by the Bishop's familiar clerks," in full pontifical vestments of violet colour, including dalmatics, sandals, gloves, pectoral cross, ring, mitre, and crosier, "as though he were about to celebrate high mass" (lib. ii. c. xxxviii. § 9), and thus deposited in the coffin.

Dr. Walsh was educated in the school at St. Alban's, and afterwards proceeded to St. Omer's, where he embraced the Catholic Faith. He was imprisoned during the reign of terror in France, and, after his liberation, continued his studies for the priesthood at St. Edmund's College, Old Hall Green. When Bishop Stapleton was appointed to the Midland District in 1801, he took him with him from the London District, and thus he became connected with that district, where his name will long be honoured and cherished. Dr. Milner selected him for his coadjutor, and he was consecrated May 1, 1825. He succeeded to the administration of the district in less than a year.

His administration of the Midland District was marked by a most decisive progress in religion throughout his whole charge; and it may most truly be said, that it is long since a Catholic Prelate has left the scene of his labours remembered with more affection, respect, and gratitude than is felt by all who had the privilege of knowing the late Dr. Walsh.

**DEATH OF THE REV. J. NEWSHAM.**—Died on the 8th inst., at Stonyhurst, the Rev. Joseph Newsham, S.J. He was born at Westby, Co. Lanc., 16th May, 1781. Like St. Ignatius, he came late to the vineyard; but compensated for the delay and redeemed the time by extraordinary assiduity and fervour. At Christmas 1809 he commenced his ecclesiastical studies at Stonyhurst, and on the 3d July, 1819, was promoted to holy orders by Archbishop Murray. The ensuing month witnessed his settlement in the laborious mission of Wigan, where for nearly ten years he exercised his ministry with the zeal of an apostle. Thence he was removed to Portico, where his services to religion were equally efficient. His experience and tact pointed him out as the fittest man in the province to fill the office of Procurator at Stonyhurst, and he was therefore recalled to the College in January 1832. Of late it pleased Almighty God to visit his faithful servant with a painful and tedious illness, to increase his merits and his future glory.

**DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM GRANT.**—The Rev. William Grant, after pursuing his studies at Blairs, near Aberdeen, and afterwards at the Scottish college in Valladolid, returned to his native country, at the age of twenty-four, about three years ago, to labour as a clergyman among the Catholics of Scotland. His first mission was among the railway labourers in the neighbourhood of Fusie Bridge. They had for some time been in a very demoralised state, and various revolting incidents had given the whole body in that district an unenviable notoriety. Mr. Grant gave himself with singular zeal to effect their reformation, and with proportionate success. After a year's time he was removed to Dumfries, where he caught both the small-pox and typhus fever. Recovering from both, he ministered to his flock during the prevalence of the cholera at Dumfries, himself untouched, but exhausted with his toils. When slowly recovering, he went to Stirling to give temporary aid to his fellow-priest, Mr. Malcolm, where he caught the cholera, and died after seven hours' illness on the 7th ult. The impression of his virtues was universal in the town, and his funeral was attended by the Protestant Provost and two of the Protestant clergy.

**DEATH OF MRS. HOWARD, OF CORBY CASTLE, CUMBERLAND.**—This kind and charitable lady died at her house in Lower Brook Street, on the 16th of January, in the 79th year of her age. Catherine Mary Howard was the second daughter of the late Sir Richard Neave, Bart., of Dagnam Park, Essex; widow of Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, and mother to the Hon. Mrs. P. Stourton, the Lady Petre, P. H. Howard, Esq., M.P. for Carlisle, and H. F. Howard, Esq., Secretary to her Majesty's Legation at Berlin. The loss of Mrs. Howard will be deeply felt, not only by a wide circle of friends and relatives, but by those who were termed the especial favourites of our Saviour—the poor and unfriended.

**WALTHAMSTOW MISSION.**—This infant mission was opened about fourteen months ago, and has for some time past had a struggling existence, owing to the many difficulties and obstacles which have been thrown in the way of the foundress, to mar the success of the undertaking. The divine offices of the Church have been, until lately, celebrated at the private residence of a Protestant gentleman, who submitted for twelve months to the inconvenience of having his house made a public thoroughfare. A combination of circumstances compelled the resident pastor to advise the expediency of closing the Church services to the public from Christmas-day, under the impression that a new building, which is to serve as a temporary chapel, would by this time have been ready for divine service. It is expected, however, that it will soon be opened. Meanwhile the pastor has obtained permission to admit a limited number of the congregation to assist during Lent at the services of the Church, again resumed at the above-mentioned residence. In the neighbourhood of the chapel a poor-school has been lately established; but as the Catholics in that locality have not the means to render it any effectual support, and Mrs. Collard, who

would feel but too happy to give it every assistance in her power, finds herself unable to meet any thing approaching to the expenditure necessarily incurred, from having already parted with every disposable article to defray the expenses of the present chapel, and to provide the necessary fittings for the temporary building, the resident pastor begs to appeal to the charity of those whom God has blessed with the means of shewing mercy to the poor members of his Church, the little ones of Christ, in behalf of the poor-school, which, with God's blessing, has been started under the superintendence of an experienced and accomplished mistress. He has been assisted with the sum of 10*l.* from the Catholic Poor-School Committee, and another of 6*l.* from four kind friends; but as the indispensable expenses which even such a school involves far surpass any sum which he can at present reckon upon towards defraying them, he earnestly solicits from the charity of others some small donations, or annual subscriptions, to enable him to carry on the work, until the opening of the new chapel may be an inducement to Catholic families to reside in the very agreeable and healthy neighbourhood of the mission. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Rev. E. Barron and Captain Collard, Walthamstow, Essex; Mr. Burns, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square; and by Mr. Dolman, 61 New Bond Street, London.

**THE ORATORY AT BIRMINGHAM.**—The fathers of the Oratory have commenced their labours in Birmingham, in a large hired building, of sufficient size to contain 600 or 700 persons, in one of the poorest and most destitute spots in the town. The impression produced has been immediate and striking. The Chapel, or Oratory, is crowded to excess, and children flock in great numbers to the instructions. We cannot but anticipate the happiest effects from the labours of the fathers, both in Birmingham and in every other place to which Divine Providence may call them; but at present their work is so completely in its commencement, that we prefer a mere announcement that it has begun, to any more detailed account of its character.

**RETREAT AT ST. CHAD'S, MANCHESTER.**—A spiritual Retreat has lately been given by the Passionist Fathers at St. Chad's, Manchester, who were warmly aided by the clergy of the town. Its success has more than equalled their expectations, and was declared by the Rev. Father Gaudentius, who had previously conducted upwards of forty other Retreats, to be the most satisfactory of any that he had ever witnessed. Several hundreds who had lived in habits of sin and the entire neglect of their duties have been reclaimed; about forty converts have been admitted to the communion of the faithful, and 3700 persons approached the holy communion at St. Chad's during the Retreat.

**BANQUET TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.**—This important demonstration took place in Tuam on Feb. 1, in the large room of Daly's Hotel. Over the president's chair a likeness of the Archbishop, surmounted by a portrait of his Holiness Pius IX.; on either side were small likenesses of O'Connell and the Archbishop, and at the opposite end of the room, over the vice-president's chair, was a large likeness of O'Connell, the whole surrounded with wreaths of laurel and flowers. About 250 gentlemen sat down to dinner. It was stated that a number of others would have attended, being anxious to pay any compliment in their power to the distinguished Prelate, but they remained away in consequence of the "Repeal of the Union" being among the toasts. Previous to the health of the Archbishop, which was received with enthusiasm, the following toasts were given:—"The health and prosperity of Pius IX.," which was received with loud and prolonged cheering, the entire company rising to do it honour; after this came, "Unconditional loyalty and fealty to her Majesty," "The health of Prince Albert and the other members of the Royal Family resident in England;" and then, "The People, the true source of legitimate, legalised, and constitutional power."



## Historic Chronicle.

THE Imperial Parliament has opened in a spirit most characteristic of the time and of the party now in office. The Queen's Speech was the same as ever, with the exception that it contained no announcement of our friendly relations with foreign powers. The Navigation Laws are pointed out for abolition. The Estimates are to be reduced. The Irish Coercion Bill is to be renewed for a limited time. The Irish Poor Law is to be patched up.

The first week of the session betrayed too clearly that the ministerial promises were at least equal to their intentions. The *ratio* of their *capacities* to their intentions need not be inquired into. In the debate on the Lords' address, Lord Stanley moved an amendment, condemning the foreign policy of the Government, and denying that the country is prosperous, which was nearly carried, the numbers being 50 and 52. In the Commons, Mr. Disraeli moved a similar amendment, in a brilliant, showy, and caustic speech, but without pressing for a division.

A sensible move has been made towards diminishing the talk of the house, by the adopting two recommendations of Mr. E. Denison's committee on public business. By these resolutions, three of the regular stages through which all bills pass are lopped off. Fifty thousand pounds of relief money has been voted for Ireland, but nothing is to be done for reclaiming waste lands, nothing for drainage, nothing for *any thing*. On the re-introduction of Mr. Labouchere's scheme for modifying the Navigation Laws, the ministerial weakness was made specially prominent by the permission which it appeared had been given to Mr. Baines, the new Poor Law President, to vote against the ministerial measure. The Jew Relief Bill has been brought in by Lord J. Russell, and will plainly pass the Commons' House by a majority of about two to one. The Catholic Relief Bill was brought forward by Mr. Anstey, and rejected.

On the continent the revolutionary game and its reactions are being played out, here fast, there slowly. The state of affairs in Rome is almost incomprehensible. The Constituent Assembly has met, elected by a small fraction of the whole people; they have proclaimed the dethronement of the Pope, and a democratic Republic, without a President; trade, labour, and amusement are gone from the Holy City, which is in the hands of a few clubs and daring adventurers; yet, through fear and want of organisation, the faithful servants of the Pope can do nothing, and the city also, notwithstanding its rapidly increasing distress, remains tranquil. The reports of foreign intervention in favour of the Pope are perpetually changing, and none of them can be relied on.

Tuscany shares the fate of Rome; the Grand Duke has fled, and a Republic is established.

In Naples the Parliament has met, and displays a certain degree of vigour, and apparently of sense. The war against Sicily is to be prosecuted, English and French mediation being given up, or having failed.

The French Republic stands, and at the same time moves on towards Royalty or Imperialism. After severe struggles, and fears of *emeutes* and massacres, probably only prevented by the enor-

mous masses of soldiery concentrated in Paris, and displayed to the citizens by the caution of General Changarnier, the Assembly has consented to fix a day for its dissolution, which is to take place immediately after the settlement of the Electoral Law, the Council of State Law, the Responsibility of Ministers Law, and the Budget for 1849. It has also been determined that the events of February are to be celebrated annually by religious services, in all the churches, at which the President of the Republic and the National Assembly are to assist. The *Times*' correspondent's account of the President's soirée on the 8th is so curious and highly significant, as to deserve quoting at length:—

"The salons of the Palais are, as is well known, but of moderate extent for the official residence of the Chief of the State. They are capable of containing about 600 persons—that is, not more than 600 can congregate at ease and without inconveniencing each other. Last night, however, there could not have been less than 800; and the result was, that in more than one part of the rooms compact masses were formed without any possibility of moving about until the crowd began to thin. Those accustomed to the pomp and etiquette of royal receptions could find no difference whatever in the state of this Republican display. The ladies who represented the beauty and rank of the aristocratic Faubourg of St. Germain, and of the wealth of the financial quarter of the Chaussée d'Antin, were splendidly dressed. The glitter of embroidery, the blaze of diamonds, the gloss of satin, and the rich softness of velvet, recalled some of the best days of royal festivities.

"One of the first things that struck all who had the honour of being present last night at the Elysée Nationale was the Imperial character of the scene; and if an old general or statesman of the Empire could for a moment forget the history of the last forty years, he might well imagine that he was assisting at one of those gorgeous receptions in the time of Napoleon. As you entered the salon d'attente, you first encountered six tall grooms of the antechamber, dressed in the rich livery of the Emperor, motionless, silent, and stately as statues. Then your card was delivered, and your name written in a book, where a list had been previously made out, which served to check the cards presented. Your name was then pronounced in a loud solemn tone of voice, and you were forthwith ushered into a second saloon, where the President was standing in the centre, in the attitude which has become so classic in France, notwithstanding its ungracefulness, namely, with his hands behind his back. The Red Republic would, doubtless, see something suspicious in the fact. After bowing to the President, you then moved about at your pleasure, from one group to another of the distinguished men and beautiful women you saw in all directions. The ladies, whose names were announced, were invariably accompanied by aides-de-camp; who, with the exquisite grace and gallantry (when Frenchmen choose to be graceful and gallant none are more so—few so much, except perhaps the Spanish gentleman) which distinguish the accomplished soldier, introduced them to the Chief of the State, who received them with a bow, and always had a few words to address to them.

"In an inner saloon there was music. The whole of the apartments were furnished in the style of the Empire; and the garde-meuble had been diligently searched for the objects of vertu and of art which reminded the old days and of scenes now long gone by. The productions of the great masters adorned the walls; lustres of antique and gorgeous fashion depended from the ceiling; pendules of exquisite workmanship and of gigantic size glittered on every side; and carpets of

the finest fabric, in the soft depths of which the foot buried itself, spread out their richness on the floor; and beautiful and transparent vases of Sèvres porcelain gave forth the most exquisite odours from the rarest flowers.

"Some of the most distinguished characters of the day were present; and to none did the President manifest more attention—more respect, mingled with the fond familiarity of a son to a parent—than to Count Molé. He was occasionally seen to lean on his shoulder, and even once or twice folded his arm round his waist. M. Thiers was also honoured in a marked manner; and the most perfect friendliness was exhibited to the Ministers, who were all, I believe, present.

"Among the many generals, who were all in uniform and wore their decorations, General Changarnier was not the least remarkable.

"The whole of the diplomatic corps was present. The Duke of Sotomayor sat for a long time by the side of the Princess Matilda, who did the honours of her cousin's house; and to no one was the President more marked in his attentions than to Lord Normanby, with whom he conversed frequently in English. At one o'clock the company began to thin."

Austria definitely declines the honour of being merged, on an equality with the petty principalities, in the new hypothetical empire of Germany. The whole scheme rapidly hastens to decay and extinction.

All eyes are directed to California, whence the accounts of the quantity of the gold really found are more marvellous every day. Crime, destitution, and disease, however, appear hand in hand with the coveted and cursed treasures. The only benefit the discovery has done to any one is to give an impulse both to American and English trade. A New York newspaper has published a letter from Monterey, California, which gives a picture happily rare in the history of man. Some extracts from it are well worth reading and studying.

"The extent of the gold region, on the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, extends a distance of 800 miles in length by 100 in width. It embraces not only gold, but quantities of quicksilver in almost general abundance. It is estimated that a small population, actively engaged in mining operations in that region, could export 100,000,000 dollars in gold in every year, and that an increased population might increase that amount to 300,000,000 dollars annually. You may believe me when I say that for some time to come California will export yearly nearly or quite 500,000 ounces of gold, 22 to 24 carats fine; some pieces of that will weigh 16 pounds, very many 1 pound. Many men who began last June to dig gold with a capital of 50 dollars can now shew 5000 to 15,000 dollars. I saw a man to-day making purchases of dry goods, &c. for his family, lay on the counter a bag made of raw hide, well sewed up, containing 100 ounces. I observed, 'That is a good way to pack gold-dust.' He very innocently replied, 'All the bags I brought down are that way; I like the size!' Five such bags in New York would bring nearly 10,000 dollars. This man left his family last August. Three months' digging and washing, producing four or five bags of 100 ounces each, is better than being mate of a vessel at 40 dollars per month, as the man formerly was. His companion, a Mexican, who camped and worked with him, only had two or three cow-hide bags of gold.

"In this tough but true golden tale, you must not imagine that all men are equally successful. There are some who have done better, even to 4000 dollars in a

month, many 1000 dollars during the summer; and others, who refused to join a company of gold-washers, who had a cheap-made machine and receive one ounce per day, that returned to the settlement with but a vest pocketful of gold. Some left with only sufficient to purchase a horse and saddle, and pay the physician six ounces of gold for one ounce of quinine, calomel and jalap in proportion. An ounce of gold for advice given, six ounces a visit, brings a fever and ague to be rather an expensive companion. A 'well' man has his proportionate heavy expenses also, to reduce his piles or bags of gold. Dry beef in the settlements at 4 cents per pound, at the 'placer' 1 to 2 dollars per pound; salt beef and pork, 50 to 100 dollars per barrel; flour 30 to 75 dollars per barrel; coffee, sugar, and rice, 50 cents to 1 dollar per pound. As washing is 50 cents to 1 dollar a garment, many prefer throwing away their used-up clothes to paying the washerwoman; that is, if they intend returning to the settlements soon, where they can purchase more. As to shaving, I have never seen a man at the 'placer' who had time to perform that operation. They do not work on Sundays; only brush up the tent, blow out the emery or fine black sand from the week's work. Horses that can travel only one day, and from that to a week, are from 100 to 300 dollars. Freight-charge by launch-owners for three days' run, 5 dollars per barrel. Waggoners charge 50 to 100 dollars per load, twenty to fifty miles on good road. Corn, barley, peas, and beans, 10 dollars a bushel. Common pistols, any price; powder and lead very dear.

"I know a physician who, in San Francisco, purchased a common-made gold-washer at 20 or 30 dollars, made of seventy or eighty feet of boards. At a great expense he boated it up to the first landing on the Sacramento, and there met a waggoner bound to one of the diggings with an empty waggon, distant about fifty miles. The waggoner would not take up the machine under 100 dollars. The doctor had to consent, and bided his time. June passed over, rich in gold; all on that creek did wonders. When the waggoner fell sick, he called on his friend the doctor, whose tent was in sight; the doctor came, but would not administer the first dose under the old sum of 100 dollars; which was agreed to, under a proviso that the following doses should be furnished more moderate."

The *Washington Union* contains a letter from Lieut. Larkin, dated Monterey, November 16th, received at the State Department, containing further confirmation of the previous despatches, public and private, and far outstripping all other news in its exciting character. The gold was increasing in size and quality daily. Lumps were found weighing from 1 to 2 pounds. Several had been heard of weighing as high as 16 pounds, and one 25 pounds. Many men who were poor in June were worth 30,000 dollars by digging and trading with the Indians. One hundred dollars a-day is the average amount realised daily from July to October. Half the diggers were sick with fevers, though not many deaths had occurred among them. The Indians would readily give an ounce of gold for a common calico shirt; others were selling for 10 dollars each in specie.

Moulton has fallen before General Whish's attack, the citadel still remaining in the hands of Moolraj. The loss of the British is not very severe, but the slaughter of the Sikhs has been frightful, and the destruction of grain and other property very great. The city was taken by storm, and the resistance desperate.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. D."—We believe there is no reason whatever for suppressing the Hymn in question to be the composition of Pergolesi. Mr. Kelly's letter has reached us too late for insertion this month.

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